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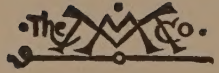
ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC



COLONEL ARNOLD.

Who Commanded the Provincial Troops *sent against QUEBEC through the Wilderness of Canada and was Woundet in Storming that City, under General Montgomery.*

Joh. Lorentz Rugendas Sculps. et excudit Aug. Vind.

ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC

BY

JOHN CODMAN, 2ND

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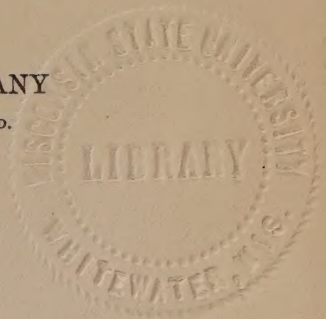

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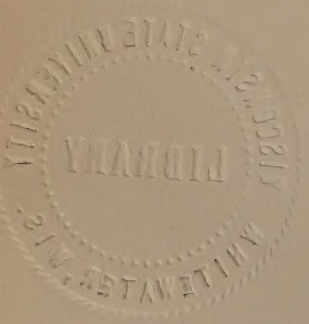

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PREFATORY NOTE

The author of this volume died August 31, 1897, at the age of thirty-four, leaving practically completed the work on which he had spent the last years of his life. It lacked, however, the benefit of his final revision for the press. Mr. Codman's family and friends are greatly indebted to Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe for advice and assistance in bringing the book to publication; and to Mr. Henry S. Chapman for the actual revision and verification of the manuscript. In all the necessary abridgment and rearrangement Mr. Chapman has made a minimum of changes in the author's original narrative.

E. A. C.

July, 1901.

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ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC

INTRODUCTION

THERE are several reasons why the Quebec expedition has never been given the place in history which it deserves. The rank and file who returned to tell the tale were few in number, weak in influence and widely scattered. Many of them reënlisted and perished during the war. Most of the surviving officers gained a wider reputation by brilliant exploits in more conspicuous fields, and continued to live the active lives which make history but afford little time to write it. Moreover, this was one of the first military movements of importance in the war, and records at that time were not preserved with much care, so that a great deal of valuable information has only recently become accessible, while perhaps still more has been destroyed or lost forever. The young nation was not likely to dwell with pride on the failure of the invasion of Canada, and gladly allowed everything connected with it to fall into oblivion. Doubtless, also, a campaign which was so closely associated with the name of the traitor Arnold, the truthful account of which could not fail to reflect credit on that evil genius, was willingly slighted.

The author had one advantage over other writers who have touched on this campaign, in that he followed, on foot or in canoes, for the greater part of the distance, the army's course through the Kennebec, Dead River and Chaudière regions, and visited Quebec and its environs; and in like manner traced the route of Montgomery, with whose force Arnold was coöperating, over Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River to Montreal. In examining the illustrations made from the author's photographs, it is desirable to remember that at the time when they were taken, in October, 1895, or September, 1896, the water in the Dead River and the Chaudière was very low. Many of the falls have also been rendered much less difficult of approach and passage by the blastings of the lumbermen, in order to make a freer passage for their logs, for the greater part of the country has been logged over, and most of the big timber cut out.

The list of Journals to be found in the Appendix indicates the chief sources from which the history of the expedition has been drawn. The most valuable American journals in the list are those of Henry, Arnold, Senter and Thayer; of the English, those of Fraser, Ainslie, and the journal by an unknown author, printed in 1880 by the New York Historical Society; the best French journals are those of Sanguinet and Badeaux. Thayer's Journal, edited by E. M. Stone, was published many years ago in the Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society. Mr. Stone introduces it with a brief history of the inva-

sion of Canada, and adds an appendix which contains valuable notes on the journal and biographical sketches of some of the principal officers of Arnold's and Montgomery's forces.

Most of these journals are brief and in the form of diaries. No one of them gives a comprehensive view of the campaign, or of the movements and adventures of more than one division of the expeditionary force from the date of leaving Cambridge to the arrival before Quebec. Some of them are little more than fragments of personal history which have drifted about, privately printed or in manuscript, for one hundred years or more, and have rarely come into public or private notice.

The author's effort has been by comparison and combination of such original sources to reconcile or correct the conflicting statements of English, Canadian and American historians, and to produce a narrative of popular interest, which shall aim as well at accuracy and impartiality of statement and deduction. This method of work has proved the essential veracity of these diarists and journalists, and at the same time the superficial, careless and unfair treatment which the history of this expedition has received at the hands of many historians. The author has quoted freely from both diaries and journals — not hesitating, where their language seemed peculiarly graphic and strong, to embody an occasional phrase in the text without quotation marks, in order not to lose any of the force of the words by reconstruction, or tax the reader's patience by constant changes from direct

to indirect discourse, or rude transitions from one tense to another.

Other valuable material has been found among Force's Archives, the Canadian Archives, including the Haldimand Papers, the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Archives, and in the collection of Manuscripts of Jared Sparks in the Harvard University Library. There, and in the collections of the Maine Historical Society, and Washington's writings and correspondence, may be found almost all the letters of Arnold, Montgomery, Washington, Reed and Schuyler, from which quotations have been made.

The author's thanks are due to Messrs. Christian C. Febiger of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; H. Meigs Whaples of Hartford, Connecticut; Parker M. Reed of Bath, Maine; George A. Porterfield of Charlestown, West Virginia; Edward A. Greene of Providence and James G. Topham of Newport, Rhode Island, grandchildren or great-grandchildren of officers of the expedition, for the readiness with which they have put themselves at his service, and the access they have accorded to manuscripts or portraits in their possession.

CHAPTER I

THE INVASION OF CANADA IS PLANNED

When Benedict Arnold, turned traitor in the last years of the War of Independence, was leading the forces of the King against his former compatriots in Virginia, it is reported that among his prisoners was a certain plucky and witty officer, who, in answer to Arnold's question, "What will the Americans do with me if they catch me?" replied, "They will cut off the leg which was wounded when you were fighting so gloriously for the cause of liberty, and bury it with the honors of war, and hang the rest of your body on a gibbet!"

The answer gave fit expression to the detestation with which all steadfast patriots regarded the man who had done his best to betray their cause, but it also hints at the earlier fame which Arnold once deserved and enjoyed. The Arnold of Ticonderoga and Quebec, whose name was a synonym for bravery, determination and patriotic fervor, is not often remembered now. His good deeds are forever obscured by the shadow of his great crime. But it will help us to do full justice to that strange and unfortunate man, if we follow again the story of the gallant but ill-fated expedition which he led through the wilderness of Maine and Canada, and against the icy ram-

parts of impregnable Quebec. And while we do so let us not forget that had he fallen as did Montgomery before the citadel, his whole body, and not his shattered leg only, would have been entitled to burial with the most glorious honors of war. He would have been counted one of the noblest martyrs of the cause of liberty, not its despised and execrated Judas.

The invasion of Canada was one of the very earliest strategic moves in the war of the Revolution. From the inception of the struggle with the mother country, the colonists appreciated to the full the military and political advantages to be gained by enlisting the Canadians in its support. These advantages, indeed, were so numerous and so obvious that it required neither breadth of statesmanship nor experience in military affairs to recognize them at once. The acquisition of Canada would unite the whole of British America in opposition to the Crown, and strengthen the United Colonies by the possession of a wide stretch of territory, in which were situated two of the principal cities of the continent, one of them a natural fortress of great strategic importance, supplied with all those munitions of war of which the rebels stood in the sorest need. An unbroken front would thus be presented to invasion from England, and New England and New York would not be exposed to the menace of an army allied with the savage Indian tribes, operating in their rear with Canada as a base, and outflanking them on Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Hudson River.

The first resort of the rebellious colonies was, of

course, to negotiation, and their earliest efforts in this direction met with sufficient encouragement to afford them good hopes for the ultimate attachment of Canada to the confederation by peaceful means alone. Before the capture of Ticonderoga, before the battle of Bunker Hill, even before the battle of Lexington, Canada had been invited to send delegates to the Provincial Congress. The reply of some of the principal merchants of Montreal, to whom the invitation was directed, shows that there was at this time considerable popular sympathy in that province with the cause of liberty, albeit it was a sympathy which prudently hesitated to declare itself in public. Under date of April 28, 1775, they wrote:

> We deeply feel the Sorrows and Afflictions of our suffering Brothers; & sincerely wish it was in our Power to afford you effectual Relief; but alas we are more the Objects of pity and Compassion, than yourselves, who are now suffering under the heavy hand of Power; deprived, as we are, of the common right of the miserable, *to complain*.
>
> You have Numbers, Strength, & a common Cause to Support you in your Opposition: we are still more divided here, by our Interests, than by our Religion, Language and Manners. The Apprehension of Evils to come upon us, in a short time, from the unlimited power of the Governour, strikes all Opposition dead: indeed, few in this Colony dare vent their Griefs: but groan in Silence, & dream of *Lettres de Cachet*, Confiscations, and Imprisonments, offering up their fervent Prayers to the Throne of Grace, to prosper your righteous cause, which alone will free us from these jealous Fears and Apprehensions that rob us of our Peace. . . .

You will please to bear in Mind, that not only those who hold the Helm of Government, but also, all those who make Wealth or Ambition the chief Objects of their Pursuit are professedly your Enemies; & would be glad to reduce you to the same Abject State, with themselves: nevertheless, *the bulk of the People*, both English and Canadians, *are of quite contrary Sentiments;* and wish well to your Cause; but dare not stir a finger to help you; being of no more estimation in the political Machine, than the Sailors are, in shaping the Course, or working the ships in which they sail. They may mutter and swear, but must obey; however, should Government handle them too roughly, & arbitrarily attempt to force them upon dangerous & disagreeable Service, to which they have already shown an irreconcileable Aversion, they may, perhaps, dearly repent it.

Somewhat later, the Whigs of Montreal did, in fact, gather enough courage to send James Price, one of the signers of this letter, to represent them in the Continental Congress, though in a secret and unauthoritative capacity. Price, with Thomas Walker and James Livingston, all wealthy and influential citizens of Montreal, were as zealous for the cause of the colonies, and as open and arrant rebels as Samuel Adams or Patrick Henry. The Quebec Act had been hardly better received in Canada than the Stamp Act in the southern colonies, and there were Committees of Correspondence and Safety in Montreal, and trustworthy private correspondents at Quebec. That very spring, on the first of May, people had insulted his Majesty by daubing his bust in the public square of Montreal with black paint and hanging a string of rotten potatoes

round the neck above this inscription: "Voila le Pape du Canada et le sot Anglais." Indeed, it is not improbable that but for the impolitic document addressed by Congress to the people of Great Britain, in September, 1774, inveighing in unmeasured terms against the French Jurisprudence and Roman Catholicism, Canada might also have cast her vote for independence.

The ancient French noblesse were, for the most part, office-holders under government and devoted to its interests, but they had dwindled in numbers, means and influence, and were neither to be courted nor feared.

The *habitants*, or French farmers, who made up the bulk of the population, were certainly not enthusiastic in their loyalty to the English sovereignty under which they had not yet lived a score of years, and though they could hardly be relied upon for active aid, might, at least, have given passive countenance to the plans of the revolutionary leaders if their religion had been treated with respect and their priesthood with tact and wisdom. This phase of the situation was, unfortunately, not correctly understood at Philadelphia until it was too late. The step already referred to, which alienated many of the Roman Catholic clergy and their flocks from the revolutionary cause, was taken before its probable effect upon this preponderating element of the Canadian population was appreciated.

But though the Continental Congress found much encouragement in the temper of the northern provinces, as it was reported by its correspondents in Montreal and Quebec, it soon became evident that the active spirits were too few, and the mass of the people too

inert, to give any hope for a spontaneous uprising in behalf of the cause of independence. The bolder patriots at once turned to the other alternative, an invasion of Canada by the colonial troops, who, through the aid of the rebel sympathizers and the indifference of the rest of the population, were expected to expel the British troops from Montreal and Quebec, and attach the province to the confederation.

The leading revolutionists correctly understood the urgency of the crisis, for they were perfectly acquainted with the zeal and military talents of General Guy Carleton, the governor of the province. He was exerting himself actively to organize the Canadians, and to supply them with arms and ammunition recently shipped from England, and though the *habitants* resolutely refused to enroll themselves, it was easily imagined that as soon as the Governor's authority was reinforced by the arrival of a large body of troops from England, the Canadians would be obliged to yield, and feeling more certain of the issue of the contest, would try to secure immunity for themselves by becoming active in fastening burdens on the backs of their southern neighbors. The blow must be struck at once, then, if it was to be struck at all. The capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by the New England troops under Ethan Allen opened the way for an expedition to be despatched by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, and Congress in the summer of 1775 authorized such an undertaking. The invading force was to be composed of militia raised in New England and New

York, and Major-General Philip Schuyler of the latter colony was appointed to its command. This gentleman was a veteran of the French War and combined with wealth and position, military talents, trustworthiness and unquestioned zeal for the cause. But he was well advanced in years and was perhaps over-cautious for a campaign which so urgently demanded activity and energy.

General Schuyler, having mobilized at Albany, was hurried forward early in July with an army fluctuating from five hundred to fifteen hundred men up Lakes George and Champlain to Ticonderoga. From that fortress as a base he was expected to begin the expulsion of the British from Canada by taking Chambly on the St. John's River, and then St. John's and Montreal. But before he had an opportunity to meet the enemy in force, he was compelled by illness, about September 14, to resign the command to Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery.

Meanwhile General Washington, who had recently taken command of the colonial troops besieging Boston, had communicated to Congress, with his approval, a project for the support of Schuyler's movement by another expedition, to be sent against Canada, as it were, from the rear. While General Carleton was engaged with an active enemy in his front, this second army was to attempt by rapid marches to surprise and capture Quebec, which would no doubt be but slenderly garrisoned, and if it failed in this, it would at least be able to join forces with the Lake Champlain expedition and give valuable assistance in

the reduction of the all-important fortress. Whether General Washington himself first conceived this plan, or whether it was suggested to him by the officer whom he selected to carry it out, does not clearly appear. Perhaps the truth lies between. At all events, Washington warmly pressed the scheme upon the attention of Congress and secured its assent with no apparent difficulty. The expedition thus resolved upon, Washington chose Benedict Arnold as its commander, and Congress promptly voted him a colonel's commission in the Continental service.

CHAPTER II

BENEDICT ARNOLD

The young officer entrusted with this responsible command was born at Norwich, Connecticut, January 14, 1741. He came of good stock, being a great-grandson of Benedict Arnold, the second governor of the colony of Rhode Island. His father, Benedict Arnold, had come to Norwich from Newport, Rhode Island, about 1730, as a seaman aboard the vessel of Captain Absalom King, whose young widow he married in 1733. During Benedict junior's early youth, his father did a good business with the West Indies, owning parts or the whole of vessels, which he sometimes sailed himself, so that he came to be called "Captain Arnold." Though his old age seems to have been one of poverty, intemperance and little respect, yet, judging from the positions of trust which he is known to have held, he must for many years have had the confidence of the community in which he lived. His wife died when the young Benedict was seventeen years old, and the Captain himself died three years later. Their son, then, was left an orphan before he reached his majority. Beyond doubt this was a misfortune, for we know that his mother, at least, was his pious counselor and guide.

Arnold had opportunities to receive, it would ap-

pear, such education as the best schools of Norwich or its neighborhood afforded — that is to say, a very good one; but judging by the caricatures with which he covered his spelling-book, and what little has come down to us of his youthful habits and inclinations, he was no student, and did not get much farther towards a liberal education in the arts than to write his name in a copy of Cornelius Nepos.

Of his character as a boy, we have only meager and secondary accounts. Rather than repeat, therefore, the stories of his youth and childhood, which are too often colored by prejudice and hatred, it is better to let the reader form his estimate of Arnold's character and motives chiefly from his authentic writings and undisputed acts. It seems just, however, to record that in letters written to Jared Sparks by citizens of Norwich and New Haven in 1834, when few who knew Arnold as a boy were living, and those at a great age, we find him referred to as "an uncommonly active, prompt, saucy, roguish and impetuous lad," "showy and ostentatious," "possessing a mind naturally strong, and certainly singular," "rash, headstrong and regardless alike of friends and foes."

As a youngster, Arnold ran away to serve in the French War of 1756, but was promptly returned at the request of his parents. It is said, though the truth of the statement is open to question, that he made a second attempt, and succeeded in passing some dreary months of inactivity in barracks at Ticonderoga. This was so little to his taste that he deserted and returned home, where he was kindly

secreted from the King's officers by his fellow-townsmen. He was then only about sixteen years of age.

Arnold's mother's name was Hannah Waterman, and her family was worthy and influential. It was her interest, no doubt, which secured her son's apprenticeship to the trade of apothecary with her relatives, Drs. Daniel and Joshua Lothrop, both graduates of Yale College, and the leading importers of drugs in New England. Having served his apprenticeship, he made several voyages to the West Indies as supercargo of a vessel in which he was interested, and then upon returning from a journey to London, he hung out his sign at New Haven, "B. Arnold, druggist, bookseller, etc. From London."

Under the patronage of the Lothrops, Arnold seems to have carried on business successfully. From 1768 to 1773, we find him still living at New Haven, a trader with the West Indies, Martinique, Jamaica, St. Croix and St. Eustache; sometimes sailing his own ships, transporting horses and cattle, as well as merchandise; and we may note, having business connections and correspondents in Montreal and Quebec, which cities he visited personally on more than one occasion. He had experienced business reverses and gone into bankruptcy,— from which we are told he did not emerge very creditably,— though it does not appear that he made money by the operation, or seriously damaged his reputation. By the time the Revolution broke out he had rallied and was doing a good business. He had repurchased for three hundred pounds the family homestead of Dr. Lothrop,

who had bought it from his father for ten pounds, and there is a sworn appraisal of his property at the opening of the Revolution at about twelve thousand dollars.

In 1775 his military ambitions had not left him, and he had become the popular young captain of one of the two companies of "Governor's Guards," the crack militia organization of Connecticut. He appears as a man of sensitive pride and temper, full of self-confidence, of force — therefore with enemies — and enjoying respect and local favor in a considerable degree. That he was generous and thoughtful of others is witnessed even by his detractors.

He had married, in New Haven, Miss Margaret Mansfield, the accomplished daughter of Samuel Mansfield, high-sheriff of the county, by whom he had three children; but at this time he was a widower. An only sister, Hannah Arnold, who was devoted to him, was in charge of his household.

He was rather short in stature, thickset and very muscular, and of good figure. He was a decided favorite with women and enjoyed their society. He had dark hair, light eyes, a florid complexion and features which might fairly be called handsome. He was an excellent horseman, no mean sailor, and a splendid shot with either rifle or pistol. His skill with the latter had stood him in good stead on the dueling-ground, and was destined to save his life once, at least, in close quarters on the battlefield.

News of the battle fought at Lexington on the 19th of April reached New Haven by midday of the

20th. Arnold and his company assembled and, joined by some enthusiastic students from Yale College, made a demand on the selectmen for powder, so that they might set off at once for Cambridge. This request being refused for lack of orders from the colonial authorities, Arnold did not hesitate; he forced the selectmen to deliver the keys, opened the powder-house and marched for Cambridge with a full complement, arriving there with one of the best-drilled, best-equipped and best-uniformed companies which the little army could boast.

Such a leader, so announced, would have been likely to attract attention, even if less self-confident, and Arnold was never a laggard in the path of ambition. On April 30, a few days after his arrival at Cambridge, he wrote to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, urging an expedition to capture Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Montreal. On May 3, so well did he bespeak his cause, we find him receiving a colonel's commission, and departing for western Massachusetts, there to raise the levies for the undertaking.

The same idea had meanwhile been conceived by Ethan Allen, who was in command of the militia companies of Vermont, and by some of the leading men of Hartford, who had raised a company and hurried it forward to coöperate with Colonel Allen, already on the march. On arriving at Stockbridge, therefore, Arnold found himself forestalled, and without waiting to recruit the levies he was authorized to raise, he hurried forward in order that he

might not himself miss the stirring events which were at hand.

Perhaps he relied on his regular commission from Massachusetts to supersede the zealous Vermonter in his command. But Allen proved to be a man too much after his own temper; it was a case of "Greek meeting Greek." Arnold could not take the fortress with the magic of his commission; Allen could take it with his men. As a courtesy, however, Allen accepted Arnold as a volunteer, the latter retaining his rank, and together, May 10, at the head of only eighty-three men, they surprised and captured the fortress at Ticonderoga, its small garrison of forty-eight men and its rich stores of munitions of war, so much needed for the siege of Boston. Crown Point fell in short order, an equally easy prey.

Canada was regarded as the "back door" which would always be open for the King's troops. Thus was its key placed in the hands of Congress, and the entrance to the western waterways, scenes of former warfare with the French, safely closed. Naturally the names of those who were foremost in carrying out the enterprise became at once famous throughout the colonies.

But though they had buried their differences so amicably in the face of the dangerous exploit in which they were mutually engaged, Allen and Arnold soon found numerous occasions for friction and dissension. Conspicuous among these was the affair of St. John's.

Arnold had been joined a few days after the cap-

ture of Ticonderoga by about fifty men raised by his lieutenants, Oswald and Brown, in the Berkshires. They brought with them the schooner Liberty, taken from Philip Skene, a government officer at Skenesborough, at the head of Lake Champlain. Availing himself of this vessel, and having fixed upon her four carriage and six swivel guns, Arnold stole a march upon Allen, with whom he still contested the chief command, and moved rapidly up the lake to Crown Point and St. John's, where he captured twenty men and made prize of a King's sloop and some military stores. Returning, he had the satisfaction of meeting Allen setting out with one hundred men in bateaux to accomplish the same object.

Upon another occasion, a number of the Connecticut officers called upon Arnold at Crown Point, to protest against his pretensions to command them. The interview was stormy, and before it was ended Colonel Easton, as Arnold thought, insulted him. In Arnold's regimental memorandum book there is this brief entry, acquainting us with the subsequent proceedings:

"I took the liberty of breaking his (Easton's) head and on his refusing to draw like a gentleman, he having a hanger by his side, and a case of loaded pistols in his pocket, I kicked him very heartily and ordered him from the point immediately."

Such dissensions of course gave rise to scandal, and a committee from the Massachusetts Legislature having been sent to enquire into Arnold's conduct while under its commission, that high-spirited officer

promptly resigned from the service of Massachusetts and returned to Cambridge in July.

General Washington had just arrived from Virginia to take the command, on July 2, of the heterogeneous bands of militia collected around Boston, and Arnold, on his return from the Lakes, met him for the first time. Washington recognized the young officer's merit from the outset. Always fair-minded and hampered by no local prejudices, he became at once his admirer and friend.

While at Crown Point, Arnold, who seems beyond all others — unless it may be Ethan Allen — to have understood the value of rapid action at the beginning of such a war, had sent spies into Canada to ascertain the enemy's strength and the sentiments of the French and Canadians. He also sent a Mr. Hoit, an Indian interpreter, and three Stockbridge Indians with a belt of wampum to conciliate the Caughnawaga Indians above Montreal.

The information thus gained, together, no doubt, with reports from Arnold's own friends and business correspondents in Montreal and Quebec, he had forwarded to Congress in June. The substantial interest thus displayed in the projected invasion of Canada, his own familiarity with the region, gained through frequent visits as a trader, and his creditable military services at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, all united to designate him as the most fit man to lead the second expedition which was now to be equipped. If he had not actually suggested the plan to General Washington, he certainly gave it his enthusiastic

approval, and to his other qualifications for its command was added the confidence and appreciation with which the great Virginian openly regarded him.

The duty to which Arnold was assigned was one of great responsibility, for many patriots, including even Washington himself, were inclined to believe that the issue of the struggle with England would turn upon the attempt at the conquest of Canada. Success there seemed certain to bring either peace with a redress of grievances or independence. Much also was risked in the campaign, for the season was already well advanced, and the line of march lay for much of the way through an untrodden wilderness, far removed from any proper base of supplies. But difficulties of this description were not likely to daunt an officer of Arnold's energy and daring, while the supreme importance of the stake seemed to older and cooler heads than his sufficient excuse for the venture. Moreover, the failure of this expedition would not mean the failure of the campaign; Schuyler's army would not as a necessary consequence meet defeat.

There were three principal ways by which an entrance into Canada might be sought, besides the Champlain route, over which Schuyler was advancing. One was by the Connecticut River, the Salmon River and the St. Francis, which would carry the invader to Lake St. Peter, about one hundred miles above Quebec; the second followed the St. John and Madawaska Rivers and passed over the carrying place to Kamouraska on the River St. Lawrence, about one hundred miles below Quebec. This second passage

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seems to have been regarded as the easier of ascent by the British, and the most likely to be used should an attempt on Quebec be made. The third way was that by the Kennebec and the Chaudière. There does not seem to have been any question in Washington's mind that this last route was the best for his purposes — indeed, the others seem not to have been seriously considered.

The plan of campaign had nothing novel in it, beyond the route over the inland waters of Maine and Canada and the element of surprise. The campaign of 1756–59 had been directed against the same objective points, and with the identical purpose of dividing the forces of the enemy and reducing the two principal cities of the hostile country. Montgomery was following in the very footsteps of Amherst, while Arnold was called upon to play the part of the immortal Wolfe. In place of Bougainville and Bigot, Vaudreuil and Montcalm to oppose them, there was only Governor Guy Carleton and a few other English and French veterans of inferior rank. Earlier still, the fleet of Phipps and the army of Colonel Schuyler had shown the way for Wolfe and Amherst, and as far back as 1711 Admiral Walker's ill-fated armada and General Nicholson's provincials had undertaken to strike the same blows in similar fashion.

But no previous expedition had been obliged to follow a path so dimly traced through almost unexplored wilderness, or to meet the hardships and perils which were in store for Arnold's devoted band. Theirs was a road much of which only marauding parties of painted

savages or occasional wandering trappers and hunters had ever traveled, and so inaccurate was the information at Washington's command that both the distance and the difficulties of the way were much underestimated.

"From the mouth of the Kennebec River to Quebec, on a straight line," he wrote to Congress, "is two hundred and ten miles. The river is navigable for sloops about thirty-eight miles, and for flat-bottomed boats about twenty-two miles; then you meet Ticonic Falls, and from Ticonic Falls to Norridgewock, as the river runs, is thirty-one miles, from thence to the first carrying place, about thirty miles; carrying place four miles, then a pond to cross and another carrying place about two miles to another pond; then a carrying place about three or four miles to another pond, then a carrying place to the western branch of the Kennebec River, called the Dead River, then up that river as it runs thirty miles, some small falls and short carrying places intervening; then you come to the Height of Land and about six miles carrying places, into a branch which leads into Ammeguntick pond, the head of Chaudière River, which falls into the St. Lawrence about four miles above Quebec."

On comparing this description with the maps of to-day, we can correct its most striking inaccuracies; the length of the Dead River was understated, it seems, by fifty miles; and there was no mention whatever of the second or larger chain of lakes, much the more numerous and formidable, to the east of the Height of Land.

Indians on the war-path against the Maine coast settlers used to steal along these watercourses to make their lightning attacks, and there were known to be well-worn trails on many of the portages. As long before as 1689 M. de Portneuf, at the head of fifty French Canadians and sixty Abenakis, had crossed the country from Quebec and descended the Kennebec, destroying the English forts on Casco Bay. On the Kennebec itself, straggling settlements had reached beyond Fort Western (where Augusta now stands), as far as Fort Halifax, at the junction of the Kennebec and Sebasticook. There were even a few settlers as far as Norridgewock. But beyond this place it was not easy to obtain guides. There were few hunters or trappers who knew the river as far as the Twelve-Mile carrying place, now reached from Briggs' ferry on the eastern side of the river, and beyond that carrying place there was a wilderness of forests, bogs, and mountains.

Though from the St. Lawrence, French settlements had crept feebly up the wild Chaudière nearly as far as the River Du Famine, yet of the topography of the country intervening to the Height of Land, little or no information was obtainable. Nevertheless, of this unknown and undescribed country there were only some eighty or ninety miles, as the crow flies, at the broadest calculation, and according to Washington's information even less.

The greatest difficulty before the expedition from a military point of view lay in the inadequacy of the Kennebec settlements as a base of supplies in case of

unforeseen emergencies. The hamlets, towns only in name, were hardly more than clearings in the forests which still covered the banks of this noble river. The settlement of the region had indeed begun as early as 1639, when John Parker established his trading post and fishing station at the mouth of the river, but other pioneers had been slow to follow him, and whenever any considerable number had made homes for themselves in the wilderness, they and their families had met a tragic end in one of the Indian forays which for a century and a half wasted the borders of New England.

By 1775 some progress in the settlement and civilization of the Kennebec valley had indeed been made, since the danger from the savages was now greatly diminished by the final expulsion of the French power from Canada. A fairly good road had been opened as far as Fort Western, and there was a wood road at least to Fort Halifax. Georgetown at the mouth of the river, Woolwich, Pownalborough, Pittston, Vassalborough, and Winslow on the eastern bank, Broad Bay and Gardinerstown on the opposite shore, had made places for themselves in the wilderness and achieved names. But between Georgetown and the Falls of Norridgewock, a hundred miles above, there were probably not over five hundred white people, if so many. Pownalborough, the most pretentious village (the present town of Dresden), numbered fully half of these, and was the shire town of the county of Lincoln. It needs no technical military knowledge to understand that a country so

thinly peopled was poorly adapted to furnish a base of supplies even for an armament no larger than Arnold's.

But, on the other hand, there were features of the situation distinctly favorable to the success of the undertaking. The very difficulty of communication between the Chaudière settlements and the Kennebec towns made it unlikely that news of the expedition would reach Quebec much in advance of the troops themselves, and made a virtual surprise of the citadel possible. The Indians of the Maine forests were by this time pacified, and even well disposed to the colonists' cause, and they had, moreover, been carefully conciliated by agents sent in advance of the expedition itself. The Indians of the Norridgewock tribe, who had a white chief, Paul Higgins by name, had even gone so far as to march all the way to Cambridge in August, under the command of Reuben Colburn, of Pownalborough, to tender their services to General Washington. No doubt their visit and the information they gave were among the reasons which convinced Washington that the descent upon Canada by way of the Kennebec was feasible. Similar assurances of amity and offers of support had come from the Penobscot tribe, and though little actual use was made of these new-found allies, no pains were spared to maintain friendly relations with them, and thus to make it possible for the expedition to traverse their country with security and confidence.

Finally the spies and the rebel sympathizers who had placed their information at the service of Washington and Arnold made it clear that the defenses of

Quebec had been suffered to fall into comparative decay, while the fortress itself was most inadequately garrisoned. The walls had in places begun to crumble; there were few platforms for the cannon; the ditch was half filled with débris, and there was not a single article in store with which to begin the repair of the fortifications. Though there was plenty of ammunition, and a quantity of provisions could easily be obtained with fair notice, the Governor's purse was short, and there were many mouths to feed. Carleton himself, with all the troops he dared to withdraw, had gone forward to protect Montreal, and trustworthy spies reported that only fifty regular soldiers were left in Quebec. Moreover, as we learn from the journals of British officers, then in the city, the garrison could rely on only about one hundred and thirty loyal citizens to support them, most of the population being either stubbornly neutral or frankly in sympathy with the invaders.

It appears, therefore, that in spite of the hazardous nature of the enterprise, it was by no means desperate or hopeless. The question of its success or failure depended upon the energy and determination with which it was prosecuted — and upon the always doubtful fortune of war. Perhaps its sponsors were unduly sanguine of its happy result, but the prize which they coveted was a rich one, and well worth any risk within the bounds of reason. The project failed, and has met much consequent condemnation. Had it succeeded, it would have been beyond question the most brilliant military exploit of the war.

CHAPTER III

THE EXPEDITION SETS FORTH

The army gathered under Washington's command at the siege of Boston numbered about eighteen thousand men, and was principally composed of New England volunteers. From this army it was determined to detach something more than a thousand troops for the Quebec expedition — not a large force, yet outnumbering all the British regulars then in Canadian garrisons. General Washington was the better able to spare this detachment, because it was already evident that the British troops shut up in Boston had accepted the situation, and had not the least intention of making any vigorous attempt to raise the siege without reinforcements from England. Under these circumstances the American commander felt that the fewer men kept in the enforced inactivity of an investment the better, both for the morale of the army and the cause for which they were fighting. Had it not appeared that the difficulties of equipping, transporting and supplying a larger force would multiply in a greater ratio than its increased effectiveness, more soldiers could easily have been added to Arnold's command without impairing the efficiency of the main army.

September 6, 1775, orders were given to draft the

men for Quebec from their regiments, while a company of carpenters was sent forward to Colburn's shipyard, at Agry's Point, near Pittston, about two miles below Gardiner, on the eastern bank of the Kennebec, where the two hundred bateaux which the expedition would require were to be built.

Two days later, the detachment was ordered to rendezvous at Cambridge, where it was encamped on the Common until the 13th, collecting provisions and filling up each company of musketeers to eighty-four effective men, rank and file. The whole force, all volunteers, was composed of three companies of riflemen and two battalions of musketeers, and numbered about eleven hundred men. Camp attendants, officers' servants, guides, and a few men enlisted on the Kennebec must have later swelled this number to nearly twelve hundred.

The rivalry among the many rifle companies in camp at Cambridge, all of which were eager to volunteer for the expedition, was so great that, to avoid jealousy and ill-feeling, the captains were allowed to draw lots. Chance decided in favor of the companies of William Hendricks, Matthew Smith and Daniel Morgan. These riflemen were mountaineers and frontiersmen from Pennsylvania and Virginia, the two companies first named from the former state, and Morgan's from the Old Dominion. Inured to every hardship, capable of every exertion, thoroughly expert in woodcraft and trained in the sharp school of border Indian warfare, they were, in every respect, valuable recruits for such an enterprise as this. Morgan's

company had marched the six hundred miles from Winchester, Virginia, to Cambridge, in three weeks, without losing a man from sickness or desertion. The Pennsylvania companies made a record for endurance scarcely less remarkable, marching more than twenty miles a day for twenty-two days.

Brought up amid the alarms and massacres of the French and Indian wars, taught from their youth to regard the red man as their hereditary and inevitable enemy, they had perforce adopted his method of warfare, and fought by stratagem and ambuscade oftener than under the articles of war. On their own frontiers, indeed, they had sometimes gone so far in the imitation of their savage foe as to blacken and paint their bodies and faces, and occasionally used their tomahawks to scalp as well as kill. On the present occasion, however, there was no such relapse into primitive barbarity. Fearing neither "man, Indian, nor devil," and God only so much as to make them fight the heathen the better, the red coat of a British regular inspired them with more contempt than terror. Braddock's fatal campaign had taught them that fine uniforms and rigid adherence to army regulations were not enough to make soldiers invincible.

Their marksmanship was the wonder of the camp at Cambridge. Loading and firing on the run, they would often pierce a target only seven inches in diameter at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards —an exploit which seems almost miraculous when the weapons of that day are considered. As soldiers

they were ready to maintain the best of discipline. Later in the war, when Morgan organized his famous regiment of riflemen, it became the most dreaded body of men in the Continental service, and was generously declared by Burgoyne, at whose defeat it assisted conspicuously, the finest regiment in the world. But they abhorred the inactivity of camp life and were only too eager to share in the certain perils and possible glories of the Quebec undertaking.

The New England volunteers were divided into two battalions, one commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Enos of Vermont, an officer of American birth, who had, however, the advantage of having seen service in the British army, and Major Return Jonathan Meigs, a tradesman-soldier from Connecticut; while the other was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, a son of one of the justices of the Rhode Island Supreme Court, and Major Timothy Bigelow of Massachusetts. The companies composing the first battalion were led by Captains Scott, Samuel McCobb, Thomas Williams, William Goodrich, Oliver Handchett and Henry Dearborn. Those of the second battalion were commanded by Captains Samuel Ward (a son of the governor of Rhode Island), Simeon Thayer, John Topham, Jonas Hubbard, and Oliver Colburn. These men, although of less conspicuous physical proportions and martial accomplishments than the riflemen, were still sturdy, active and courageous, hardly yet accustomed to the standard of discipline that must obtain in every effective fighting force, but well fitted to sustain the arduous campaign they had

undertaken. Their officers were in some cases from wealthy and aristocratic families, while others were simply honest farmers or tradesmen, who had abandoned their humdrum occupations to take up arms in a cause they felt to be just, and had been chosen to command by neighbors who knew and trusted them. Earnest patriots all, they gave concrete expression to that democratic spirit which was henceforth to animate the young republic they labored to establish.

The detachment, as a whole, was of the very flower of the colonial youth,—young men of a spirit not easily to be restrained by their elders, whom parental warnings of the fatigues and perils to be encountered only served to fire with more ardent yearnings for a share in the glory of success. Two hundred and fifty came from Rhode Island, one hundred from Connecticut, four hundred from Massachusetts, including the District of Maine, one hundred from New Hampshire, two hundred from Pennsylvania, one hundred from Virginia, and a few volunteers from New Jersey. Even at that time America was glad to accept the aid of the sons of Erin, and there were in the little army nearly two hundred "emigrants"—fully a sixth of the detachment—from the old country, a large majority of whom were from Ireland.

It was wisely a body of young men. Arnold himself was but thirty-four. Enos, the oldest of the officers, and, as the event was to prove, the least reliable, was forty-five. The other officers were all below forty. Morgan was thirty-eight, a splendid man, standing over six feet in his moccasins and

weighing two hundred pounds. His aspect was commanding, his voice stentorian, his strength and endurance invincible. He had first seen service as a teamster in Braddock's army, and was a battle-scarred veteran of more than one border "war." On the march he wore leggings and a cloth, in the Indian style; his beard was allowed to grow, and one member of the expedition refers to him as having the appearance history gives to Belisarius. Smith, the hero — or devil — of the massacres at Conestoga and Lancaster jail, of which Parkman tells us in "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," was somewhat younger; Meigs a trifle older; Greene, Hendricks, Bigelow and the others were younger still.

Most of them had seen service of some sort, in spite of their youth. Captain Thayer had been a member of the famous "Rogers' Rangers," and his hairbreadth escape from the massacre of Fort William Henry was terrifying enough to have excused his devoting the remainder of his life to his peaceful occupation as a maker of periwigs. Captain Dearborn, a young man of twenty-four, who had educated himself to be a physician, but was destined to pursue a semi-military, semi-political career, with no little distinction, had received his baptism of fire at Bunker Hill. Christian Febiger, a young Danish emigrant with a military education, had won his spurs in the same battle, and acted as adjutant of the expedition. Besides the regular officers, there were a number of commissioned volunteers, all youths, some almost striplings. Among them were Aaron Burr, the son of

the president of Princeton College, and afterward famous in American history; Matthias Ogden of New Jersey; Eleazer Oswald, who served as Arnold's private secretary; Charles Porterfield of Virginia; Rev. Samuel Spring of Newburyport, the chaplain, and a few others. The commissariat, which promised to prove a most difficult department to conduct, appears to have been organized by Captain Farnsworth and an assistant, Jeremiah Wheelwright.

On September 13, all preparations being completed, the second battalion left Cambridge on their march for Newburyport, the port of embarkation for the mouth of the Kennebec. That day they reached Malden and there passed the night. At five in the afternoon of the same day the first battalion followed, and quartered that night at the meeting-houses at Mystic and Medford. On the following day both battalions continued their march — the second camping at Beverly, while the first, passing through the towns of Malden and Lynn, encamped at Salem and Danvers. The weather was hot and sultry. At sunset on the 15th the second battalion reached Newburyport, the first following them next morning. The men were quartered, some in the Presbyterian meeting-house, some in two of the ropewalks, some at Davenport's Inn, while the riflemen spread their tents in a field near Rolfe's lane. The officers were entertained by Mr. Nathaniel Tracy and Mr. Tristram Dalton. The detachment received an ovation upon its arrival, and the patriotic citizens of old Newbury were lavish in their hospitality.

Meanwhile Arnold remained at Cambridge, doubtless to receive his final orders, until the morning of the 15th, an unlucky Friday. It is highly probable, too, that Washington held him back for the very latest despatches from Schuyler, who wrote Washington on the last day of August that Montgomery was to leave Crown Point that day. Stopping at Salem for dinner, and to arrange for the forwarding of some two hundred pounds of ginger, and two hundred and seventy blankets received from the Committee of Safety, he arrived at Newburyport at ten o'clock the same evening.

He brought with him not only General Washington's instructions for the conduct of the expedition, but also a liberal supply of printed hand-bills containing a manifesto addressed to the people of Canada, which were to be distributed broadcast as soon as the Chaudière settlements should be reached. The detailed orders, outlining the commander's duty in specific emergencies, and the somewhat inflated rhetoric of the manifesto, hardly demand insertion here, but it is worth while to print Washington's general letter of instruction to Colonel Arnold, in order that we may understand the spirit in which the invasion of Canada was undertaken, and appreciate the sincere hopes which were then entertained by the patriot leaders, of widespread and effective coöperation on the part of the Canadians themselves. The letter is as follows:

CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE, 14th September, 1775.

TO COLONEL BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Sir:—You are intrusted with a command of the utmost consequence to the interests and liberties of America. Upon your conduct and courage, and that of the officers and soldiers detached on this expedition, not only the success of the present enterprise, and your own honor, but the safety and welfare of the whole continent may depend. I charge you, therefore, and the officers and soldiers under your command, as you value your own safety and honor, and the favor and esteem of your country, that you consider yourselves as marching not through the country of an enemy, but of our friends and brethren, for such the inhabitants of Canada, and the Indian nations, have approved themselves in this unhappy contest between Great Britain and America, and that you check, by every motive of duty and fear of punishment, every attempt to plunder or insult the inhabitants of Canada. Should any American soldier be so base and infamous as to injure any Canadian or Indian in his person or property, I do most earnestly enjoin you to bring him to such severe and exemplary punishment, as the enormity of the crime may require. Should it extend to death itself, it shall not be disproportioned to its guilt, at such a time and in such a cause.

But, I hope and trust, that the brave men who have voluntarily engaged in this expedition, will be governed by far different views, and that order, discipline and regularity of behavior, will be as conspicuous as their valor. I also give it in charge to you to avoid all disrespect of the religion of the country, and its ceremonies. Prudence, policy, and a true Christian spirit, will lead us to look with compassion upon their errors without insulting them. While we are contending for our own liberty, we should be very cautious not to violate the rights of conscience in others, ever considering

that God alone is the judge of the hearts of men, and to him only in this case, they are answerable.

Upon the whole, sir, I beg you to inculcate upon the officers and soldiers the necessity of preserving the strictest order during the march through Canada; to represent to them the shame, disgrace, and ruin to themselves and their country, if they should by their conduct turn the hearts of our brethren in Canada against us; and, on the other hand, the honors and rewards, which await them, if by their prudence and good behavior they conciliate the affections of the Canadians and Indians to the great interest of America, and convert those favorable dispositions they have shown into a lasting union and affection. Thus wishing you, and the officers and soldiers under your command, all honor, safety, and success, I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Special instructions were also given to Arnold concerning the son of Lord Chatham, who was known to be at this time traveling in Canada. This young man was to be shown every mark of deference and respect, should he by any chance fall into the hands of the expedition. "You cannot err," wrote Washington, "in paying too much honor to the son of so illustrious a character and so true a friend of America." The opportunity to give effect to these instructions never presented itself, but their spirit shows how deep and genuine was the grateful affection which Chatham's sturdy defense of the principle of liberty had aroused in the breast of the truest American patriots.

CHAPTER IV

THE ASCENT OF THE KENNEBEC

The 16th day of September being Sunday, the troops at Newburyport attended divine worship at Rev. Jonathan Parsons's meeting-house, or listened to their chaplain, Rev. Mr. Spring. The next day a grand review was held, and on the 18th the whole detachment embarked on board ten transports: among them the Commodore, the flagship, carrying Arnold; the sloops Britannia, Conway, Abigail and Swallow; the schooners Houghton, Eagle, Hannah and Broad Bay, the latter under Captain James Clarkson, who was to act as sailing-master for the fleet.

Three small boats had been sent forward to ascertain if there were any British vessels in the offing. One of these having returned and reported the coast clear, the following morning about ten o'clock the transports weighed anchor and with "colors flying, drums and fifes playing, the hills all around being covered with pretty girls weeping for their departing swains," set sail. The fleet was bound, sailing N.N.E. with pleasant weather and a fair wind, for the mouth of the Kennebec River, one hundred and fifty miles from Newburyport.

The vessels crossed the bar before Newburyport harbor and lay to, while the Swallow, which had

stuck fast on a rock, was lightened of her quota of troops and gotten safely off. It was not till two in the afternoon that the signal for sailing was again given. The fleet ran along shore until midnight, when, in response to another signal, they hove to with head off shore, near Wood's island.

The wind had increased, and the sea was so rough by night that King Neptune raised his taxes without the least difficulty where King George had failed, and the reluctant soldiers "disgorged themselves of the luxuries so plentifully laid in ere they embarked." During the night the hardy backwoodsmen and farmers had a true taste of the sea, for the waves dashed high, it thundered and lightened, and the morning of the 20th dawned with fog and heavy rain. They made sail early in the morning and arrived at one P. M. at the mouth of the Kennebec. Here they anchored for six hours at Ell's Eddy, and then proceeded as far as Georgetown, where they lay to all night.

While the fleet of transports were at anchor at Parker's Flats, the Georgetown minister, Rev. Ezekiel Emerson, and one of his deacons, Jordan Parker, came aboard the Commodore to pay their respects to Arnold and the officers. Impressed with the importance and hazardous nature of the enterprise, the devout parson thought it incumbent upon him to offer a prayer in length commensurate to all the circumstances. His invocation was continued (so tradition asserts) for an hour and three-quarters, with what effect on the officers and crew is not recorded.

As the vessels in advance entered the Kennebec,

a number of men under arms hailed them from the shore, and upon being answered that the vessels carried Continental troops and were in need of a pilot, immediately sent one on board. The rest of the fleet, separated during the night in the fog and the storm, were anxiously awaited. However, all came up during the day, except the Conway and the Abigail. Wind and tide now favoring, they proceeded up the Kennebec past the island hamlet called "Rousack," or Arrowsic, across the broad expanse of Merry-Meeting Bay, where the waters of the Androscoggin and five other smaller streams join the Kennebec, and finally past Swan island and the ruins of Fort Richmond, some twenty-five miles above the river's mouth.

A little above this island they came to anchor opposite Pownalborough, where there were a blockhouse, a court-house and a jail, besides a rambling settlement of perhaps twoscore houses. Here they were joined by the missing sloops, which had by mistake run past the mouth of the Kennebec the day before.

Some of the ships were delayed by running upon shoals and upon Swan island, owing to faulty piloting, and during the 22d and 23d the others awaited their arrival at Pownalborough, while details were counted off to take charge of the bateaux now nearly completed at Colburn's shipyard, a short distance above, at Agry's Point. Within two weeks two hundred bateaux had been built and eleven hundred men levied, supplied with provisions and transported to this place, over two hundred miles from Cambridge.

This was rapid work for those days of slender resources and slow transit.

Next day, some still sailing, some advancing in bateaux, and others marching by land, the troops reached Fort Western, six miles further up the river. This outpost consisted of two blockhouses and a large house or barrack one hundred feet long, enclosed with pickets. The headquarters were at Esquire Howard's, "an exceedingly hospitable, opulent, polite family," while the army built itself a board camp, as tents were few and wood plenty. For three days the little army lay at Fort Western, getting men, provisions and bateaux up from Gardinerstown and Agry's Point, and in making final preparations for their march — at this, the last place where supplies might be obtained in the least adequate to their needs.

The halt was enlivened by festivities of a generous sort, for the citizens of the vicinity were for the most part ardent Whigs, and rejoiced in the opportunity of honoring a band of patriots embarked in so glorious an undertaking. There is mention of one feast in particular — a monstrous barbecue of which three bears, roasted whole in true frontier style, were the most conspicuous victims. 'Squire Howard and his neighbors contributed corn, potatoes, and melons from their gardens, quintals of smoked salmon from their storehouses, and great golden pumpkin pies from their kitchens. As if this were not sufficient, venison was plenty, and beef, pork, and bread were added from the commissary's supplies. Messengers were sent to the local notables

—William Gardiner, at Cobosseecontee; Major Colburn and 'Squire Oakman, at Gardinerstown; Judge Bowman, Colonel Cushing, Captain Goodwin, and 'Squire Bridge, of Pownalborough. Social opportunities were not over-frequent on the frontier, and all the guests invited made haste to accept, and came accompanied by their wives.

To the sound of drum and fife the soldiers were marched up to the loaded tables and seated by the masters of ceremony, while the guests and officers sat by themselves at a separate table. Dr. Senter and Dr. Dearborn, as particularly familiar with anatomy, were selected to carve the bears, and amidst the most uproarious jollity the feast proceeded. At the end toasts were drunk — presumably in the never-failing rum punch of New England — and the entertainment concluded amid patriotic airs performed upon drum and fife, and the heartiest good humor of the entire company.

One of the most interesting guests at this *al fresco* banquet was a young half-breed girl, Jacataqua by name, who seems to have been in some sort the sachem of a settlement of Indians on Swan island. Partaking of the best traits of her mixed blood — French and Abenaki — she is described by those who knew her as possessing unusual intelligence, self-reliance and winsomeness. The fair visitor had already conceived a romantic attachment for young Burr, who was famous all his life for his successes with women, and according to tradition, the two had gone on several hunting expeditions together, and had, in fact,

killed the three bears which furnished forth the feast described above. So genuine was the Indian girl's affection for the young officer, in spite of the brief opportunity offered for its cultivation, that she insisted on accompanying him and his comrades to Quebec. So, at least, we are told, though it is by no means impossible that Jacataqua's wild blood, and her familiarity with the woods and streams which lay before the little army, would have made the journey not uncongenial, even if her gentler emotions had not been stirred by the fascinating Burr. She may also have found encouragement for her resolution in the fact that the wives of James Warner and Sergeant Grier, of the rifle corps, had determined to follow their husbands to Canada, and, like Madame Sans-Gène, share with them whatever hardships and perils they were forced to meet. We shall have occasion, later in our narrative, to note more than once the constancy and fortitude of these brave women.

Here, too, at Fort Western, occurred the first loss of life—a soldier, Reuben Bishop by name, being shot and killed during some obscure quarrel by a comrade named McCormick. The murderer was sent back to Cambridge, under guard, and died in prison on the very day set for his execution.

Before the expedition was ready to move again, Berry and Getchell, two scouts who had been sent forward at Washington's orders during the previous month, to spy out the road, made their appearance and submitted their report to Arnold. They had gone fifty or sixty miles up the Dead River, had found the

road in general well enough marked, the carrying places in fair condition and the water, though shoal, no more so than was inevitable at that season of the year. They also brought news which might be considered disquieting, to the effect that they had met an Indian who told them that he had been commissioned as a spy by Governor Carleton, with instructions to warn Quebec of any hostile movements on the part of the colonists from the direction of the Kennebec. He added that there were more spies, both whites and Indians, stationed near the headwaters of the Chaudière, and having his own suspicions of Getchell's and Berry's business in the wilderness, he had threatened to convey instant information of their presence there to Quebec if they pushed any further up the river.

Arnold, however, seems to have been little disturbed by this intelligence, for he reported to Washington that the scouts had seen "only one Indian (Nattarius), a native of Norridgewock, a noted villain, and very little credit, I am told, is to be given to his information." Far from regarding the presence of Indian spies along his proposed road as any excuse for hesitation or delay, he hurried forward two well-equipped scouting parties. One under Lieutenant Church, consisting of seven men, a surveyor and guide, was to take the exact course and distances of the Dead River; the other party, under Lieutenant Archibald Steele, of Smith's company, was to ascertain and mark the paths used by Indians at the numerous carrying places in the wilderness, and also to ascertain the course of the River Chaudière, which,

as we have seen, runs from the Height of Land toward Quebec.

These scouts, traveling rapidly in one small and one large birch-bark canoe and leaving Fort Western before the main body, were expected to perform their duty with great celerity, and to report to Arnold at the Twelve Mile carrying place on the Kennebec, about thirty miles above Norridgewock.

September 25, Captain Morgan, with Smith's and Hendricks's companies of "Riflers" constituting the first division, embarked in bateaux, the river not being further navigable, except for such flat-bottomed boats, with orders to proceed with all speed to the Twelve Mile carrying place, and to follow the footsteps of the exploring parties, examining the country along the route, freeing the streams of all impediments to their navigation, and removing all obstacles from the road: in short, to take such measures as would facilitate the passage of the rest of the army. The following day the second division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, with Major Bigelow and Captains Thayer's, Topham's and Hubbard's companies of musketeers, also took to their bateaux and followed the riflemen, and on the 27th the third division, under Major Meigs and consisting of Handchett's, Dearborn's, Ward's and Goodrich's companies, in its turn took up the march. Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, with William's, McCobb's, Scott's and Colburn's companies, brought up the rear.

The bateaux had been "hastily built in the most slight manner of green pine," and though not very

large were very heavy. When loaded with provisions, ammunition and camp equipage, it required the utmost exertions of four men, two at the bow and two in the stern, to haul and push them against the current in shallow water. Sixteen bateaux were set off to each company. There were fourteen companies, therefore the start was made with two hundred and twenty-four or more bateaux.

The advantages of the formation above referred to were very conspicuous on the march, as the rear divisions not only had the paths cut for them, and the rivers made passable for their boats, but encampments cleared and bough huts ready made. On the other hand, since the baggage and provisions were distributed according to the difficulties which each division must encounter, many of the first companies took only two or three barrels of flour with several casks of bread; while the companies in the last division had not less than fourteen of flour and ten of bread.

The first day's journey was not difficult, but as the men pushed on they found the current much stronger. As they approached the Three Mile Falls, below Fort Halifax, the crews of the bateaux were obliged continually to spring out into the river and wade—often up to their chins in water, most of the time to their waists. At the foot of the falls a landing was made and the provisions and bateaux carried around the rapids. Here, and at all the other carrying places the bateaux had first to be unloaded and carried across on the shoulders of the men, with the assistance of a few oxen (the last of which, however, were slaughtered for

food before the Dead River was reached). The ammunition, kegs of powder and bullets, packages of flint and steel, extra muskets and rifles—besides a musket for each soldier, axes, kegs of nails and of pitch, and carpenters' tools for repairing the bateaux and other purposes, had to be packed across on the men's backs, for they had no pack animals. Besides all this, casks of bread and pork, barrels of flour, bags of meal and of salt, the iron or tin kettles and cook's kit, tents, oars, poles and general camp equipage and extra clothing (of the latter there was far too little), all must be laboriously gotten across each carrying place, repacked and reloaded in the bateaux and floated on the river against the impetuous current.

On the 28th, Arnold, who had remained at Fort Western superintending the embarkation and attending to the return of a few soldiers already invalided to Cambridge, entered his birch canoe with two Indians, and progressing swiftly in comparison with the loaded bateaux and the footmen of his army, soon arrived at Vassalborough, eight miles above Fort Western. Here the canoe, which leaked, was changed for a periagua, and his progress continued till within four miles of Fort Halifax, where he lodged for the night.

The first three divisions had, on the evening of September 29, passed Fort Halifax and the first carry around Ticonic Falls. That same morning the fourth division, delayed in collecting provisions and finishing bateaux, left Colburn's shipyard. Though the leaves were already falling, the weather had been up to this

time that of Indian summer, and most of the men were in the best of health and spirits. Having expected hard and rough work, they breasted the seemingly impossible with lightness and good humor. The keen, bracing air of the backwoods incited to exercise and competition; the shining river with its ever-changing channels, rocky and boulder-strewn, bordered with forest and meadow, lured them into forgetfulness of the bitter northern winter, yet to be endured. Jokes and jeers were the only consolation for doubters and laggards; cheers and shouts of applause the reward of energy and perseverance. But, in spite of every effort, Meigs's division made only seven miles on the 30th, pulling, shoving, hauling and poling most of the day, waist-deep in the water, as Arnold records, "like some sort of amphibious animals."

Their young commander, speeding up the stream in his periagua, caught up with them about ten o'clock that morning just as they were crossing the carry around Ticonic Falls, above Fort Halifax. He lunched at eleven o'clock at one Crosier's and then hired a team and carried his baggage overland, thus avoiding the "Five Mile ripples" above the falls, through which the bateaux crews were toiling. At five o'clock he struck the river again and proceeded up it a mile and a half, camping with the division of Major Meigs, which had consumed the remainder of the day in laboriously forcing their bateaux over the ripples.

Colonel Greene's division, after pushing through

ALL THAT REMAINS OF FORT HALIFAX

Taken by the author, September, 1896

these long stretches of ripples below and above Ticonic Falls, had found that the river widened and, like a broad blue ribbon, led them for eighteen miles through a fertile country between banks still verdant with the clothing of summer, though the low hills inland wore the solemn colors of fast-advancing autumn. The current was quick and the water very shoal in many places, but there were no other obstacles to delay them. They encamped only a few miles in advance of Meigs, at a place known as Canaan, on the west side of the stream three or four miles from the next carry, at Skowhegan Falls.

Here the river tumbled twenty-three feet over ledges of rock, divided into two cataracts by a precipitous forest-crowned island. This obstacle so retarded the current that, as the stream found escape, it thundered its rejoicings with a deafening roar and rushed on for several hundred yards through a very deep and narrow gorge with all the abandon of a mountain torrent. The carry was a most difficult one, for the heavy bateaux had to be hoisted and dragged up the steep rocky banks while the men struggled in the fierce rush of the swirling current. Meanwhile, to add to their discomforts, the weather became cold and raw, and the wet and weary soldiers were forced to build huge fires to warm themselves and dry their dripping clothing. On the night of September 30 it was so cold that the soaked uniforms could not be completely dried, and froze stiff even near the fires, the men being obliged to sleep in them in this condition.

By this time the bateaux had revealed their hur-

ried and defective construction, and had begun to leak so badly that the crews were always wet, whether wading in the water or standing in the boats, and of course the arms, ammunition and baggage which were stowed in them likewise suffered. Many were little better than common rafts, and "could we," writes one of Arnold's men, "have then come within reach of the villains who constructed them, they would have fully experienced the effects of our vengeance. It is no bold assertion to say that they are accessory to the death of our brethren who expired in the wilderness. May Heaven reward them according to their deeds."

The bateaux crews were divided into two squads of four men each, the relief marching along the shore. Only four men at one time could conveniently carry the bateaux when it became necessary to do so. When the boat grounded at a carrying place its crew of four men sprang into the water beside it, and having inserted two hand-spikes under the flat bottom, one at either end, raised the boat to their shoulders and staggered with it up the bank. The relief rendered such assistance as it could in lightening the boat-load, clearing the path, and helping the bearers when a more difficult obstacle than usual intervened.

When rapids were encountered it was often found impossible to pole the clumsy craft against the swift current, and the crews were obliged to take to the water, "some to the painters and others heaving at the stern." The water was in general waist-high, and the river bottom very slippery and uneven; the crews were often carried off their feet and obliged to swim to

shoaler water. Those who could not swim had sometimes very narrow escapes from being drowned. Even with their united efforts, the stream was so violent as many times to drive them back "after ten or twelve fruitless attempts in pulling and heaving with the whole boat's crew." Every night found the men exhausted with toil, weak and shivering from cold, hunger and fatigue. But every bright and bracing autumn morning seemed to revive anew their energy and courage.

September 30 and October 1, the second division consumed in the herculean task of passing between the Falls of Skowhegan, and in ascending "Bumbazee's rips," seven miles to Norridgewock, which they reached at noon. The rifle division were only one day's journey in advance of them. Greene encamped on the west side of the river. Arnold passed the night of the 1st of October at a certain Widow Warren's, about five miles above Skowhegan Falls. The next morning he overtook Morgan with the first division, which had just got its baggage over a steep carrying place — longer than any yet encountered — at Norridgewock Falls, and encamped close by "on a broad flat rock, the most suitable place" they could find. They had now left Fort Western, their weak base of supplies, fifty miles behind them.

October 2, pressing hard upon the second division, the third encamped on the west side of the river, opposite the island carry at Skowhegan Falls, and on the 3d reached Norridgewock, the last frontier settlement on the Kennebec, where in 1724 an expedition

from New England had massacred the French Jesuit missionary, Sebastian Rale, and his whole congregation of Indian converts. The vestiges of an Indian fort and a Roman Catholic chapel, some intrenchments, and a covered way through the bank of the river, made for convenience in getting water, were still to be seen.

Several days were passed in getting boats, provisions and ammunition across this long and difficult carry (more than a mile in length), around the Falls of Norridgewock. Much valuable time was also spent in caulking and repairing the bateaux, which, mercilessly handled by the rocks and rapids, were in almost useless condition. At length the expedition was ready to move again, and on October 4 the leading companies began to push forward toward the next carrying place at Carratunk Falls, eighteen miles above. They found the country around them growing more and more hilly, the forest more continuous, and the river itself dangerously shallow. Those who followed the boats on foot could scarcely tramp fifty yards through the now almost leafless thickets without coming upon moose-tracks, and on one occasion at least the riflemen feasted on a fine young bull brought down by one of their number.

Carratunk Falls—sometimes called the Devil's Falls—are fifteen feet in pitch, but the portage was only of fifty rods, though very rough. The river was here confined between rocks which lay in piles forty rods in length on each side; but the water was so shoal that the men became much exhausted with constantly

lifting and hauling the bateaux. This point the riflemen reached October 4; the fourth division, or rear guard, was four days behind. There was no delay here, each division pushing on again as soon as the portage was crossed.

Mountains now began to appear on each side of them, high and level on the tops, and well wooded; each with a snow-cap. The highest, far distant, loomed to the westward across a dismal landscape of gloomy forest, whitened with wintry frosts, and seen through drizzling rain and river mists as chilling as the icy water in which the bateaux crews waded. Discomfort and hardship increased with each advance into the wilderness. For three or four days it had rained a part, at least, of each day and night. It had been a long, dry summer, and nature was restoring the balance. From the date of their leaving Norridgewock — the last outpost of civilization — the elements seemed to combine to cool the ardor and dampen the spirits of men and officers. Lagging and straggling from sickness, laziness and wilfulness made their ominous appearance, and were checked with difficulty.

The commissariat also had its misfortunes. A supply of dried codfish which had been received after leaving Fort Western had been stored, in the confusion, loose in the bottoms of the bateaux. This was washed about in the fresh water leakage until it was all spoiled. Many barrels of dry bread too, and some of peas, having been packed in defective casks, absorbed water until they burst, and their contents had to be condemned. The rations of the soldiers

were thus already reduced to pork and flour. A few barrels of salt beef remained, but it proved unwholesome as well as unpalatable.

Nevertheless, most of the men showed undiminished spirit and pressed forward bravely, some forcing the boats up the swift but shallow channels of the river, others marching along its rough and thickly overgrown banks. By the 8th the riflemen had reached the Twelve Mile carrying place, where they were to leave the Kennebec for its tributary the Dead River, and encamped there. A large brook, which flows out of the first lake on this carry, poured into the Kennebec, just above their tents. Four hundred yards distant a large mountain, in shape a sugar loaf, appeared to rise out of the river, and turn it sharply eastward. All about them stood the forest primeval, dark, silent and mysterious. Under a leaden sky the north wind tossed the heavy boughs of the evergreens, sent showers of dying leaves from the half-naked oaks and maples, and slowly swayed the taller pines and beeches, which creaked and groaned in dismal lamentation at the touch of this forerunner of the winter. The rain still continued to fall with infrequent intermission. The next day Colonel Greene's division came up, and two days later the third division made its appearance and joined its comrades who had preceded it in clearing the faint trails over which the bateaux must be taken.

The physical condition of the men, who were now but on the threshold of the most difficult and perilous stage of their journey, had begun to show serious

deterioration as the natural result of the unfavorable weather. Cases of dysentery and other camp evils, which the bracing air might have cured, were augmented by long exposure in the water during the day and the cold, marrow-eating river-mists of night. Invalids were now frequently sent back along the line to the rear division, which, added to its greater load of provision, had to bear the full weight of every tale of woe. Nature, whose forest retreats and fastnesses the patriots were so boldly invading, had now turned her face from them, and taking advantage of their incessant strain and labor, with her champions, storm and cold, began ruthlessly to thin their ranks.

On October 12, when Lieutenant-Colonel Enos with the fourth division arrived at the Twelve Mile carrying place, out of the eleven hundred men who left Cambridge, the detachment could now muster only nine hundred and fifty. The loss had been chiefly occasioned by sickness and desertion, for there had been only one death—that of Reuben Bishop. But Captain Williams was so ill with dysentery that his life was despaired of. Arnold, meanwhile, left Norridgewock on the 9th and encamped with Captain McCobb that night on an island within two miles of Carratunk Falls. On the 11th he arrived at the Twelve Mile carry, and received from Lieutenant Church, who had, according to his orders, explored the route as far as the Dead River, his report and survey.

CHAPTER V

THE MARCH INTO THE WILDERNESS

The Twelve Mile carrying place embraced in reality four distinct portages: The first lay W. N. W., three and one-quarter miles, along the side of a high hill, through the forest. It was then marked by a well-worn Indian trail and led to a pond, now called Big Carry pond, which is one mile wide as the army crossed it, though the trail must have borne further to the north than the existing one, which now reaches the pond at Washburn's Sporting Camp. At this pond Arnold relates in his journal "the people caught a prodigious number of very fine salmon trout, nothing being more common than a man taking eight or ten dozen in an hour's time, which generally weighed half a pound apiece." There was next a carry of half a mile and twenty rods, almost due west, to Little Carry pond, a low-lying and marshy lake, from the extremity of which a long, narrow and swampy creek, overhung with gray moss festooned from dead and dying spruce and cedar trees, reached out towards the next carry.

Having passed this pond, the soldiers again unloaded their bateaux and crossed a third portage, nearly a mile and a half in length, bearing W. by N., to a much larger pond, now called West pond. Their

landing place on the farther side, if local tradition is to be credited, was the little bay, still called "Arnold's Cove." This pond was nine miles in circumference and surrounded with cedar timber. The Indian trail now ascended sharply from the water, and the bateaux had again to be lifted on the shoulders of the men and borne over the northeastern spur of a snow-crowned mountain, which flung its gloomy shadow half across the lake. The distance across this carry was two and three-quarter miles and sixty rods, the course W. N. W. At the end of this last and most difficult portage, the last mile of which lay across a miry and treacherous bog, the Dead River was at length reached.

It proved impossible for the three companies of riflemen to finish the work assigned to them before the other divisions arrived. If, on leaving Fort Western, they could have been transported by magic to the point where their labors began, the time given them to clear a passage for the army would hardly have sufficed for them to cut their way through to the first of the three ponds. It was necessary, therefore, for the whole detachment to assist in the task of swamping a passable road through unbroken forests, where scarcely so much as an imperfectly blazed trail could be found.

What strange and lively scenes were now to be witnessed along this Twelve Mile carry, a stretch of sixteen miles of lake and forest! The stalwart pioneers of Morgan's, Hendricks's and Smith's companies in long advancing files, struck to right and left at the

giants of the forest, hacking with tomahawk and hunting-knife, and hewing with axes till the great trees swayed, tottered and fell groaning to the ground; or, supported for a moment by the lesser trees that stood, like men at arms, in serried ranks about them, crashed down at last, carrying many of their feeble retainers to a common ruin, while the forest-covered hillsides reëchoed with the din. The lusty young provincials who followed, well schooled in such woodcraft, shouted and sang with hearty good will, as they dragged out the dismembered trunks and toppled them into the underbrush by the side of the path. The windfalls and bushes were quickly cleared away by the next squad of stout New England soldiery, and the sky looked down through the dense forest, for the first time perhaps in centuries, upon a broad arrow struck through its very heart, only stumps and boulders remaining to be conquered. Beside the lakes and morasses, Nature, in the insidious ambush of disease, had won; on the field in open fight, step by step, mile by mile, she must yield.

Here and there we may imagine a solitary sentinel with long rifle and belted tomahawk leaning against a tree, keen-eyed as a hawk for the lurking Indian, the distant calls and shouts of his toiling comrades wafted toward him on the soft, sweet-scented air of the dense forest. Now and then a line of men bending under heavy boats winds up a steep incline of the new-made road, their shoulders still wet from their dripping burdens, lifted so recently from the waters of one of the lakes. These men are followed by

others bent double under every variety of camp equipment, stores and supplies of war. There is no patience whatever with shirking. Officers work side by side with their men, sharing their food, their luck and their toil. All are equals, till the line of march is re-formed at the other end of the carry.

It was thought worth while to try a yoke of oxen to haul the bateaux across the portage, but it very soon became apparent that the oxen themselves were as cumbersome to get over pine and cedar stumps, two or three feet in diameter, as the boats were, and the attempt was abandoned. Two were driven singly around the pond, to be slaughtered on the Dead River, and their struggles through the bush, over wind-falls and between thickly grown tree trunks were pitiful to witness. Moose tracks were noticed at every turn, and four moose had already been killed by the riflemen. With this supply of fresh meat and plenty of trout, the hearts of the first division were kept up to accord somewhat with the fullness of their stomachs.

For five days Major Meigs, with a detail of ten men from each of his companies, superintended the passage of troops across the Twelve Mile carry and the building of a blockhouse between the first and second ponds for the reception of the sick, who had now increased to a formidable number. Another blockhouse had been already erected on the Kennebec side of the first portage. The first blockhouse became known as Fort Meigs and the second was christened "Arnold's Hospital," and was no sooner finished than filled.

Rheumatism, dysentery, malaria and other ailments, the inevitable consequences of the hardships and exposure which the men endured, threatened already to destroy the effectiveness of the force.

While the men were breaking the road across these portages, three emaciated and exhausted men of the Chaudière scouting party, Lieutenant Steele, Getchell and Wheeler, coming from the westward, staggered into camp. At the peril of their lives and with the utmost difficulty, they had fulfilled their orders, as they thought, and investigated and spotted the trails leading to the Chaudière, but having wrecked both canoes and lost or exhausted their provisions, they had left two of their party several miles up the Dead River, too weak from lack of food to retreat further towards succor. They brought the discouraging news that the course of the Dead River was nearer eighty than thirty miles—not counting an unmapped chain of lakes at its head. They had expected to meet the Abenaki on their fall hunt, with whom they had been instructed to make an alliance, though they had other orders to capture or kill that chief called Natanis or "Nattarius," who had represented himself to Getchell and Berry earlier in the fall as a spy in Governor Carleton's employ. They had seen nothing of the Indians, but had found the wigwam of Natanis on the banks of the Dead River. His nest was warm, but the wily bird had flown.

A relief party was despatched at once in search of Boyd and Henry, the missing members of Lieutenant Steele's detachment. It never reached them.

but a few days later the two men came stumbling into the camp at the further end of the carry, emaciated almost beyond recognition, their lives due to nothing but the desperate and almost superhuman energy with which they had struggled against hunger, fatigue and a hostile and savage wilderness.

As soon as Lieutenant Steele was able to undertake the duty, he and Lieutenant Church were again ordered forward with twenty men and a surveyor to clear the portages as far as Chaudière pond (now known as Lake Megantic), and to explore the Chaudière River itself as far as the nearest Canadian settlements.

By October 16 the little army was at last across the carry and encamped on the banks of the Dead River. The men were thoroughly exhausted by the five days of unremitting toil they had undergone, and especially by the crossing of the almost impenetrable spruce and cedar swamp which covered the last mile of the last portage. Through this the soldiers had plunged and staggered as best they might, weighed down with their ponderous loads, their legs entangled by the thick moss and bushes with which the bog was overgrown, often struggling knee deep in filthy and tenacious mire. Some had been forced to spend a night there, camped in mud and stagnant water, amid a tangle of bushes, rushes and rotting tree trunks.

But in spite of these hardships, more severe, doubtless, than the men had been led to expect, complaints were few and there was much cheery and

buoyant fortitude. All well knew the magnitude of the undertaking for which they had volunteered, and that it was not only for the service of their country, but offered signal opportunities for honor, glory and advancement. Their officers left nothing unsaid or undone that could hearten them during their incessant fatigues. The blows of a whip could not have extorted such work from abject slaves as these brave fellows submitted to without a murmur.

Colonel Arnold spent these days on the carry in despatching scouts to the front, and expresses to General Washington, to General Schuyler, and to friends in Quebec, and in attempting to advance his base of supplies from Fort Halifax and Norridgewock to the carry.

To Washington he wrote hopefully that he "made no doubt of reaching the Chaudière in eight or ten days, the greatest difficulty being already passed." Provisions, such as they were, sufficient for twenty-five days, remained, enough, as he estimated, to permit them to return to the Twelve Mile carry, if for any reason the advance became unwise or impossible. There the commissary of the expedition had been instructed to establish a depot of supplies brought up from the Kennebec country below. The "tardiness" of the march (for the expedition was several days behind its schedule), he explained as necessary owing to the unforeseen difficulties of the road; the spirit and industry of both officers and men he reported as excellent.

To two friendly Indians, named Eneas and Sa-

battis, he entrusted a letter addressed to "John Manier, Esq., or Captain William Gregory, or Mr. John Maynard, Quebec." In substance this letter informed his correspondents that Arnold was on the Dead River about one hundred and sixty miles from Quebec "with about two thousand men," the number he thought he might muster, counting Indians and Canadians, before he arrived at Quebec, and that the design was to coöperate with General Schuyler and to assist the Canadians in resisting Great Britain's unjust and arbitrary measures. It also asked whether any notice of Arnold's departure from Cambridge had been received at Quebec, and if any advices had reached them from General Schuyler. The letter concluded with a request for information as to the number of troops and vessels at Quebec, and begged that some gentleman of Arnold's acquaintance might be induced to come from Quebec to meet him. Enclosed in this letter was another for General Schuyler, which these gentlemen were desired to forward, briefly stating his progress towards Quebec, and asking for intelligence and advices from him.

Arnold has been severely criticised for intrusting such important communications to Indians, for these letters never reached the persons to whom they were addressed, and, being intercepted, fell into the hands of Cramahè, the lieutenant-governor of Canada, in command at Quebec during Governor Carleton's absence at Montreal. Through him they gave the people of Quebec their first intimation of the approach of the provincial detachment. Eneas was

subsequently recognized among the Indians under his brother the chief Natanis, who met the army at Sartigan, and later, at Quebec. Although he is said to have protested that he was captured, there seems to be little room for doubt that, if this was true, he was not altogether an unwilling captive.

But if all this be granted, we must consider what means of communication were at hand; and what was the necessity of opening such communication, both with General Schuyler and with Quebec. An Indian might enter Quebec without suspicion, while a strange white man could not, and these Indians were accompanied and carefully watched as far as possible by a white companion, named Jackquith, and by French Canadian sympathizers, selected by him. Moreover, Washington, in his written advice, suggests the employment of a St. Francis Indian for this very purpose. Perhaps if Arnold had known that both Eneas and Sabattis were relatives of that suspicious character, old Natanis, he would not have trusted them with his letters, but as it was he seems to have done his best with the means at his command.

From the third portage he wrote two letters, dated October 15, to Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, as they bear on that officer's future conduct. In these, he ordered him to leave men behind him, with an officer, to see that there was a bateau at each pond; to collect all the bateaux adrift down the Kennebec, and those abandoned on the carry; to send back the sick; to hurry forward. He also tells him that he *designs holding a*

council of war on the Dead River, where he expects particular advice from Canada. He states that "*the three first divisions have twenty-five days' provisions*, which will carry them to *Chaudière pond and back*, where we shall doubtless have intelligence and shall be able to proceed or return, as shall be thought best."

CHAPTER VI

FLOOD — FAMINE — DESERTION

To the south and west of the spruce bog at the last portage of the Twelve Mile carry, there was a natural meadow of great extent covered with long grass, more than waist-high, which the men cut and used for covering at night, the army being inadequately supplied with tents and blankets. On the west, the meadow reached to the foot of the mountains several miles off, of which Mt. Bigelow — now so called — its summit thirty-eight hundred feet above sea-level, was the chief. Across the river to the north and east, at a distance of perhaps eight or ten miles, ran a range of high hills, the boundary of the valley of the Dead River on that side. The small creek already referred to formed a convenient harbor and landing place near the first camp of the army on the Dead River, there about sixty yards wide.

The Dead River here creeps down its course with a scarcely perceptible movement, its waters black, smooth, and overhung with thick grasses and bushes, by which, as the water was too deep for setting poles and they had few oars, some of the crews were obliged slowly and tediously to pull along the bateaux loaded still further with invalids, who were too weak to stand the fatigues of the march. The Mount Bigelow range,

capped with snow, presented from this point of view its steepest and loftiest summit, its flank blackened by deep shadows (since the sun rises at this season directly behind it), and, forbidding and awe-inspiring, overhung the valley. As they advanced they found it lay directly between the army and home; it seemed gradually to close the road behind them and bar their retreat. Snow was falling lightly.

The original order of the divisions having been waived to save time, Colonel Greene, with the second division, passed the riflemen, still working on the roads, and made his way up the Dead River about twenty-one miles, arriving the 16th of October at the deserted wigwam of the suspected Indian spy Natanis, described by Steele's scouts as "prettily placed on a bank twenty feet high, about twenty yards from the river, and with a grass plot extended around, at more than shooting distance for a rifle, free from timber and brushwood." Three miles above it they went into camp.

The troops in the bateaux continued their snail-like progress, but most of the men crossed on foot the points of land between the serpentine windings of the river, which in this vicinity recoils upon itself so often that to advance directly ten miles one must frequently paddle or pole nearly twice that distance by water. The Mount Bigelow range held them like a lodestone; it seemed impossible to escape its shadow — often they seemed to be again approaching it. During the day they had carried seven rods around low falls, now known as "Hurricane Falls." The carry at these falls was a convenient half-way camp to

Natanis's wigwam, and Dearborn's company, and probably the whole third division also, camped there on the 16th. Next day Dearborn's men joined Colonel Greene's division. Arnold was encamped at the same place where Greene's men were resting and waiting for the next division to come up with provisions, for theirs were nearly exhausted. He had arrived at three o'clock in the morning. They were employing the time in making up cartridges, filling their powder horns, and looking to their accoutrements. There seems to have been no apprehension of any Indian attack, and no extraordinary precautions were taken to avoid surprise, beyond the scouting parties mentioned — not even regular guard-mounting — but Arnold wished to use every moment of time to some advantage, and to keep the men out of mischief. The two oxen driven across the Twelve Mile carry had been slaughtered at the first encampment on the Dead River on the 18th, and five quarters were sent forward to this part of the detachment in advance. This was the last fresh domestic provision,—thereafter the whole army must rely on flour, pork and whatever they could forage from the wilderness.

The inequality in the distribution of the provisions among the different companies, resulting from the causes mentioned, had now conspicuously appeared. Topham's and Thayer's companies of Greene's division were brought as early as the 16th, to half allowance, and on the 17th, had only five or six pounds of flour per man. Accordingly, Arnold, much concerned, sent back Major Bigelow with twelve bateaux and

A VIEW OF MT. BIGELOW

From the flagstaff at Flagstaff, looking down the river. The Bog Brook and Twelve Mile Carry are not far from the extreme left of the mountain.

Taken by the author in October, 1895.

ninety-six men, with orders to draw upon Lieutenant-Colonel Enos in the rear, for all the provisions he could spare, at the same time writing a letter to Enos, in which the extremity of the foremost divisions was clearly set forth.

On the 17th also Morgan's division passed Greene's encampment and went on for Chaudière pond. The weather on the 18th set in again very rainy, and the third division having now joined Greene's, both remained here till the afternoon of the 19th, when the rain ceased. Then Meigs with his division marched on (for they had still a fair quantity of provisions), under orders to push for the Height of Land and, while awaiting the rear there, to make up cartridges and furnish a number of pioneers to clear the portages. They continued their route up the river five miles, and encamped on the north bank. That afternoon they passed three small falls; the river current, except at the falls, continued gentle. Thus we find that the riflemen had resumed their position at the head of the detachment, and were now only a few miles above the third division, becoming second in the line.

On October 19 Arnold closely followed Meigs's division and two days later he overtook the riflemen, but as Morgan's encampment was bad, he proceeded one mile higher up the river and camped about eleven that night, very wet and much fatigued. It had begun to rain again, and though the riflemen made twenty miles on the 18th, having only one short carrying place to surmount, the rain then drove them

into their tents and confined them there the greater part of the next four days, during which they only advanced five miles further. They were the more readily induced to delay, as they were nearly out of provisions and were counting upon the rear divisions to bring them supplies.

Greene's division meanwhile had packed the cartridges they had made in casks and loaded their bateaux, and then, in enforced idleness, their rations daily more insufficient, awaited anxiously the supplies Major Bigelow and his detail had been sent to bring up. This division had now been delayed for five or six days to no purpose, and had fallen to third place in the column. Their impatience was not lessened by their empty stomachs and the rapid disappearance of the scanty provender which remained to them. The third division, holding the second place in the line, made steady progress, in spite of the thick and rainy weather, and were fortunate in finding the water plentiful, the current gentle and the portages few and short.

But as the bateaux, when fully loaded, could carry only three men each, this long and rough march was accomplished by most of the men on foot. As they forced their way through thickets and fell over logs and pitfalls, climbed over blow-downs and scrambled over the rocks, they reduced their clothing to tatters. The torrents of rain saturated and stained their uniforms, blankets and camp equipage, and rusted their firearms and tools. Sometimes the underbrush and thickets were so dense that they saved time and labor

by wading in the shoals under the banks of the river. The rough bed of the stream, which was full of stones and boulders, tempted many to keep their shoes on while they waded, and moccasins or army shoes worn on wet ground or under water for many days were soon almost useless. The huge fires they built at night were not sufficient to warm and dry them before the teeth of the most robust were chattering, and whole companies, as the chill of nightfall drew on, shivered as if with the ague. It was not a week before many of the improvident who had relied on one pair of shoes were barefoot.

During the morning of the 21st the rain increased in violence, the river began noticeably to rise, and the wind, swinging to S. S. W., threatened a hurricane. Every division of the detachment, except that of the riflemen, was buffeting the storm as best it might; and more or less successfully according to the character of the ground where it happened to be. As darkness came on the hurricane was fairly upon them, and trees which overhung the banks were blown down or uprooted in every direction, rendering further passage as dangerous as it was difficult. The risk of encamping in the forest was great, and the men selected the most open places they could find, but many could not use their tents for fear of falling trees, and it was quite impossible to keep up their fires in such a deluge of rain. So the night passed in the midst of perils and discomforts which must have tried the most cheerful and courageous spirit. Many had no shelter whatever from the furious storm

save such bark huts as they had time hurriedly to construct.

As morning approached the encampments became flooded and untenantable. The river had already risen three feet. It was no longer "dead"; it was wonderfully and fearfully alive with rushing water, drift and débris. Daylight revealed several of the bateaux which had been hauled up, sunken almost out of sight. Barrels of powder, pork and other supplies had been washed off the bank and carried down stream. The storm abated, but the river continued to swell in volume. It finally rose to the unparalleled height of nine feet, overflowed its banks, spread through the forest intervale in low places for a mile or more on either side, and from a freshet became a flood, which dashed over the falls and ledges with a five-mile-an-hour current. Only two similar floods, if local tradition can be trusted, have occurred since this of 1775. All the small tributary rivulets (and they were not few) were increased to an enormous size. The few guides became confused, and the copies of Montressor's map which some of the officers had were therefore worse than useless. The footmen were obliged to trace these false rivers for miles till some narrow place presented a ford, and even then were often able to cross only by felling large trees for foot-bridges.

No longer obliged to carry the bateaux over portages, the crews floated and hauled them against the current through the cuttings in the woods made by the riflemen. Progress was more snail-like than ever. The second division advanced only six miles, the third

only four. Lieutenant Humphreys and his whole boat's crew were overturned, and lost everything except their lives — "with which they unexpectedly escaped."

Smith's company of riflemen who were encamped on a bank eight or ten feet above the river, two or three miles below Ledge Falls, the most difficult cataract on the Dead River, on the night of the tempest, had fared even worse than the others, for they had reached the foothills of the Height of Land. The river rose so suddenly in the darkness that the first notice of their danger was towards morning, when the water swept under their shelters and carried away most of their provisions and camp equipment.

Arnold has been accused by Burr of not sharing the privation of his men on this expedition. Certainly he fared no better than the rest on this night, for he saved himself only by sacrificing his baggage, and retreated to a hillock just above the flood, where he remained till morning in great discomfort and anxiety.

As soon as there was daylight enough to enable them to see their way in the forest, the riflemen resumed their march. Deceived by the overflow, they mistook a western branch of the Dead River — which meets it a few miles from the encampment from which they had just been driven — for the main stream. Some of them journeyed up this branch seven miles before they discovered their mistake and found an opportunity to cross. The country round about is much cut up with ponds, rivulets, steep hills and bogholes, and when overflowed was a puzzling labyrinth

for the most experienced woodsman. The snagging and spotting of Steele's and Church's men, owing to the freshet, was of little avail, nor was the compass of much service, for few, if any, of the captains had received the courses and distances on the river. The freshet and flood could not have been foreseen by their commander. But the riflemen's ill-luck brought them some advantage, for on this misleading stream they discovered the wigwam of Sabattis, brother of Natanis, and, hidden in bark cages in the tree-tops, his kettle, cooking utensils and some dried meats. What they could not consume they destroyed, and crossing the stream made a bee-line across the land between them and the Dead River.

The footmen of the third division, falling into the same error, got four miles on their way up this stream, when they were set right by a boat's crew despatched by Arnold, who had foreseen their mistake and predicament. They then made the best of their way to the main channel, crossing the branch on a tree. As they approached a fall which, with the river at its usual height, is only four feet, in the midst of a channel not much more than fifty feet wide, they perceived a cataract three times the width of the real channel, and beheld the crews of their boats making a hopeless struggle to stem the current. Five or six were already upset and lost, with all their contents, a quantity of clothing, guns and provisions, and "a considerable sum of money destined to pay off the men." The riflemen were to be seen seated in shivering groups along the bank below the falls, gazing longingly upon

the opposite bank, where were landed such of their bateaux, provisions and camp equipage as had escaped the flood.

These falls — Ledge Falls as they are called — were the most formidable they had encountered on the Dead river. Rocky ledges on either side rise to a height of thirty or forty feet, like the open floodgates of a gigantic dam, and the river sweeps down a narrow gorge between them, as through a sluiceway, with a strong current even when the waters are low. The first of the long chain of lakes to be crossed before coming to the Height of Land lies hardly eight miles distant, and these, shut in by precipitous mountains, form natural reservoirs of which the Dead River is the outlet. The valley narrows as it reaches these lakes, and the intervale is cut up by steep hills and deep ravines. The circuits the army was obliged to make to avoid the overflowing of the river became wider and more fatiguing,— especially as, owing to their separation from their bateaux, the men were without food or shelter except such provision from the previous day's rations as the more prudent might have husbanded in their knapsacks or pockets.

Greene's division was in perhaps the worst plight of all. Bigelow's party had returned, but with only two barrels of flour by way of provisions, having found it impossible to get more from Colonel Enos. Discouraged by the scarcity of supplies, and the additional hardships the freshet compelled them to undergo, the men were still further shaken by the sight of returning boats, laden with invalids from Morgan's

and Meigs's divisions, who assured them of the hopelessness of any further progress against the obstacles which nature had set in their path, and exhorted them to turn back and save their own lives at least. But the brave fellows showed no sign of faltering, and pressed forward dauntlessly, though with slow and toilsome steps, into the wilderness,—not like the Light Brigade, with the inspiring note of bugles and the cheers of an army, fired with the glorious inspiration of a cavalry charge, but yet more heroically, into the very jaws of a slow and terrible death by famine, at the mercy of wolves and wild beasts, into a country held by an enemy. Reduced to half a pint of flour per man, even the salt washed out of their boats, they awaited their commander's arrival, to consult over their desperate condition.

A council of officers, over which Arnold presided, had been held at the camp of the riflemen and the third division below the falls the evening before, and in accordance with its resolve, Captain Handchett, with fifty-five men, had hurried on by land for Chaudière pond and the French settlements to obtain supplies. The sick and those unfit for duty were sent back, with an officer and a few well and able-bodied men to care for the worst cases, to Colonel Enos, who was directed to give them such comfort as he could, and expedite their return to the Kennebec and Cambridge.

On the 24th of October the two leading divisions moved again. It was snowing gently, and daylight on the 25th disclosed two inches of snow on the

ground. The ground was difficult and progress slow, but on the 26th Meigs's men carried their bateaux, now few in number, out of the river and launched them in the first of a long chain of lakes, which led to the foot of the Boundary Mountains, to them become as the Promised Land to the long-wandering children of Israel. They passed over the first lake two miles to a narrow gut two rods over, then poled up a narrow strait one and a half miles long; then passed over a third lake, three miles; then up another connecting strait, half a mile; and at last entered a fourth lake only a quarter of a mile wide. Afternoon found them poling and dragging up a narrow, tortuous gut, three or four miles in length, running through a desolate swamp. At evening they came to a portage fifteen rods across, and there encamped. Arnold was in advance with Handchett's detail, camped several miles beyond.

On the 27th Meigs's men crossed the carrying place to a lake half a mile over; made another carry of one mile; then passed across a little pond one-quarter of a mile wide; then a portage of forty-four rods to another lake two miles wide. They crossed this and came to the Height of Land and the long carry of four and one-half miles to the Chaudière waters. Here they received orders to abandon their bateaux, and to transport only one for each company across the mountainous portage. But Morgan, who preceded them, unwilling to leave the spare ammunition of the detachment which had been intrusted to his company of Virginians, and foreseeing that when the great task

was once accomplished and they should reach the Canadian waters his men would thank him for their punishment, carried over seven of his boats and launched them in the river running down seven miles from the Height of Land to Chaudière Lake. This stream was then confused by many with the true Chaudière. It is now called the Seven Mile stream or Arnold's River. Hendricks's men also attempted this, and persisted until their shoulders were so bruised and chafed that they could not bear a touch without shrinking. They had carried most of their bateaux to the top of the ridge, but finally abandoned all but one before they reached the Seven Mile stream. Morgan's all-enduring men are said to have worn the flesh from their shoulders in the gallant execution of his orders.

Morison, one of Hendricks's riflemen, describes this portage, which he says the army denominated "the terrible carrying place," as a considerable ridge covered with fallen trees, stones and brush. "The ground adjacent to the ridge is swampy, plentifully strewed with old dead logs, and with everything that could render it impassable. Over this we forced a passage, the most distressing of any we had yet performed; the ascent and descent of the hill was inconceivably difficult. The boats and carriers often fell down into the snow; some of them were much hurt by reason of their feet sticking among the stones. Attempts were made to trail them over, but there was too much obstruction in the way. Besides, we were very feeble from former fatigues and short allowance of

but a pint of flour each man per day for nearly two weeks past, so that this day's movement was by far the most oppressive of any we had experienced."

The bateaux of Meigs's division were hauled up during the afternoon of the 27th, and all but six for each company abandoned; the provisions distributed and everything got in readiness to cross the "terrible carry" over the Boundary Mountains. Most of their supply of powder was found to be ruined by dampness, and was accordingly destroyed.

We must now return to the forlorn camp of Greene's division, near Ledge Falls, where events of the utmost moment were in progress. The desperate straits to which Greene's men were reduced by the failure of their provisions have already been alluded to, and we have seen that Major Bigelow's party was able to procure only two barrels of flour from the rear guard with which to relieve their comrades' necessities. As a matter of fact, supplies were running low with Enos's division, as well as with the others. Though they were supposed to be bringing up the bulk of the army's provisions, they had met with the same misfortunes which had overtaken the rest of the detachment. Leaky bateaux, accidents on the portages, and finally the great freshet, had depleted the reserve supply, until the officers of the rear guard found themselves in possession of what they considered hardly enough to take their own men across the divide. The urgent appeals of Greene fell, therefore, on unwilling ears; even Arnold's peremptory orders could induce them to part with only a small part of their stores.

In this situation of affairs a settlement of the questions at issue became necessary, and a council of war was called to meet at Greene's camp, the officers from his own and Enos's divisions being summoned. From the first it was apparent that the latter were determined to turn back, the insufficiency of the provisions and the increasing difficulties of the undertaking proving to be unanswerable arguments to their minds. By the casting vote of Colonel Enos himself, who gave his voice for going forward, it was voted not to retreat; but no sooner was this decision reached than the three captains of his division, McCobb, Williams and Scott, held an informal council of war among themselves. At its conclusion they announced that they would not lead their men into the almost certain starvation and death they saw as the only issue of this reckless march into a hideous wilderness, but would retire at once to the Kennebec settlements. Upon this Colonel Enos decided, with profusely expressed regret, though apparently without much reluctance, that his duty lay with his division, and that if it determined to return to New England, his place was at the head of its columns.

The officers of Greene's division, although they had borne such sufferings and hardships as those of the rear guard had not even witnessed, were still unanimous in their determination to press forward, and their indignation with Colonel Enos and his subordinates was profound. Reproaches and entreaties were alike ineffectual in altering these officers' minds, however, and two more barrels of flour were all the

additional supply that the timorous rear guard could be induced to surrender to their half-starving comrades.

These are the quaint words in which Dr. Isaac Senter, the surgeon with Greene's division, describes the proceedings, and voices the exasperation with which they inspired him:

> They (Colonel Enos and his officers) came up before noon, when a council of war was ordered. Here sat a number of grimacers,— melancholy aspects who had been preaching to their men the doctrine of impenetrability and non-perseverance, Colonel Enos in the chair. The matter was debated upon the expediency of proceeding on to Quebec, the party against going urging the impossibility, averring the whole provisions, when averaged, would not support the army five days. After debating the state of the army with respect to provisions, there was found very little in the division camped at the Falls (which I shall name Hydrophobus); the other companies not being come up, either through fear that they should be obliged to come to a divider, or to show their disapprobation of proceeding any further. The question being put whether all to return or only part, the majority were for part, only, returning. Part only of the officers of those detachments were in this council.
>
> Those who were present and voted were: For proceeding: Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, Major Bigelow, Captain Topham, Captain Thayer, Captain Ward.
>
> For returning: Captain Williams, Captain McCobb, Captain Scott, Adjutant Hyde, Lieutenant Peters.
>
> According to Colonel Arnold's recommendation, the invalids were allowed to return, as also the timorous. The

officers who were for going forward requested a division of the provisions, and that it was necessary they should have the far greater quantity in proportion to the number of men, as the supposed distance that they had to go ere they arrived into the inhabitants was greater than what they had come, after leaving the Kennebec inhabitants. To this the returning party (being pre-determined) would not consent, alleging that they would either go back with what provisions they had, or if they must go forward, they'd not impart any. Colonel Enos, though (he) voted for proceeding, yet had undoubtedly preëngaged for the contrary, as every action demonstrated. To compel them to a just division, we were not in a situation, as being the weakest party. Expostulations and entreaties had hitherto been fruitless. Colonel Enos who more immediately commanded the division of returners, was called upon to give positive orders for a small quantity, if no more. He replied that his men were out of his power, and that they had determined to keep their possessed quantity whether they went back or forward. They finally concluded to spare (us) $2\frac{1}{2}$ barrels of flour, if determined to pursue our destination, adding that we should never be able to bring (in) any inhabitants. Through circumstances we were left the alternative of accepting their small pittance, and proceed, or return. The former was adopted with a determination to go through or die. Received it, put it on board our boats, quit the few tents we were in possession of, with all other camp equipage, took each man his duds to his back—bid them adieu, and away—passed the river, passed over falls, and encamped.

Oh, why was not Arnold of this momentous council, which in the midst of the wilderness, shivering in the driving snowstorm, decided the fate of the Expedition,

and left Canada to Great Britain! Oh, for his strong hand, his powerful invective, his earnest persuasion! Who can doubt the stinging rebuke and withering scorn with which he would have lashed those disobedient officers, who, contrary to express commands, contrary to the decision of a general council of war, acting on their own private agreement, were ready to desert their comrades of the advance, and abandon an enterprise the failure of which would cast the deepest gloom over the cause in which their country had embarked.

Arnold on this day, the fatal 25th of October, was battling with the elements on the lakes. In the midst of the snowstorm the wind blew a gale, the seas on the lakes became formidable and his bateaux had frequently to be run ashore and bailed. He had missed his guides and was not able to camp until near midnight, and then he did not know whether he was on the right trail or not. So it was that an express despatched by Greene telling of this serious situation, returned without finding him. How slender, and at the time how invisible, are the links in the chain which bind together the great events of history, and unite or divide an empire! From the failure of this courier to reach Arnold may be traced Enos's defection and return, the failure of the Expedition, the repulse before Quebec, the retreat from Canada and the loss of British America to the American Union.

But under date of October 24, Dead River, 30 miles from Chaudière pond, Arnold had written this letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Enos:

Dear Sir:—The extreme rains and freshets in the river have hindered our proceeding any further. When I wrote you last, I expected before this to have been at Chaudière. I then wrote to you that we had about twenty-five days' provisions for the whole. We are now reduced to twelve or fifteen days, and don't expect to reach the pond under four days. We have had a council of war last night, when it was thought best, and ordered, to send back all the sick and feeble with three days' provisions, and directions for you to furnish them until they can reach the Commissary in Norridgewock; and that on the receipt of this, you should proceed with as many of the best men of your division as you can furnish with fifteen days' provisions, and that the remainder, whether sick or well, should be immediately sent back to the Commissary, to whom I wrote to take all possible care of them. I make no doubt that you will join me in this matter, as it may be the means of preserving the whole detachment and of executing our plan without moving by great hazard, as fifteen days will doubtless bring us to Canada. I make no doubt you will make all possible expedition. I am, dear Sir,

Yours,

B. Arnold.

On the very same date, Arnold wrote to Greene telling him to send back the sick and feeble, to proceed with his best men, and fifteen days' provisions, and adding—"Pray hurry on as fast as possible."

Greene marched on. But Enos's division, and—according to Lieutenant Buckmaster's statement—about one hundred and fifty invalids from other divisions, turned their backs on their comrades and began to make the best of their way home to Cambridge.

The news of Enos's defection, as Captain Dearborn wrote in his journal, "disheartened and discouraged the men very much. . . . But, being now almost out of provisions, we were sure to die if we attempted to turn back, and we could be in no worse situation if we proceeded on our route. Our men made a general prayer that Colonel Enos and all his men might die by the way or meet with some disaster equal to the cowardly, dastardly and unfriendly spirit they disclosed in returning back without orders in such a manner as they had done, and then we proceeded forward."

In a similar tone, Sergeant Stocking, who was far in the advance with Arnold and Captain Handchett, wrote: "To add to our discouragement, we received intelligence that Colonel Enos, who was in our rear, had returned with three companies, and taken a large share of provisions and ammunition. These companies had constantly been in the rear, and, of course, had experienced much less fatigue than we had. They had their paths cut and cleared by us; they only followed, while we led. That they, therefore, should be the first to turn back, excited in us much manly resentment. . . . Our bold though inexperienced commander discovered such firmness and zeal as inspired us with resolution. The hardships and fatigues he encountered he accounted as nothing in comparison with the salvation of his country." So, another volunteer, expressing the universal disgust with which the conduct of Enos and his captains was regarded by those who persevered, wrote: "May shame and guilt go with him,

and wherever he seeks a shelter, may the hand of justice shut the door against him!"

The court martial held in Cambridge December 1, 1775, acquitted Lieutenant-Colonel Enos with honor, but did not hush the popular outcry. So persistent was this that in May, 1776, Enos was forced to defend his reputation in print by presenting an address to the public, containing the evidence offered to the court with the certification of the president, General John Sullivan, and a further endorsement of his general character and ability as an officer, signed by many prominent officers of the Continental army. It must be remembered, however, that no evidence from the men who suffered by Enos's conduct was submitted to the court—indeed, there was no evidence obtainable, at that time, from Arnold and the officers who advanced. The decision of the court appears to have been based entirely on the testimony of Enos and his officers, who would share with him any ignominy attached to the retreat. Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, long mouldered into dust, cannot resume his defense, but is it not to be regretted that the men who marched forward only to starve to death or feed the wolves, could not have appeared before the court? Their wan specters could have asked Enos some troublesome questions.

On what precedent did he reverse the decision of a council of war by the separate and subsequent vote of a minority? When Captain McCobb testified before that court martial that it was agreed at a council of war that Greene's division should advance and Enos's

division return, did he speak the truth? When he and Adjutant Hyde declared that Enos's division left Greene's with five days' provisions, did they agree upon a lie? Why was no base of supplies established at the Twelve Mile carry, and boats with guards stationed on the ponds of that carry, in accordance with Arnold's repeated orders — especially if Enos felt so sure that those who went forward must fail?

But, on the other hand, had Enos ordered his division to advance, perhaps the men of his own division — some of whom would undoubtedly have perished — would also have risen to haunt him, and their specters might have been still more numerous and implacable. Arnold had last written, "proceed with as many of the best men as you can furnish with fifteen days' provisions, and send back the rest, whether sick or well, to the commissary." Circumstances over which Enos had no control rendered the precise execution of this order an impossibility. Was he not, then, justified in using his discretion? The impartial reader must put himself in Enos's place and decide for himself whether he would have chosen the spirits of the soldiers in advance, or those of his own division, for visitants. It was an occasion which "tried men's souls" more than an occasion which tried their judgment.

CHAPTER VII

ACROSS THE "TERRIBLE CARRY"

An eagle soaring above the forest-covered snow-whitened mountains of the Height of Land, the morning after this momentous 25th day of October, might have marked the relative positions of the various divisions of the army: Arnold, with four bateaux and fifteen men, having crossed the Height of Land, was paddling rapidly down the Chaudière Lake; Captain Handchett, with his detail of fifty men, was marching around the lake on its eastern shore; the rifle companies, under Morgan, were crossing the long chain of lakes and working their way up the tortuous gut, which led to the shorter chain of ponds close to the mountains; Meigs, with the third division, was entering the first of the chain of lakes; the unlucky second division, Colonel Greene's, was moving forward from the camp-ground three miles beyond Ledge Falls, where the fatal council of war had been held; while Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, with his division, was beginning his retreat from the same spot.

We are now compelled to follow each division separately, as their courses and adventures were very different.

Certainly we do not prefer to begin by retreating, and our sympathetic interest in the "grimacers" and

"returners" of Enos's division now fails, but there remains a lingering curiosity as to their homeward march.

Their progress down stream was rapid but not altogether smooth, for though the river was no longer rising, the flood had by no means subsided. Where before they had many bateaux, they now had few, so that most of the men marched by land. When they reached their former camp-ground near Bog brook, they found the low country beyond overflowed. Those who were in the bateaux continued on the Dead River to the north and east of the Twelve Mile carry—preferring this wide circuit of some forty miles to the task of carrying their boats across the intervening short portages of the Twelve Mile carrying place. Thus deprived of the few remaining bateaux, those on shore were forced to abandon any attempt to cross the three ponds on the Twelve Mile carry, and were compelled to seek the Kennebec on foot. They had not left the Dead River sixty rods before they were obliged to wade; the water deepened as they advanced, and "for a mile and a half was waist-deep and they were obliged to break the ice before them the whole way." For still another mile the water was over their shoes. But they covered the eighteen miles to the Kennebec in a course which stood as a string to the bow made by the Dead River in one day.

The passage down the Kennebec to Norridgewock was easily accomplished. One party of thirty or forty men were obliged to return and bring up some provisions left on the Dead River. It must have been rough

duty. From Norridgewock they descended the river to Brunswick, which lies on the Androscoggin just above its junction with the Kennebec, without suffering any extreme hardship, and with the loss of only one life—that of Seabrid Fitch, of Connecticut, a man of Scott's company, who was upset and drowned in attempting to shoot Bumbazee rips.

From Brunswick, Colonel Enos hurried on the following letter to General Washington:

November 9, 1775.

Sir:—I am on my return from Colonel Arnold's detachment. I brought up the rear of the whole. Captain McCobbs', Williams' and Scott's companies were assigned to my division. We proceeded as far as 50 miles up the Dead River and were then obliged to return for want of provisions. When we arrived at the Great carrying place, by what I could learn of the division forward that provisions were likely to be short, I wrote to Colonel Arnold and desired him to take account of the provisions forward: he wrote me that there were twenty-five days' provisions for all the divisions ahead, but to my surprise before we got to the Great carrying place, Major Bigelow with ninety men were sent back from Colonel Greene's division to mine, for provisions. I left them all I could spare. I continued my march with all expedition and when about five miles up the Dead River, overtook Colonel Greene's division entirely out of provisions, and by reason of men being sent back with orders from Colonel Arnold to me to furnish them with provisions to carry them to the inhabitants, my division was reduced to four days' provisions. Colonel Arnold was gone ahead: the chief of the officers of Colonel Greene's division and mine were together when we took the situation of the divisions into

consideration, and upon the whole it was thought best for my whole division to return and furnish those who proceeded with all our provisions except three days to bring us back, which I did without loss of time. A more particular account shall be able to give when I return to Cambridge. Shall lose no time if able to ride. I have for many days been unwell. Expect the whole of my division at this place tomorrow, when we shall set out on our march to Cambridge.

I am your most obedient and humble servant,

ROGER ENOS.

Yet their labors were not over—they had now to reach Cambridge by land, for there were no transports in waiting. So on they marched through North Yarmouth, old Casco Bay, Stroudwater Bridge, Scarborough. It was no child's play, this long march over rough roads frozen hard by the raw cold of a northern November; the marchers worn out, ill and footsore, dispirited and remorseful with thoughts of their brave comrades, deserted and starving. On again through Saco, Wells and Old York into Kittery, Piscataway and Portsmouth. No applause along the road, but surprise, questioning, silence, ridicule, disgrace. No gala welcome at Newburyport; but the same pretty girls, with averted faces; fathers and mothers asking for sons; sweethearts for lovers, who had gone nobly forward. Explanations, excuses, do not avail—insults deepen to curses. Past their old camps at Rowley, Lynn and Mystic, the sorry returners hurried on and reached, at last, the camp at Cambridge. They were greeted with sneers of derision, treated with contempt and slunk away to hide themselves in the respective commands from which they were drafted.

Arnold, parting from Handchett's detail on the Height of Land carry, took his canoe and four bateaux, containing his private secretary, Oswald, Lieutenants Church, Steele, and thirteen men, and passed rapidly down the Seven Mile stream to the great lake Chaudière. Handchett, as we know, he had ordered to advance along the eastern shore of the lake. That officer had, in marching down the Seven Mile stream, encountered the outlet of Lake Nepess. His party of fifty-five men waded two miles up to their waists in water, which was so cold that they soon lost all sense of feeling in their feet and ankles, to a piece of low, marshy ground. Here, about sunset on the 27th, Arnold's party luckily discovered them, and his few bateaux were occupied till midnight in ferrying them over, clear of sunken ground. From the carrying place they should have kept on the high ground, and steered a N. N. E. course. It was doubtless Handchett's misadventure which prompted Arnold to dictate the postscript of the following letter, dated this day, "October 27, at the Chaudière River," directed to the field officers and captains in the detachment, and ordered "to be sent on that the whole may see it."

Gentlemen:—I have this minute arrived here and met my express from the French inhabitants, who, he tells me, are rejoiced to hear we are coming, and that they will gladly supply us with provisions. He says there are few or no regulars at Quebec, which may be easily taken. I have just met Lieutenants Steele and Church, and am determined to proceed as fast as possible with four bateaux and fifteen men to the inhabitants and send back provisions as soon as

possible. I hope to be there in three days, as my express tells me we can go most of the way by water. You must all of you keep the east side of the lake. You will find only one small river, until you reach the crotch, which is just above the inhabitants. I hope in six days from this time to have provisions half way up the river. Pray make all possible despatch. If any Companies on their arrival at the river have more than four or five days' provisions, let it be despatched to others, or left for their coming on.

I am, Gen'l'n, your h'ble servant,

B. Arnold.

P. S.—The bearer, Isaac Hull, I have sent back in order to direct the people in coming from the Great Carrying Place (i. e., the Height of Land) to Chaudière Pond. From the west side of the Great Carrying Place, before they come to the meadows, strike off to the right hand and keep about a north and by east course, which will escape the low, swampy land, and save a very great distance, and about six miles will bring you to the Pond. By no means keep the brook, which will carry you into a swamp, out of which it will be impossible for you to get.

The messenger brought also verbal intelligence that General Schuyler, commanding the New York forces, had successfully engaged the regulars and Indians, and made a considerable number of prisoners, and that in three days they would meet provisions in their way.

This letter, or a similar one, reached Greene's division, at least, as we shall learn later, but the important postscript failed nevertheless of its purpose, and so in part did the letter, for Smith's and Hendricks's

riflemen, as well as several of the companies of musketeers of both Meigs's and Greene's divisions, fell into this swampy trap, and the men, elated by the speedy prospect of relief, consumed much more of their slender supply of flour than they would have done had they known the exact truth.

Smith's and Hendricks's riflemen took up their line of march October 30, from their camp-ground on the banks of the Seven Mile stream, near where Morgan's men had launched their boats after crossing the mountains, and moving in single file, for there was no path and the country was mountainous and much obstructed, tramped six miles along the east bank of the river. Then they rested for the night in the woods. The men lay on fir boughs, without other covering than blankets, close together for warmth, and waked to find themselves under a counterpane of four inches of snow. But this was a more comfortable night than any enjoyed for some weeks, and the men were far from complaining. The five pints of flour per man, which the recent partition had given them, were, for convenience in carriage, baked in Indian fashion into cakes, under the ashes of their camp fires. The following day they took up the line of march through flat and boggy ground, and at about ten o'clock came upon the marsh where Handchett's men had undergone their unfortunate experience. It was three-fourths of a mile over and covered by a coat of ice half an inch thick. Here, as the soldier Henry narrates in his journal, a halt was called till the stragglers should come up. He proceeds:

There were two women attached to these companies. One was the wife of Sergeant Grier, of Hendricks's company, a large, virtuous and respectable woman. The other was Jemima Warner, wife of James Warner, a private of Smith's company, a man who lagged upon every occasion. These women having arrived, it was presumed that all the party were up. We were on the point of entering the marsh when some one cried out, "Warner is not here!" Another said he had "sat down under a tree a few miles back." His wife begging us to wait, with tears of affection in her eyes, ran back to her husband. We tarried an hour. They did not come. Entering the pond and breaking the ice here and there with the butts of our guns and our feet, we were soon waist-deep in mud and water. As is generally the case with youths, it came to my mind that a better path might be found than that of the more elderly guide. Attempting this in a trice the water, cooling my armpits, made me gladly return into file. Now Mrs. Grier had got before me. My mind was humbled, yet astonished, at the exertions of this good woman. Her clothes more than waist high, she waded before me to the firm ground. No one, so long as she was known to us, dared intimate a disrespectful idea of her.

Arriving at firm ground and waiting again for our companions, we then set off and, in a march of several miles, over a scrubby and flat plain, arrived at a river flowing from the east into Chaudière Lake. This we passed in a bateau, which the prudence of Colonel Arnold had stationed here for our accommodation; otherwise we must have swam the stream, which was wide and deep. In a short time we came to another river flowing from the same quarter, still deeper and wider than the former. Here we found a bateau under the superintendency of Captain Dearborn, in which we passed the river. We skirted the river

to its mouth, then passed along the margin of the lake to the outlet of Chaudière, where we encamped with a heterogeneous mass of the army.

Dearborn's, Goodrich's, and Ware's companies, composing Meigs's division, had, as we have seen, on the 27th, hauled up and abandoned their bateaux on the east side of the Height of Land, and gone into camp about half a mile up the carry. Dearborn found here a fine birch canoe carefully laid up, probably by Indians. It proved a godsend. Dearborn and Ayres took it on their shoulders next morning and carried it across the mountain "to a small stream which led into Chaudière pond;" put it in and paddled down the stream. The other officers and men of the division advanced through the forests and, it would seem, took different routes. Meigs and those with him kept well to the N. N. E., and thus avoided the morass, but found themselves by one o'clock in the afternoon on the shore of a large lake (Lake Nepess), which they mistook to be Chaudière pond. Accordingly they continued their march until nightfall, when they unexpectedly came upon an abandoned Indian camp. They took advantage of the clearing and here passed the night.

The following day they crossed the water, marched about fifteen miles through the woods and encamped near the north end of Chaudière pond. Those who followed Meigs were evidently men of Ware's company, for Captain Dearborn having reached — in his new-found canoe — the mouth of the Seven Mile

stream, where it meets the outlet of Rush Lake and Lake Nepess, found both his own company and Captain Goodrich's, who had marched down from the mountain ridge, and by keeping too far to the west had encountered the swamp, into which they had preceded the riflemen, who did not reach the swamp until the next morning. The men were about to build a raft when Dearborn arrived with his canoe and offered to search for a ford for them. Paddling into the pond and around an island, he came upon Captain Goodrich and a few of his men, who had waded in that direction. Goodrich informed him that he had made a thorough search and there was no way to pass the river without boats. The land all around was a sunken swamp for a great distance. It was now growing dark, and any hope of relief from their evil situation that night seemed to be shut out. Captain Goodrich had already waded to and fro several miles to his armpits in water and broken ice, trying to find some ford by which his men might cross the river.

But the increasing darkness served to bring into vision a light on shore which seemed to be about three miles away. Captain Dearborn took Captain Goodrich in his canoe and paddled across to the light. Here they found a good bark house with one man in it, who had been left by the advance party for want of provisions and ordered to rejoin his company. Before the fire this man had built the few officers lay down for a few hours' uneasy rest; meanwhile their men were having the most exasperating experiences in the morass into which they had wandered. The freshet,

which had culminated in the flood of October 22, had inundated all the lowlands on both sides of the mountains. The overflowed swamp at the junction of Rush Lake, its outlet to Chaudière pond and Arnold's River—shunned nowadays at all seasons by huntsmen—was, as Arnold had written, "A place from which it was impossible to get." For hours they stumbled and floundered over the slippery roots of hackmatack and cedar, which were concealed under an alluring carpet of soft green moss soaked with water and filled with particles of ice. Dislocation of a bone or a severe sprain might mean death. A broken bone was almost sure abandonment to starvation, for few were now strong enough to carry a cripple.

The alders were high, dense and tough. The exhausted provincials, bending under their arms and luggage, which caught them back and clogged their every movement, wandered in and out, knee-deep in icy mire, searching for a dry standing place, or sprang from sinking tussocks upon others which seemed more secure than the first, but proved constantly more deceptive. The snow which lay here and there on the ground, and on the frozen edges of the open water, only made false steps more costly. Twilight still found them within a short radius of their position at noon, after ten miles of worse than useless traveling in endless circles. At dark they chanced upon a little knoll, where they remained all night. One man who had fainted in the water with fatigue was supported thither by his comrades.

To make their fires the men were obliged to wade

into the water, chop down trees in the darkness, and fetch out the dripping wood. The knoll was so circumscribed that, as they lay down, feet to the blaze, the surrounding water was close to their heads. Many stood erect all night to keep from freezing; if it had rained hard it would have overflowed their refuge and extinguished their fire.

Any one who has hunted in the Maine woods in winter knows how penetrating and biting are the cold, damp river mists at night; how they creep through the slightest opening in the blanket and freeze where they touch; how they gnaw through hunting coats and heavy underclothing, and chill the shivering hunter in the very face of his bonfire. Such a one can perhaps faintly imagine the sufferings of the poor fellows on this little hillock the night of October 29, 1775, supperless, after days of half-rations and toilsome marching, thinly clad, hopelessly lost, more than a hundred miles from civilization.

As soon as it was light Dearborn and Goodrich returned to the swamp, and, assisted by Captain Smith's bateaux, which luckily appeared on the scene, began to ferry the men across. But they had not marched fifty rods when they came to the second river, so that, as there were only two boats and nearly two hundred men, the rest of the day was consumed in making the passage. Toward sunset, under Dearborn's guidance, they set out for the bark house, where he had passed the night with Goodrich. In the thick woods it was easy to lose reckoning, and Dearborn's compass was defective. They went astray

two miles, but at last, much fatigued, reached the bark house and encamped.

The next day Ayres and Dearborn passed down the Chaudière pond in their canoe, while the remainder of the men marched down the east side of the lake, and joined them in camp at the mouth of the Chaudière River. The progress of those on foot was very rapid, urged as they were by frantic hunger and the hope of meeting boats with provisions on the Chaudière. Finding neither boats nor provisions, they hastened on ten miles, assured by the knowledge that if they did not leave the river they were sure to reach Sartigan. At a small creek they found an advertisement set up telling them that the longed-for boats were wrecked and all the flour lost. Several dogs, thus far faithful companions of these miserable men, were now turned to account, killed, boiled, eaten — every part, not excepting their feet, skin and entrails.

The riflemen had now caught up with some of the men of Dearborn's company, and shared the dog stew which these men were brewing. But this, of course, could not go far among so many, and the poor fellows washed their moose-skin moccasins, scraped off the dirt, rinsed them in the river and boiled them, hoping, without success, for a sort of mucilage soup. Those of the New Englanders who had any leather coats or shoes left, gnawed them with no better result.

Sergeant Stocking as he proceeded "passed many sitting, wholly drowned in sorrow, wistfully placing their eyes on every one who passed by them hoping

for some relief. Such pity-taking countenances he had never before beheld." And here comes Jemima Warner, a long-neglected heroine, after twenty miles of walking and running to catch up, breathless, panting, torn and disheveled, her dead husband's cartridge belt her girdle, and his musket in her hand. Faithful unto death, she had remained with him until he succumbed to hunger and exhaustion, had buried him with leaves, and then, at last, looked to her own safety.

Let us now turn back for the last time and follow up Greene's division to the front. On the 28th of October, while their comrades of the advance were marching into the Rush Lake morass, near the outlet of the Seven Mile stream, this division came rapidly forward over the chain of lakes and the Height of Land by the same route as that followed by the riflemen, except that most of the men kept the shores of the chain of lakes and went into camp on the high ground near the recent camp of Morgan, where they joined some of Meigs's division. All day they awaited stragglers and the rear of the division, employing the time in making a final partition of the remaining provisions, in order that each man might fully realize how small an amount he must depend upon thereafter. This distribution gave five pints of flour to each man —the pork was too small in quantity to be divided, as there was less than an ounce per man. The officers in general generously forebore to take their share of pork. This supply must last them for six days, at least, and they must travel chiefly on foot in the forest, without a path, for about one hundred miles.

Having no salt, they mixed their tiny portions of flour into small cakes as the riflemen had done, and these they baked on the coals of their fire. Some of the men had, before this division of flour, found themselves reduced to eating the pieces of raw moose hide which they had laid by to mend their shoes and moccasins. These they boiled after singeing off the hair. For fourteen days the whole division had been on half allowance or worse. Dysentery or constipation had become chronic with many of the men, conditions due to starvation and peculiarly fitted to disable and dishearten them in such traveling. There was no one to come after them to aid or comfort those unable to proceed. Their situation was the most hazardous of any division in the detachment. In spite of every persuasion and threat, several of the men this evening devoured the whole of their allowance of flour, determined to have one hearty meal, even if it should prove to be the last.

Toward evening, while the division still lay in camp, a messenger arrived from the front — from Arnold. As the message was read and passed from mouth to mouth a joyous cheer arose, and the forest rang with the exultations of the indomitably hopeful men. It was a similar letter to that entrusted to Isaac Hull, and was dated at the Chaudière River, October 27. The express was Jackquith, whom we last saw accompanying the Indians Eneas and Sabattis on the mission to the French settlements and Quebec. Cheered by the contents of the letter, the soldiers insisted on breaking camp, though it was already

evening, and they were obliged by darkness to encamp again within a mile and a half.

The next morning the advance was promptly begun and the division passed quickly down the Seven Mile stream toward Lake Chaudière. As the column, or more properly file, neared its waters, the majority decided to go to the southeast of the stream upon the higher land, and so pass around the lake; however, a part of the force proceeded down the stream as far as they could, then turned southward, and took the northwesterly shore around the lake, while Colonel Greene, with most of his officers and some of the soldiers, took their course N. E. and by E. for the Chaudière River. Deluded by an ignorant guide, the officers found their error before night closed in. At daylight of the 29th we started again, and at eleven o'clock sank into the fatal spruce and alder swamp between the Seven Mile stream and Nepess Lake, "the most execrable bog mire, and impenetrable plexus of shrubs, imaginable." Had they attempted to cross, they must have come upon the riflemen or men of Meigs's division, but instead, they followed the swampy margin of Rush Lake till they encountered the outlet of Lake Nepess, and forced by the deep water to pursue a course nearly at right angles to their proper one, consumed the remainder of the day trying to march around this large lake. Entirely ignorant of its extent, expecting always that they were just about to round it, then disappointed, retracing their course, advancing again and retreating, deceived by little bays and tributary streamlets, they covered eighteen miles of such trav-

eling, only to camp in a swamp. They had been relying on Montressor's map and on the guide, who was soon, amid the execrations of his followers, more hopelessly lost than they were.

Next morning, having no cooking to do, and no tents to strike, they set forth again, still deluded as to the right course, and hoping at any hour to reach the banks of the Chaudière River, now ever receding behind them to the northwest. They followed a creek leading into Lake Nepess, and they laid their course more southerly, hoping to go around it, but the creek gradually widened into a river four rods across and still unfordable, nor was it possible to build a bridge or raft, as nothing large enough grew upon its banks. At length, coming to a place where the river was about four feet deep, although the water was much frozen on both sides, they forded. So weak were they, so benumbed with hunger and cold, that this alternative was accepted only in desperation, and several poor wretches "were left in the river, nor heard of afterwards." Their course was now shifted to W. N. W., and only varied to escape bogs, mountains, small ponds, and watercourses.

It was now the third day they had been in search of the Chaudière. They were seemingly lost beyond redemption. Greene and Dr. Senter carried the compass by turns. Through hideous swamps, over mountainous precipices, the straggling procession of starving men — all regard for order lost — pursued their enduring leaders helter-skelter; every man was now for himself in the fever of self-preservation. There

was no time, not a moment even, to halt for the weak, lest the strong perish as well. There were bloody footprints on the snow, torn rags in the tough thickets and brambles. The sad moaning of the wind among the bare branches overhead, the plaintive creaking of the tall pine tops; the crunching of snow and rustle of dead leaves under the hurrying feet of his companions, alone broke the stillness of the vast forest solitude for him who, for a moment, fell out exhausted. As the last man passed him and was hidden by a thicket of snow-covered spruces, the ominous howl of a wolf would startle him to a last despairing exertion.

One of this unfortunate party writes of this terrible march:

"The universal weakness of body that now prevailed over every man increased hourly on account of the total destitution of food; and the craggy mounds over which we had to pass, together with the snow and the cold penetrating through our deathlike frames, made our situation completely wretched, and nothing but death was wanting to finish our sufferings. It was a dispiriting, a heart-rending sight, to see those men whose weakness was reduced to the lowest degree, struggling among the rocks and in the swamps, and falling over the logs. It was no uncommon sight, as we ascended those ruthless mountains, to see those coming down the mountain in our rear, falling down upon one another, in the act of mutually assisting each other. Whose heart would not have melted at this spectacle? It would have excited commiseration in the breast of a savage to have beheld those weak creatures, on coming to the brow of one of those awful hills, making a halt, as if calculating

whether their strength was sufficient for the descent; at last he casts his eyes to the adjacent hill, and sees his comrades clambering up among the snow and rocks. He is encouraged,—he descends,—he stumbles again at some obstruction, and falls headlong down the precipice, his gun flying from him a considerable distance. His comrade staggers down to his assistance, and in his eagerness falls down himself; at length the wretches raise themselves up and go in search of their guns, which they find buried in the snow — they wade through the mire to the foot of the next steep and gaze up at its summit, contemplating what they must suffer before they reach it. They attempt it, catching at any long twig or shrub they can lay hold of, their feet fly from them —they fall down to rise no more. Alas, alas, our eyes were too often assailed with these horrid spectacles — my heart sickens at the recollection.

Just as the sun, with every hope, left those who still kept the pace, they broke upon a great lake, which proved to be Lake Chaudière, and almost at once, with shouts of delight, marked the trail made by the riflemen. They were near enough to the foot of the lake to reach the Chaudière River before noon next day, and animated afresh by the sight of this stream, pressed on down the east bank with renewed vigor. Though impeded by an almost impenetrable growth of spruce, cedar and hemlock, and the steep ravines which frequently broke the high ground, they succeeded in overtaking some of Dearborn's men. Perhaps they too got distant scent of the savory dog-stew, for Dr. Senter records they were given a piece of the dog Dearborn's men were cooking, but that

did not suffice, and they descended to shaving soap, pomatum and lip salve. The leather of their shoes, cartridge boxes, shot pouches and breeches, roots, bark, everything was tried from which they hoped nourishment could be wrung.

We have now accounted for all those still advancing except the riflemen of Morgan's own company. Their story is short: Descending the Seven Mile stream and crossing the Chaudière Lake in the boats they had so laboriously brought across the mountains, they entered the Chaudière River, and began the hazardous descent. Bateau after bateau was wrecked and abandoned, and they had not advanced fifteen miles before the whole company were forced to land and continue on foot. The crew of one of the first bateaux lost were moving down the edge of the river and so discovered a fall of twenty feet in time to return and signal their comrades in the bateaux which followed them, else many more of those afloat must inevitably have perished. They reached shore with the loss of only one man, George Innes, a waiter in Morgan's company. Morgan and Burr narrowly escaped. Both Smith and Morgan lost their military chests, spare clothing, blankets and ammunition, and the latter a considerable sum of money.

But while the gallant remnants of the expedition were thus struggling forward in the desperate race against utter exhaustion and starvation, where was their leader—he who was to have led them proudly on to an easy victory and to the open gates of Quebec?

CHAPTER VIII

ARNOLD SAVES THE REMNANT OF HIS ARMY

Arnold, with his small escort, without a guide, their baggage lashed to their boats, started down the swollen flood of the Chaudière early on the morning of the 28th, to obtain provisions for his famishing army. For the first seven miles the river was a broad sheet of black water, perhaps a hundred yards in width, owing to the recent freshet, moving swiftly through a vast tract of overflowed forest. Vistas of barkless trees, long dead and whitened, continued ever-present on either side, unrelieved even by the moss which, in a more southern climate, would have hung in festoons from tree to tree. No sign of animal life was visible except those hermits of the swamp, the herons and mud-hens, which every now and then rose lazily from some stump or half-immersed drift and flapped slowly on before them, to alight within a short distance, then rise again and slowly disappear over the trees.

This dreary region passed, the water became rougher and the stream was confined by more definite banks; the trees were no longer dead, but, with the exception of the evergreens, stripped of their foliage. They soon shot across some sharp rips, and, within a mile or two, the distant sound of the rush of rapids

reached them; presently they were fighting their way over a half mile of water lashed to fury by hidden ledges, divided by fallen trees and cut into sharp-toothed waves by keen-edged boulders, between which the river curled and darted with powerful suction. Faster and faster, too fast to dip a paddle or plunge a pole, they sped on, till after many a narrow escape their boat shot into a long, wide eddy, where, around a small island, the water became smooth for a few moments. Then, as they rounded a curve of the river, the current caught them again and carried them into other rapids. And so they kept on, reckless of their own safety, their thoughts on the army of men behind them whose lives hung on their reaching the French settlements before it was too late. Twenty miles were passed in two hours, and no accident had happened. All that day they wrestled with the rocks and angry river, and there was no end to the rapids. Now and then an eddy gave them a moment's respite, but they never found more than a few rods of open water for another thirty miles. They used their poles and paddles where they could, but it was seldom, and they were borne on the greater part of the day at the mercy of the current.

At last the momentum of the pent-up water became so violent, as the height of the banks increased, that they flew forward in a mass of foam; the waves sprang up and curled in over the bows and sides of their frail craft and threatened every moment to swamp them. They were as helpless as the drift which swept along beside them. The rocks and

boulders ahead seemed larger and more fearful; the banks were become precipitous and covered to the very edge with dense forests. They seemed to be entering a rocky gorge. Suddenly they plunged over a fall, and every boat and canoe, as in turn it was sucked into the vortex, was overturned. Some of the men saved themselves by clinging to the boats, or were washed upon the rocks below. Six of them found themselves swimming in a huge, rock-bound basin, where the river paused in its mad rush, and stood silent in a dark and fathomless pool before it darted around a precipitous bank and fell, thundering, thirty feet over jagged shelves of broken ledges. These are known to-day as the Falls of Sault. The rapids they passed early in the morning are called the Devil's Rapids.

They swam ashore, thankful to have escaped more certain death by their misfortune; gathered what they could of their baggage from the rocks where it had lodged, and here spent the night. Only two of the bateaux and Arnold's periagua were saved from the general wreck, and the periagua was so badly damaged that it had to be abandoned.

Their last day before reaching Sartigan was not less dangerous. So swift was the current that the party were obliged to land and lower the boats down stream by their painters. Several long portages, more difficult than any on the Dead River, had to be crossed. Luckily two Penobscot Indians who met them rendered great assistance, and told them of the first house a short distance below the Du Loup.

THE FALLS OF SAULT ON THE CHAUDIERE

In the extreme background of this picture is the rock-bound basin, deep sunken and hidden from view by the rocky channel. It is very much larger than the pool in the foreground.

Taken by the author, October, 1895.

Arnold therefore pushed on, undaunted by freezing cold and flying snow, and so rapidly did he cover the last forty miles to Sartigan, half by water, half by land, that by the evening of October 30—two days after leaving Lake Chaudière—he was purchasing supplies and arranging for forwarding them early next morning, with the following carefully worded letter directed to the "Officers of the Detachment."

SARTIGAN, Oct. 31st, 1775.

Gentlemen:—I now send forward for the use of the detachment, 5 bbls. and 2 tierces and 500 lbs. of flour by Lieut. Church, Mr. (Barin) and 8 Frenchmen, and shall immediately forward on more, as far as the falls. Those who have provisions to reach the falls will let this pass on to the rear; and those who want will take as sparingly as possible, that the whole will meet with relief. The inhabitants received us kindly, and appear friendly in offering us provisions, etc. Pray make all possible dispatch.

I am, Gent., yours, etc.,

B. ARNOLD.

This reckless descent of the Chaudière by Arnold and his scouts to save the shattered army should forever put at rest Burr's carping complaint that the commander was not always ready to share the perils and privations of his men on this expedition. Next day he sent a messenger with a letter to friends in Quebec, in which he notified them of his approach, inquired the strength of the garrison, and mentioned his apprehension that his Indian messengers had betrayed him, as some had returned and brought no answer. The letter was in substance a repetition of

that to Messrs. Manier, Gregory and Maynard, already referred to.

Meanwhile, the army, reduced to the utmost straits, was hurrying forward with all the speed which in the enfeebled condition of the men was possible. A very few bateaux had been somehow gotten over the carry at the Height of Land, and floated across Chaudière pond, but in so leaky and unsafe a condition that it soon appeared they would be useless in the rapid and boisterous current of the river. One which belonged to Hendricks's company of riflemen was carried further than the others, in order that Lieutenant McClelland, who was dying of pneumonia, might not be left behind to perish alone in the wilderness. This young officer had been borne across the mountains on a litter, Captain Hendricks himself being one of the bearers. Just above the Falls of Sault the bateau in which he lay was carried into the rapids and saved only by its fortunate lodgment upon a large rock. The crew bore their helpless officer to the shore with great danger and difficulty.

As poor McClelland, dying, lay beside the fire his men had built for him, men of Smith's company of riflemen passed him on their way down the river. To some of them, his friends, he bade "farewell." Lieutenant Simpson and other fellow officers divided with him the last of their dearly treasured pittance of food, and parted from him with great distress and tenderness, for Henry says of him: "He was endowed with all those qualities which win the affection of men. Open, brave, sincere and a lover of truth."

He had marched nine hundred miles from his southern home on the sunny Juniata to die for his country, obscurely, on the rock-strewn shore of the bleak Chaudière. Dr. Senter came up, also, and with the few instruments which he carried in his knapsack tried the Sagradoine method to relieve the sufferer. Two privates were left to minister to him, and later two Indian boys from Sartigan, nephews of Natanis, stimulated by handsome rewards from Smith and Simpson, made their way up the river with a canoe, and brought the invalid to the first house in Sartigan, where he soon after expired, and was buried by his two attendants, who then rejoined the army.

On the 31st, some of the eastern men and riflemen, who led, made twenty-one miles — a terrific march for men in such condition in a pathless wilderness, now covered with snow and ice. The cold, the snow and the frozen ground had driven into their winter retreats those small animals and birds whose presence might have served to sustain life. The larger animals, doubtless fully apprised of the approach of the head of the column by the unusual noises attending the advance of so many men, had disappeared, and could be found only by systematic hunting, out of the line of march. There was neither time nor strength for such pursuit. The experience of Steele's scouts, if proof was needed, had shown that moose meat alone (deer, it would seem, were not plenty) was not sufficient to more than postpone starvation, and even then must be consumed frequently and in large quantities. Still one man saved

his life — thanks to a sedee, a small wood bird, and a squirrel; another was lucky enough to shoot a partridge.

The soldier Morison, a volunteer in Hendricks's company, thus describes the march in his journal:

Nov. 1. — Our deplorable situation reduced us to the sad necessity of every man to shift for himself. We had all along aided our weaker brethren, but the dreadful moment had now arrived when these friendly offices could be no longer performed. Many of the men began to fall behind, and those in any condition to march were scarcely able to support themselves; so that it was impossible for us to bring them along, and if we tarried with them we must all have perished. It was, therefore, given out this morning by our officers for every man to shift for himself, and save his own life, if possible. This measure opened upon us a scene of the bitterest sorrow. When we moved off from before them, how did the unhappy companions of all our toils and sufferings strive with all their might to keep up with us, and to tread in our footsteps, calling out to us as well as their feeble voices would allow: "Will you leave us to perish in this wilderness?" Never will that heart-piercing interrogatory forsake my memory. Some of those who were advancing turned back, and declared that they would prefer death to leaving them; others stopped their ears and moved off with all the expedition in their power. . . . As we advanced, we saw with bitterest anguish their weak attempts to follow, but a mountain closed the scene between us and many of them forever.

With heavy laden hearts we marched on over a succession of hills and mountains enough to outdo the sturdiest traveller. On the way, passed by many of the musketmen

in the most deplorable condition, nearly exhausted, and exposed to the rigours of the season. We found some of them eating a dog, which they had roasted entire, not having had anything to eat for two, some three, days before. I saw one of them offer a dollar for a bit of cake not weighing more than two ounces, which was refused. This day we forced a march of twenty miles and encamped, our strength so reduced that but a few of us were able to raise a fire. Our spirits were so depressed by the occurrences of the day that death would have been a welcome messenger to have ended our woes.

Nov. 2.—This morning when we arose to resume our march, many of us were so weak as to be unable to stand without support of our guns. I, myself, whom Providence had endowed with an uncommon degree of strength, staggered about like a drunken man. We had eaten no food for several days. However, we got on our packs and set out through the woods, hoping to see some inhabitants. But we stumbled on over hill and swamp, mile after mile, without any visible prospect of relief. This day I roasted my shot pouch and eat it. It was now four days since I had eaten anything, save the skin of a squirrel I had picked up in a tent some time before, and had accidently put into my pocket. A number resorted to the same expedient; and in a short time there was not a shot pouch to be seen among all those within my view. This was the last resort, and approaching destruction appeared to be the only medium through which we could pass from our present calamities. Hope was now extinguished and its place supplied with a deep insensibility, which is often, in desperate cases, the precursor of some extraordinary change. Before and behind us and on every side of us we could discover nothing but a wide waste, unadorned with the smoke of any

habitation. There was nothing in all the gloomy scenery that surrounded us to interest the feelings for a moment, or cast a gleam of pleasure upon the dejected soul. All was silence. Every object tended to dismay the heart, already too much oppressed. The light that shone upon it served but to render its dreary aspect more visible. There was nothing magnificent to awake our benighted imaginations, only at times when we gained the summit of a huge mountain we could discover the Chaudière veering its course through these lofty hills, whose frowning brows seemed to threaten its meanderings with a final stoppage, whilst it endeavoured, as it were, to escape the impending ruin.

The Indian girl Jacataqua, whom we first met at Fort Western, still followed the army with some of her Indian relations, for she was familiar with this country, and was very willing to give her aid as guide. She and her dog were now constantly hunting for any sort of meat for the starving soldiery; and, skilful with herbs and roots, she became indispensable to the sick. When, therefore, Dearborn's dog and those of other soldiers were sacrificed, hers escaped, for had sentiment not protected him her announced intention to leave the army should the dog be slaughtered was a sure safeguard.

By this time, the 2d of November, the army was scattered along the east bank of the Chaudière, in companies and squads, for a distance of some forty miles, tracing their way with ever-failing strength through the deer paths along the water's edge, over rocky headlands, and through treacherous bogs and endless thickets. All their bateaux, camp equipage

and provisions were gone, except here and there a tin camp-kettle or an ax. Some, owing to their shipwrecks, were even unarmed and without head covering; many were barefoot, their clothing torn by snags and briers, while those who had tried to make food of their leather breeches or coats were in even sadder plight. Up and down the line, helpless in the woods, were nearly one hundred invalids, unable to proceed further. Where the bed of the river, from which its waters had been diverted, offered some relief in open walking from the constant struggle through the dense thickets and up and down the steep ravines along its banks, the men availed themselves of the change, if not relief, which it offered. Coming to a long, sandy beach, some of the men of Smith's company darted from the single file in which they marched, and with their nails tore out of the sand-beach roots which were eatable and ate them raw. Few knew the indications which pointed to the presence of these roots, but as one man sprang from the line half a dozen followed, and as he seized the prize fought for its possession.

Once, "a mountain, jutting in a most precipitate form into the river, compelled them to pass the margin of the stream upon a long log, which had been brought thither by some former freshet. The bark and limbs of the tree had been worn away by the rubbing of the ice, and the trunk lay lengthwise along the narrow passage, and, smooth and slippery, gorged the pass. This difficulty collected a heterogeneous mass of the troops, who claimed the right of

passage, according to the order of coming to it. The log was to be footed, or the water of the depth of three or four feet must be waded. There was no alternative. An eastern man, bare-footed, bare-headed, and thinly clad, lean and wretched from abstinence, with his musket in his hand, essayed to pass on the log. His foot slipped and he fell several feet into the water. Even his immediate friends and comrades, many of whom were on the log at the same moment, did not deign to lend him an assisting hand. Death stared them in the face. They passed on regardless of his fate." Verily it was "*sauve qui peut.*"

But they had not proceeded four miles next day before they met Arnold's relief party of French Canadians, some afoot and some on horseback, with sacks of flour thrown across their horses, driving up the shore oxen and other cattle. "We with one accord lifted up our hands and eyes to heaven, and blessed that gracious God for this great deliverance," writes Henry. "Provisions in sight!" "Provisions in sight!" resounded from hill to hill. The fight was over — they had won. Throwing down their arms, they sprang forward like a pack of famished wolves, struck down one of the beasts in his tracks, and "had its hide and flesh on the fire boiling before the creature was dead."

The generous Canadians, excited by every fresh evidence of suffering, having supplied the immediate needs of these men, sprang upon their horses again, and taking with them such sustenance as was porta-

ble, hurried on to the assistance of those in the rear, shouting encouragement as they reached the top of every hill. Some of them returned late in the evening with the bodies of half-frozen and insensible provincials, slung in place of their flour-sacks across their horses. They had found them prone upon the earth half covered with snow and mire, their vitality unappreciable except by a fluttering pulse or struggling heart-beat. Others of these good Samaritans pushed on to rescue those who were still further behind, and returned next morning with a number of those who, it was thought, must inevitably have perished. That night, as those who had already escaped from this Valley of Death tended their campfires and feasted, and moved like gaunt and hollow-eyed specters between the deep shadows of the forests and the flaming firelight, they reminded one another so forcibly of the imagined ghosts of their poor comrades, perforce deserted, that their joy in their deliverance could find no exalted expression. Many a man, though sleeping the sleep of extreme exhaustion, must have started and cried aloud as in his dreams he saw again the sights of the past few days, and seemed to hear once more the heartrending entreaties of the sick and helpless.

The following day, the 4th of November, they arrived at the Du Loup, a large stream flowing into the Chaudière from the east. The weather was raw and cold and the water icy. But they dashed through this river up to their arm-pits, and ran on for a few hundred yards to greet with three huzzas the first

house in Canada — the first house they had seen for thirty days.

Captain Dearborn, Lieutenant Hutchins, Ensign Thomas and fifty men of Dearborn's company, with Captain Smith's company, were the first to arrive at the house on the Du Loup. The following day they moved down the river six miles to Sartigan, a settlement largely Indian, where they found Arnold, who, assisted by Steele and John M. Taylor, of Smith's company, who happened to be an excellent penman and accountant, now named commissary, had been rapidly and successfully accumulating provisions against the approach of the famished army. There were but three or four small houses, built by half-breeds or French Canadians, in Sartigan, and the Indians lived in wigwams, so that few of the soldiers could be received in the shelter of civilization, and many, left out in the cold, built bough huts and large fires to protect themselves. A severe snowstorm made these hastily constructed abodes very uncomfortable, but the men who had been snatched out of the very jaws of death were in no mood to complain of mere discomforts.

Every day stragglers, with terrible tales of privation and suffering, made their way across the Rivière du Loup and came into camp. One of them, Burdeen by name, a private in Topham's company, who was supposed to have starved to death, related how he and a comrade, named Hart, both sick, kept together for some time after crossing the Height of Land. After wandering for several days Hart suc-

cumbed to a violent cramp, which had long tortured him. Burdeen and five other riflemen who had joined them left the unfortunate man dead. Shortly after they came upon another corpse, a victim of hunger and sickness, one of Captain Hendricks's company. As they still advanced they were astonished to find a stray horse, which had providentially run away from the Frenchmen who brought out the provisions. The party shot it and ate heartily of the flesh for three or four days while they rested. Seven or eight more sick men came up, and the horse flesh saved their lives as well. For seven days previous these men had no sort of nourishment but roots and black birch bark, which they boiled and drank. Burdeen reported that he had seen twelve dead bodies along the road over which he had come.

CHAPTER IX

DESCENDING THE CHAUDIÈRE

On Saturday, November 4, the Abenaki savages, among them the dreaded Natanis and his brother Sabattis, in gorgeous finery, assembled at Colonel Arnold's headquarters, about five miles below Sartigan, and demanded through an interpreter the intention of the Americans in coming among them in hostile manner, pretending they were unacquainted with those intentions. Among them, also, was Eneas, who with Sabattis had been despatched express from Norridgewock with letters to Quebec. After an oration delivered with much pomp and circumstance by one of the chiefs, surrounded by his followers, Arnold returned the following diplomatic, though not strictly ingenuous and truthful, reply:

Friends and Brethren: — I feel myself very happy in meeting with so many of my brethren from the different quarters of the great country, and more so as I find we meet as friends, and that we are equally concerned in this expedition. Brethren, we are the children of those people, who have now taken up the hatchet against us. More than one hundred years ago we were all as one family. We then differed in our religion and came over to this country by consent of the King. Our fathers bought lands of the savages and have become a great people,—even as the stars

in the sky. We have planted the ground and by our labor grown rich. Now a King and his wicked great men want to take our lands and money without our consent. This we think unjust and all our great men from the River St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, met together at Philadelphia, where they all talked together, and sent a prayer to the King, that they would be brothers and fight for him, but would not give up their lands and money. The King would not hear our prayer, but sent a great army to Boston, and endeavored to set our brethren against us in Canada. The King's army at Boston came out into the fields and houses, and killed a great many women and children, while they were peaceably at work. The Bostonians sent to their brethren in the country, and they came in unto their relief, and in six days raised an army of fifty thousand men and drove the King's troops on board their ships, and killed and wounded fifteen hundred of their men. Since that they durst not come out of Boston. Now we hear that the French and Indians in Canada have sent to us, that the King's troops oppress them and make them pay a great price for their rum, etc., and press them to take up arms against the Bostonians, their brethren, who have done them no hurt. By the desire of the French and Indians, our brethren, we have come to their assistance with an intent to drive out the King's soldiers; when drove off we will return to our own country, and leave this to the peaceable enjoyment of its proper inhabitants. Now if the Indians, our brethren, will join us, we will be very much obliged to them, and will give them one Portuguese per month, two dollars bounty, and find them their provisions, and their liberty to choose their own officers.

Arnold's speech to the chiefs had the desired effect and about forty of the Indians took their canoes

and joined the force moving down the river. The Indians were quick to find a name for Arnold and called him the "Dark Eagle," suggested, perhaps, by the cast of his features and his keen and penetrating eye. Natanis at the first interview had, according to tradition, addressed him thus:

"The Dark Eagle comes to claim the wilderness. The wilderness will yield to the Dark Eagle, but the Rock will defy him. The Dark Eagle will soar aloft to the sun. Nations will behold him and sound his praises. Yet when he soars highest his fall is most certain. When his wings brush the sky then the arrow will pierce his heart." A baleful prophecy which, delivered with the characteristic impressiveness of the Indian orator, must somewhat have dashed the spirits of the young officer.

November 5, Arnold despatched expresses up the river to hurry on the stragglers and scattered parties. An express reached him with news that Mr. Robbisho, an express sent to Montgomery from Sartigan, was taken prisoner. This threw the people into a panic, as they heard that the English were determined to burn and destroy all the inhabitants in the vicinity of Quebec, unless they came and took up arms in defense of the garrison. The poor, innocent French-Canadian *habitants* in the lower Chaudière valley scarcely knew which way to turn; from the St. Lawrence came such reports of the rigorous treatment they might expect from the English, while from the upper Chaudière spread the first rumors of the arrival and of the character of the mysterious Ameri-

can army, "*vetu en tole* (*toile*)" (clothed in mail), an allusion to the canvas frocks of the riflemen. This rumor lost no credit by what seemed, even to the hardy French voyageurs, a feat only to be accomplished by men of a race endowed with superhuman powers of strength and endurance — the passage of an army through the solitary and unbroken wilderness of the Chaudière streams and Dead River! "Surely," said they, "God is with this people, or they could never have done what they have done."

Thus impressed, the Canadians received the way-worn soldiers with kindness, and saw to it that their wants were well supplied, though they were not averse to receiving fair pay for their provisions. One diarist pithily remarks, "the people are civil, but mighty extravagant with what they have to sell." The manifesto written at Cambridge, and now freely distributed, was reassuring, and there was much fraternal spirit shown on both sides. The march of the army through that peaceful, sleepy valley was long referred to as an epoch — "the coming of *les bons Bostonnais*."

Many of the emaciated soldiers, voracious, insatiable, utterly regardless of the threats and entreaties of their officers, gorged themselves with the unlimited food provided, and several in consequence, after having fought and conquered starvation, fell victims to fevers caused by repletion, and died within a few days after reaching Sartigan. Among those who narrowly escaped death by such folly was, as he himself tells us, young Henry, whose journal we have frequently quoted. In his extremity he was found by Arnold him-

self, who gave him in charge of a friendly Canadian, whose care and treatment saved the young man's life.

The lower valley of the Chaudière is a flat and fertile country; then sprinkled at long intervals with straggling clusters of low houses, all whitewashed and for the most part thatched. Every now and then a chapel came in sight, but more frequently rude roadside crucifixes or images of the Virgin, strange sights to the orthodox New England soldiery and the Scotch Presbyterians of Pennsylvania. The river ceased to curl madly over rock and shingle, and, though still white with foam, became quieter and broader as the advancing troops left league after league behind them. After leaving Sartigan and passing the St. Francis rapids, boats when they could be obtained, were used.

Arnold and some of his officers reached St. Marie the 5th of November, and were entertained handsomely by Messire Gabriel Eleazar Taschereau, a seigneur of the old regime, whose domain included large tracts of farming land in that vicinity. At St. Marie Arnold received by an Indian messenger the first news he had had from General Montgomery since the expedition left Cambridge six weeks before. The news, moreover, was good, for it told of the successful advance of Montgomery's force into Canada and the capture of Chambly, tidings which mightily raised the spirits of the young commander on the Chaudière, who had of late found so much reason for anxiety and depression. A letter was at once despatched in reply, of which this is the substance:

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 29th ult. I received at 1 o'clock this morning, which gave me much pleasure. I heartily congratulate you on your success thus far. I think you had great reason to be apprehensive for me, the time I mentioned to Gen'l Washington being so long since elapsed. I was not then apprised or even apprehensive of one-half of the difficulties we had to encounter; of which I cannot at present give you a particular detail—can only say we have hauled our bateaux over falls, up rapid streams, over carrying places, and marched through morasses, thick woods, and over mountains, about 320 miles, many of which we had to pass several times to bring our baggage. These difficulties the soldiers have, with the greatest fortitude, surmounted. About two-thirds of the detachment are, happily, arrived here and within two days' march, most of them in good health and high spirits. The other part, with Col. Enos, returned from the Dead River, contrary to my expectation, he having orders to send back only the sick and those that could not be furnished with provisions. I wrote Gen. Schuyler, the 13th of October, by an Indian I thought trusty, enclosed to my friend in Quebec; and as I have had no answer from either, and he pretends being taken at Quebec, I make no doubt he has betrayed his trust, which I am confirmed in, as I find they have been some time apprised of our coming in Quebec, and have destroyed all the canoes at Point Levi, to prevent our passing. This difficulty will be obviated by birch canoes, as we have about twenty of them with forty savages, who have joined us, and profess great friendship, as well as the Canadians, by whom we have been very friendly received, and who will be able to furnish us with a number of canoes.

I am informed by the French, that there are two frigates and several small armed vessels lying before Quebec, and a large ship or two lately arrived from Boston. How-

ever, I propose crossing the St. Lawrence as soon as possible; and if no opportunity offers of attacking Quebec with success, shall endeavor to join your army at Montreal. I shall as often as in my power advise you of my proceedings, and beg the favor of hearing from you by every opportunity.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully,
Your most ob'd't, humble servant,
B. ARNOLD.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have seen a friend from Quebec, who informs me a frigate of 26 guns and 2 transports with 150 recruits arrived from St. John's, Newfoundland, last Sunday, which with the inhabitants, who have been compelled to take up arms, amount to about 300 men; that the French and English inhabitants in general are on our side, and that the city is short of provisions. I shall endeavor to cut off their communication with the country, and make no doubt, if no more recruits arrive, to bring them to terms soon, or at least keep them in close quarters until your arrival here, which I shall wait with impatience.

Montgomery had reached the Isle-aux-Noix on the 10th of September — that is to say, before Arnold had left Cambridge. His army then consisted of about fourteen hundred men. These were reinforced by Colonel Livingston's company of New Yorkers, 170 Green Mountain boys under Colonel Seth Warner, Captain Allen's company of the same corps raised in Connecticut, about one hundred men of Colonel Bedel's from New Hampshire, and a company of artillery under Captain Lamb. Montgomery's whole force did not exceed eighteen hundred men. Nearly

eight hundred of these up to September 26, by reason of smallpox, camp disorders, and swamp fever, contracted in the low, marshy encampment at Isle-aux-Noix, were found unfit for duty and discharged.

On the 3d of November St. John's was taken by this army, after a short resistance, and Montgomery without loss of time pushed on for Montreal.

As he advanced, a few hundred Canadian rebels, under Lieutenant-Colonel James Livingston, formerly of Montreal, aided by Colonel Easton and Major John Brown, whom Montgomery had detailed for the duty, executed a flank movement, primarily directed against the British post, old Fort Pontchatrain, at Chambly, which they easily took. They pressed on from thence towards Sorel, where it was known that an energetic and enterprising Scot, one Lieutenant-Colonel Allen McLean, of the garrison of Quebec, was making great exertions to recruit a regiment from the families of those Highlanders who, after the Peace, had emigrated and settled in Canada, and from native Canadians of British descent.

When Arnold replied to Montgomery's letter he naturally could think of no more trusty couriers, none more familiar with the route they would have to traverse, than the very Indians who had brought the welcome news of American success. He accordingly sent them back to Montgomery, with his letter to him of November 8 from St. Marie and its enclosure to General Washington. But one of these Indians, an Indian of Lorette, who happened to be the actual bearer of the dispatches, meeting with some of

McLean's men on their return journey, and not unreasonably mistaking them for friends, was conducted to Colonel McLean, to whom he delivered the letters. He and his companion were promptly secured.

No doubt Carleton, though probably already advised of Arnold's presence on the Dead River, by a courier from Lieutenant-Governor Cramahè, was hastened in his decision to abandon Montreal to Montgomery by a second courier, conveying the valuable information thus gained by McLean. That officer's own determination not to await Easton at Sorel but to hasten to reinforce threatened Quebec, was beyond question the result of the unfortunate miscarriage of Arnold's correspondence, and his presence within the city was, as we shall see, a matter of the gravest importance when the provincials at length appeared before its walls.

From St. Marie Arnold's army had still thirty miles to travel before reaching Point Levi—opposite Quebec on the St. Lawrence. Morning orders on the 6th were simple,—"every captain to get his company on as fast as possible." Not so much as a minute could now be wasted with safety, if they were to reach Quebec before it was reinforced. The wretched roads were mire and snow to the bellies of the horses, which some of the officers had hired from the peasants and rode bareback, or with sacking and rope, for want of saddles. It snowed heavily, but the men's stomachs were full, their limbs refreshed and spirits animated by four days of rest and the kindly hospi-

tality of the Canadians, and they covered eighteen miles on the 7th, in spite of these difficulties.

Captain Thayer was sent back to Sartigan to superintend the conveyance of the sick, but next day at St. Marie met Major Meigs, who had anticipated this duty, with ninety-six invalids. Meigs had purchased twenty canoes on his way up and down the river. A succession of rapids made the navigation of the river difficult and perilous, so with four men under each canoe, these invalids lugged their craft from St. Marie, twelve miles, along the river bank without meeting a house; then, leaving the river and following the main body eastward, they again entered the forest, through which they made the best of their way over a swampy road, without seeing another house for fifteen miles, till they reached St. Henri, and continued on from thence to Point Levi, a total carry of thirty miles.

Snow had been falling or had lain on the ground ever since the 22d of October, and the severe Canadian winter had begun. The head of the column overtook Colonel Arnold and an advance party on the 6th; on the 7th they passed the night within nine miles of Quebec, and on the 8th — now advancing more cautiously — halted within three miles of the St. Lawrence. Here Arnold left them again, and, with a lieutenant and twenty men, went forward to reconnoiter Point Levi, which he reached about two o'clock in the morning. From the bank of the St. Lawrence, reached at last, he promptly despatched a letter to General Washington, informing him of his safe arrival

before Quebec and giving substantially the same account of his movements and his prospects as was contained in the letter to General Montgomery quoted above.

All night the troops lay upon their arms awaiting orders, but on the morning of the 9th, which dawned thick and cloudy, word that the coast was clear came back from Arnold. The whole army now advanced to Point Levi, a promontory on the St. Lawrence, about four miles east of the Falls of the Chaudière, which tumble headlong a distance of nearly one hundred and thirty-five feet into the great river below. Guards were immediately posted along the St. Lawrence, and as fast as troops came up they were assigned to quarters in farmhouses scattered along the riverside for a distance of a mile or more. By the 13th all the survivors except a few, who, like Captain Dearborn and Henry, were too ill to be moved from hospitable shelters found by the wayside, had come up.

When the men were paraded, their appearance was both pitiful and ridiculous. With their lean forms, half clad in torn and disheveled clothing, and haggard faces unshorn for many weeks, many barefooted and bare-headed, they made a sorry spectacle. Stocking says he thinks they "resembled those animals of New Spain called ourang-outangs," and that the French peasantry, had they not been in a measure prepared by Arnold, would have fled from their habitations at the sight of such savages emerging from the forests. "Unlike the children of Israel, 'whose clothes waxed not old' in the wilderness, theirs hardly held together."

A letter written from this locality by one of its inhabitants tells us of the sensations created there by the arrival of this ragged regiment. "There are about fifteen hundred provincials arrived at Point Levi, opposite the town, by the way of the Chaudière across the woods. Surely a miracle must have been wrought in their favor. It is an undertaking above the common race of men in this debauched age. They have traveled through woods and bogs and over precipices for the space of one hundred and twenty miles, attended with every inconceivable difficulty, to be surmounted only by men of indefatigable zeal and industry."

No official return seems to have been attempted, but the number of men estimated fit for duty at Point Levi was about five hundred, while the invalids and non-combatants were about one hundred. This would seem not to include Natanis and his Indians.

The number of those who perished in the terrible march from the head of Dead River to the French settlements at Sartigan is nowhere estimated with official authority, and the estimates of various survivors vary considerably. Morison, who uses figures with more exactness than most of the diarists, sets down the effectives at Point Levi at 510, and adds that seventy or eighty had died in the wilderness. This statement is probably not far from the truth. The names of only a few of these poor fellows are recorded; among them we know were Buck of Scott's company, George Innis of Morgan's company, John Taylor and Lieutenant McClelland of Hendricks's

company, James Warner and Michael Warner of Smith's company, and Onley Hart.

The River St. Lawrence, from a mill then standing about a mile to the west of Point Levi to King's wharf, Quebec, was eleven or twelve hundred yards wide. The mill was the property of Major Henry Caldwell, of Quebec, and the Americans made a lucky seizure there of some flour and two hundred bushels of wheat. The person whom they found in charge joined them and became a commissary. The British frigate Lizard, of twenty-eight guns, which had just arrived, bringing a few marines and a timely supply of £20,000 in cash, and the Hunter, a sloop of war, were riding at anchor in the stream, while a number of merchant vessels were clustered in the harbor of Quebec. Every boat and canoe which could be reached on the south shore of the river had been wisely destroyed by the British, who had timely notice by the interception of the letters intrusted to Eneas and Sabattis, of the approach of the Americans.

Beyond the river the beautiful city of Quebec, hemmed in by her lofty precipices and impregnable battlements like some prisoner-princess of old fairy tales, smiled down upon the little ragged, famine-proof army, which had so bravely dared the north wind and forest wilderness for her sake, while to dishearten and ensnare the ignorant, the Americans read, posted on the chapel door at Point Levi, the following proclamation:

Conditions to be given to such soldiers as shall engage in the Royal Highland Emigrants. They are to engage during the present troubles in America only. Each soldier is to have 200 acres of land in any province in North America he shall think proper. The King to pay the patent fee, secretary's fee, and surveyor-general, besides twenty years' free of quit rent. Each married man gets fifty acres for his wife, fifty for each child, on the same terms, and as a gratuity besides the above great terms, one guinea levy money.

ALLEN MCLEAN,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant.

During the 11th and 12th, boats and canoes were purchased and collected with the greatest possible expedition. But as they had to be brought from a great distance, it was the 13th before thirty-five, including dugouts, counting those carried down the Chaudière by Meigs, were procured. There were other equally important preparations to be made. A detail of carpenters under Lieutenant Savage was told off to make scaling ladders, hooks and spears; a detail of smiths under Captain Handchett was marched fourteen miles to the nearest forge, for the same work, kept busy all night and marched back next day. The rank and file of the army were employed in overhauling their flintlocks and such accoutrements as they had saved, and in making shoes out of raw-hides. Not a moment was wasted. The provincials were forced to keep under cover, however, for the Hunter and the Lizard dropped shot and shell among them whenever they showed themselves in any number along the river bank.

A council of officers was held to decide whether to hazard an assault at once, should they succeed in crossing the river, or await reinforcements from Montgomery. That they should make the attempt to pass the river seems to have been accepted as a matter of course, in spite of its wide stretch of black water and strong tides, in spite of the two vessels of war and armed merchantmen linked together by a chain of nightly patrol boats, passing and repassing between the vessels every hour. Against the judgment of Arnold and most of the Rhode Island officers, the decision of the council was against an immediate assault, it is said by a majority of a single voice.

November 11, a hurried report came to headquarters that the British were landing at the mill. Each man grasped his arms. Morgan and the Indians, who were nearest headquarters, were foremost. Pellmell, Indians and riflemen intermingled, they rushed for the point of attack. Reaching the brow of a precipice, though still under its cover, they perceived a boat, which came from the sloop Hunter, about to touch the shore. The boat grounded; a midshipman sprang out, but, to obtain a better landing as the tide was at the ebb, ordered the boat off into deeper water. The riflemen fired a volley at the boat's crew, who, leaving the middy to his fate, pulled out of range. The unlucky youngster plunged into the river, hoping to regain the boat, and a shooting match began at his head, which afforded a fair mark above the water, at about one hundred and fifty yards, as he swam towards the boat. Bullets splashed about

him, pierced his clothing, and one slightly wounded him. The swimmer turned towards shore again with evident intent to surrender, but Sabattis, scalping knife in hand, sprang forward, seemingly intent upon killing the lad. Luckily Morgan was more athletic than the savage and, spurred by a decent humanity, intercepted him. The Hunter, meantime, having now warped up toward the shore for the purpose, opened with ball and grape on the riflemen, who hastened back along the shore with their prisoner and reached headquarters without accident. The midshipman was only about fifteen years of age, a brother of Captain McKenzie of the frigate Pearl, a lively, active, facetious youngster, who at once won the good will and esteem of his captors by his refusal to give them any desired information militating against the British. The boat had been sent ashore to recover Caldwell's flour at the mill.

Arnold now wrote again to Montgomery and Washington, his letters from Sartigan and St. Marie having, as we know, owing to the capture of his messengers, failed to reach their respective destinations. These letters were sent by way of Sorel, for Arnold was now apprised that a detachment from Montgomery's army had occupied that town at the confluence of the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence.

The officer commanding at Sorel was Colonel James Easton, who, with Major Brown, had advanced without opposition to that place, for Lieutenant-Colonel Allen McLean had retreated before him, abandoned the post, and with one hundred men of his new

regiment, called the Royal Emigrants, and about sixty Fusileers, chiefly recruits, embarked for Quebec, where he arrived on the 12th. And on the same day Colonel Guy Johnson, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, sailed from Quebec for England in the ship Adamant, conveying official dispatches which contained the latest information from the field, a number of Canadian rebel prisoners and young Pitt, for whom General Washington in his directions to Arnold had expressed so much solicitude.

Once more, before bringing to an end this portion of the narrative and proceeding to the account of the operations against Quebec, it may be well to review briefly the causes which led to the failure of the expedition to reach the city as early as it had expected, and the consequent impossibility of surprising the citadel and capturing it without a blow, as Washington and Arnold had fondly hoped to do.

Attention should be directed first of all to the complete failure of Arnold's plans and dispositions for the march through the wilderness. His intention had been to advance his base of supplies to the Twelve Mile carrying place; to have ferries across the ponds there, and to save every abandoned bateau on the Kennebec for use in case he was forced to retreat. The assumption to which we are forced is that these arrangements failed of execution because of inefficiency in the commissary department, or Enos's neglect of duty, though there certainly were many extenuating circumstances.

On account of the blockade and devastation of

the ports of Maine by warships from the British fleet at Boston, the consequent interruption to the markets and sources of supplies to the south, and the extreme severity of this winter, the people in the settlements on the lower Kennebec were reduced to such distress and starvation as we sometimes hear of nowadays prevailing in Labrador and Newfoundland. Some families had no bread in their houses for three months together, and people who lived even at a distance of twenty miles from the seacoast were forced to retreat to the shore, where they could glean a precarious sustenance from the clam banks on the coast. It was impossible to procure grain, potatoes or any other species of vegetable. Meat, butter and milk were equally scarce. Neither tea, sugar nor molasses were to be purchased on any terms. Boiled ale-wives, a little coffee and clams formed the scanty diet with which they tried to satisfy their hunger.

But while these circumstances would account for failure to supply the carrying place with extra provisions, they do not excuse the failure to supply it with the one hundred barrels of flour which Arnold assumed the army had left in storage with James Howard at Fort Western. It is evident from Arnold's letters that under Mifflin at Cambridge, the commissary-general, Colonel Farnsworth, was directly responsible. I have been able to find nothing concerning this officer in all my search, beyond the mention of his name in Arnold's letters.

Again, it should be borne in mind that it was Arnold's intention that the Chaudière pond should be a

general rendezvous, for there he expected to meet definite advices from Canada, and to continue to advance or retreat according to circumstances of the situation. Entirely unprepared for Enos's defection, and urged by the famine which threatened his army, he changed his mind and pushed on with all speed for the French settlements. In this he was justified; he had received on the Height of Land favorable reports; provisions had become of the first importance. Unforeseen delays had occurred; there was no time to spare for a general rendezvous; speed, and a general movement forward, would alone rescue the army. Had he failed to send back provisions when he did, the event has proved that his loss in the woods would have been so heavy and demoralizing as to wreck the expedition utterly. Unfortunately, his orders to Enos to continue the advance were not sufficiently explicit; therein he was much at fault, but his error did not contribute as a first cause to the comparative miscarriage of the expedition.

Had it not been for the extraordinary freshet, which no man could foresee, the failure of supplies would not have occurred to an alarming extent; there is every probability that Enos would not have turned back; Arnold would not have felt it necessary to forge so far ahead of his people, and the whole detachment would have arrived at Point Levi in time to have entered Quebec with little or no opposition. Instead of the adverse criticism to which the conception and execution of this enterprise have always been subjected, and which has discouraged any deep in-

terest in its details, it would have come down to us as one of the most glorious *coups* of the war, and established the reputation of Washington and Arnold, as masters of strategy and military science.

Obviously the equipment of the detachment as well as its composition is open to just criticism. It seems unquestionable that if no bateaux had been transported and the men had advanced with packs on their backs, they would have made safer and speedier progress. Rafts could have been built rapidly on the shores of many of the ponds by an advance party, and used to ferry the troops across as fast as they arrived, while a large enough amount of ammunition to have answered every purpose could have been thus transported. Tents and cumbersome camp equipage could have been dispensed with even at that season.

It is difficult to understand why Washington, who is known to have spent in his younger days many days and nights in the backwoods of Virginia, should have made this mistake. It should not be forgotten, however, that he was compelled to consider policy and harmonize the conflicting interests of the various colonies. The expedition was one which promised honors and advancement, and he could not select the officers and men who were to compose the detachment, strictly from the point of view of expediency, without arousing much jealousy and discontent. Had he selected backwoodsmen and riflemen, those best fitted for the undertaking, he would have been compelled to draw chiefly from the southern colonies, for

there were few such companies from New England. The decision with regard to the bateaux was probably due to ignorance of the waterways and the topography of the country. This conclusion is supported by the statement which Arnold makes in one of his letters: "We have been deceived in every account of our route."

However, an examination of Montressor's map, which was followed by the expedition, does not entirely support this statement. It was the freshet which foiled Arnold, rather than defective information. That he and the six hundred men who followed him to the St. Lawrence accomplished what they did in the face of such difficulties and discouragements, is matter for wonder and admiration rather than for criticism and detraction. Washington, whose commendation was always a badge of honor, who was too experienced a frontiersman and too good a soldier to underestimate such an achievement, wrote to General Schuyler when he heard of Arnold's arrival before Quebec:

"The merit of this gentleman is certainly great, and I heartily wish that fortune may distinguish him as one of her favorites. I am convinced that he will do everything that his prudence and valor shall suggest to add to the success of our arms, and for reducing Quebec to our possession." To Arnold himself he wrote under the same date: "It is not in the power of any man to command success, but you have done more — you have deserved it."

CHAPTER X

BEFORE QUEBEC

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th, another council of officers was held, and it was resolved to attempt to cross the St. Lawrence that night and to make a landing at Wolfe's Cove. The evening was calm and cold, and the moon would not rise till the early hours of morning. The troops, numbering some five or six hundred, were drawn up in the cove of the Chaudière, under cover of the mill, where their canoes and dugouts of pine logs had been collected. Men accustomed to steal upon the wary deer and keen-scented moose did not need to muffle their paddles, and indeed it was not necessary to take great precautions against noise, for even had they not been several miles from the ships-of-war, the thunder of the Falls of the Chaudière would have silenced here anything less than a cannon shot, but when they should near Wolfe's Cove every precaution must be taken. The distance to be traversed was great, because at an angle, probably a mile and a half or two miles, but the tide, being on the ebb, would assist them.

The first canoes left the shore about nine o'clock. They were seven in number, one of them filled with savages. The pilot boat carried Arnold, Thayer,

Topham, Dr. Senter, and two others. Gently, silently, but swiftly, their paddles dipped and turned in the smooth waters of the dark river. Every nerve was quivering with excitement; every eye on the alert, peering into the darkness. Canoe after canoe was quietly lifted from the bank and touched the water without a splash, almost without a ripple. Like an army of shades or spirits, they embarked and glided away into the darkness. More than an hour was passed in suspense by those still waiting on shore. Then out of the darkness a darker object took form and the prow of a canoe, paddled by a single occupant, grounded on the shore. It was quickly swung about by ready hands and filled with eager soldiers. Two or three times the same canoes went and returned.

One of the canoes, steered by Lieutenant Steele, overloaded to the water's edge with men, baggage and arms, burst apart in midstream. The occupants, except the Lieutenant, were picked up by the nearest canoes. But all were now so crowded that they did not permit the reception of another man, so that Steele could not be taken in. Wheeler, who steered one of the canoes, made Steele throw his arms over the stern; and then, to keep them warm and enable Steele to maintain his hold, sat upon them and towed the Lieutenant ashore, chilled to the bone and exhausted. Nothing was lost except a few guns and clothes. By three o'clock, when the moon began to rise, five hundred men had crossed; only a few more than one hundred were still to be transported.

Where, all this time, were the Hunter and the

Lizard? There was no breeze, and they were swinging sleepily at anchor. And the boat patrol? One of them, a barge from the Hunter, was heard by those already on the northern shore rowing towards them in the darkness — easily to be distinguished from a canoe by the sound of the oars grating in the thole-pins. It rapidly approached. Discovery seemed unavoidable. Arnold, realizing the value of the first blow, hailed. The ship's boat came to. He gave the order to fire. The volley shook the echoes of the banks, and the guard-boat, "with screaming and dismal lamentations," backed and rowed away. But the alarm was given, and the moon was soon well above the horizon. It was, therefore, impossible for the rest of the detachment to cross that night. Part of the men left behind came over a few days later, though a permanent guard of sixty was maintained at Point Levi.

There was then a good road cut aslant the precipice which Wolfe had scaled with such difficulty in 1759 — just sixteen years before. The Americans had expected to find sentinels of the enemy posted along this road and perhaps a guard to dispute their landing at the Cove. There was none, however. A reconnoitering party was made up from the first troops landed, and, led by Morgan, it ascended to the Plains of Abraham and disappeared in the direction of the city. It had been necessary to make allowance for the great tides which, with an easterly wind, rise from nineteen to twenty-two feet, and with a westerly wind from sixteen to nineteen. The strong ebb

tide had much scattered the canoes, and they reached the shore at different points from the Cove to Sillery. As fast as the men came up they followed Morgan's party up the pathway, but when they reached the plains they were immediately formed and paraded. Details were counted off and guards mounted.

The morning air was sharp, the wind northwest and uncommonly penetrating, and the men paced to and fro swinging their arms and trying to keep warm. Everything in the direction of Quebec was so still that they could hear the cries of the sentries on the walls. Very soon Morgan's party returned and reported that everything was quiet in the neighborhood of the city. The troops now took up their march for "Sans Bruit," the residence of Major Henry Caldwell, formerly that of General James Murray, a large mansion with outhouses near the St. Charles River, which had the character of a manor-house and its dependencies. It was a mile and a half or two miles from Wolfe's Cove, and about the same distance from Quebec. The place was stealthily surrounded and Caldwell's servants surprised as they were loading teams for the city. One of them was taken prisoner.

The mansion house became headquarters, and the rank and file were comfortably quartered in adjacent buildings. The men proceeded at once to appropriate and butcher some of the stock with which the place was plentifully supplied. They secured twenty working bullocks, four or five fat ones, and all of Caldwell's horses. Additional provisions were secured from several teams which were stopped by guards

posted on the roads leading into the city, and brought into camp. Thus plentifully supplied, the men made a hearty breakfast, and those not detailed for guard duty threw themselves down upon the furniture or the floors of the buildings to which they had been assigned and were soon sleeping heavily.

It was reported among the soldiers, and the story has been repeated by historians, that all that night St. John's gate, one of the principal entrances through the city wall, had stood open guarded only by one drowsy sentinel. But if such a golden opportunity to surprise the citadel was lost—which seems at least doubtful—it must be accounted for by Arnold's anxiety to get his entire command across the river during the hours of darkness, and the delay of any concerted forward movement until that important object was safely accomplished. Morgan's party does not appear to have discovered that the gate was so inadequately guarded, and Arnold was certainly ignorant of the fact—if fact it was.

Arnold now dispatched the following letter to Montgomery:

COLVIL (*sic*) PLACE, 2 miles from Quebec, 14 Nov., 1775.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you yesterday from Point Levi, by an express sent from Sorel by Colonel Easton, of my intention of crossing the St. Lawrence, which I happily effected between 9 and 4 in the morning without being discovered, until my party of 500 men were nearly all over, when a frigate's barge coming up, discovered our landing and prevented our surprising the town. We fired into her and killed three men. I am this minute informed by a gentleman from

town, that Colonel McLean had determined to pay us a visit this morning with 600 men and some field-pieces. We are prepared and anxious to see him. Others from town inform me that the inhabitants in general have laid down their arms. By the best information they are in the greatest confusion; very short of wood and provisions, much divided, and refused provisions from the inhabitants; and if blocked up by a superior force, must, as soon as the frost sets in, surrender. I have thought proper to despatch the bearer to inform you of my situation, as also with a request I have to make. I must refer you to him for particulars, as I have been so unfortunate in my former letters, I don't choose to commit every intelligence to writing. It is the current report here that you have invested Montreal and cut off their retreat. This, I hope, is true, and that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you here.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect,
Your obed't. humble servant,
B. Arnold.

General Montgomery.

P. S. — Since writing the foregoing, the enemy found means to make prisoner of one of our out sentinels. I immediately invested the town as nearly as possible with my troops, which has occasioned them to set fire to the suburbs of St. Johns, and several of the houses without the wall are now in flames.

George Merchant, of Smith's company, was the unlucky sentinel captured; he had been stationed in a thicket where he had the disadvantage of seeing little and being seen from higher ground. A daring sergeant of the 7th regiment of the King's troops,

with a few followers, noting his exposed position, for which he was less to blame than the officer of the guard, glided through the suburb of St. John under cover of the houses, and then, concealed by a thicket, crept stealthily within a few feet of Merchant and, springing suddenly upon him, disarmed him before he could discharge his piece. But this was not done without giving an alarm, and the Englishmen and their captive were hotly pursued to the shelter of the guns of the city.

The excitement incident to the capture of Merchant and the pursuit of his captors gave rise to the report that the enemy were sallying. The drummers beat the assembly; the troops hurriedly formed and marched towards the city. Coming within 800 yards or so of the fortifications they halted, and looking up at the walls, crowded with soldiers and citizens, cheered lustily, while their enemies as loudly shouted their defiance. For some time this foolishness continued, while the little force, lacking unfortunately miraculous trumpets to demolish their Jericho, passed in review before their half-friendly and half-hostile audience. Then the English brought to bear a thirty-six pounder, and though they hurt no one, and some of the Americans in derision chased and picked up the spent balls, as they had at Boston, they hastened the performance. The provincials soon marched back whence they came, but not before Adjutant Febiger had advanced within a hundred paces of the walls and coolly examined the state of their repair.

Some biased historians have carelessly claimed that Arnold having been known in Quebec as a humble dealer in horses — a "horse jockey," as his enemies called him — wished to display before the citizens of Quebec his newly-gained power and importance; but Arnold was no such vain fool. He probably had one of two objects in view. He may have wished, by the smallness of his force, to excite the contempt of Lieutenant-Governor Cramahè, who commanded the garrison during Governor Carleton's absence in Montreal, and so to induce him, as Wolfe did Montcalm, to seek an easy victory in the open plain, which would have enabled Arnold's friends to encourage an uprising in his rear — perhaps even to shut the gates of the city upon the regulars and loyalists. This view is borne out by Arnold's letter to Captain Handchett, sent the very next day, and also a letter sent to a friend at Montreal, dated November 25, from Point aux Trembles. Or else, as we are told by one diarist, the troops were marched past several times so as to give the impression of greater strength than they really possessed. This would have tended to encourage the sympathizers within the walls and to mislead Cramahè into a prudential inactivity which would secure the safety of Arnold's command till those of his men still on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence could cross, or till the expected junction with Montgomery could be effected.

Arnold now sent young Ogden with a flag and the following summons to Lieutenant-Governor Cramahè:

CAMP BEFORE QUEBEC, 14 Nov., 1775.

Sir:—The unjust, cruel and tyrannical acts of a venal British Parliament, tending to enslave the American Colonies, have obliged them to appeal to God and the sword for redress. That Being in whose hands are all human events, has hitherto smiled on their virtuous efforts. And as every artifice has been used to make the innocent Canadians instruments of their cruelty by instigating them against the Colonies, and oppressing them on their refusing to enforce every oppressive mandate, the American Congress, induced by motives of humanity, have at their request sent Gen. Schuyler into Canada for their relief. To coöperate with him, I am ordered by His Excellency, Gen. Washington, to take possession of the town of Quebec. I do, therefore, in the name of the United Colonies, demand surrender of the town, fortifications, etc., of Quebec to the forces of the United Colonies under my command; forbidding you to injure any of the inhabitants of the town in their person or property, as you will answer the same at your peril. On surrendering the town the property of every individual shall be secured to him; but if I am obliged to carry the town by storm, you may expect every severity practiced on such occasions; and the merchants who may now save their property, will probably be involved in the general ruin.

I am, Sir, your most ob't. h'ble servant,

B. ARNOLD.

To Hon. HECT. T. CRAMAHE,
Lt.-Gov. of Quebec.

But this threatening missive never reached the man to whom it was addressed, for as the flag approached the walls, it was fired upon and the bearer was forced to retire.

When it was known that Arnold with his army had reached Point Levi there was, as might have been expected, great excitement within Quebec. Cramahè was thoroughly frightened, and had very little hope of making any defense. Owing to the cabals of the disaffected, that is to say, of the enemies of the government, there was great danger that the city would be given up without even a show of resistance. In the nick of time, the troops from Newfoundland, referred to in Arnold's letters to Montgomery, arrived, and when McLean with his Emigrants entered the town, the presence and encouragement of this hardy and able Scotch officer restored a state of equilibrium, though it was still one which might at any moment be unsettled to the advantage of the rebels. Martial law had long since been proclaimed by Carleton, and McLean did not hesitate to take advantage of it. One Williams, a rebel partisan, who was haranguing a crowd of doubtful spirits, he caused to be ousted from the place of meeting, and the assemblage was then forcibly dispersed.

Immediately after McLean's arrival a council of war was held, whereat the fresh vigor and courage with which he had inspired the slender garrison was in great evidence. It was determined to lay the war ships by the wharves and keep them in the harbor all winter if necessary, in order that their crews might reinforce the garrison. The defenses were instantly to be put in such repair as the time would allow; all British inhabitants and all seafaring people then in the city were forbidden to leave it, and a

bounty of three pounds sterling was offered to any who would volunteer in the King's service. A roster of the entire available force, regulars, militia, sailors and loyal inhabitants, made for this council, disclosed a total of 1,248 men, not all of whom could be counted on for hard fighting. The supply of arms and ammunition was not exactly inadequate, though the defenders would have been glad if it had been larger. Provisions, in spite of Arnold's information to the contrary, were in sufficient quantity to enable the city to stand a prolonged siege if system and economy were observed in their distribution.

Before proceeding further in the narrative of the operations before Quebec, it will aid the reader to a clearer understanding of what is to come if the situation of the city and its famous defenses, natural and artificial, be briefly described. A ridge of high land extending from Cape Rouge on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence about eight miles along the shore, terminates at the eastern extremity in a rocky and very high hill, which rises to the west of the beautiful basin formed by the confluence of the River St. Charles with the St. Lawrence. There stands Quebec. The citadel, in 1775, occupied about forty acres, and towered with independent defenses on the crest of this rocky hill nearly three hundred and fifty feet above the river. Exclusive of the works on the citadel there were continuous fortifications all around that portion of the city, some two hundred feet below the citadel, which is termed the Upper Town. They consisted of bastions connected by lofty cur-

tains of solid masonry and ramparts from twenty-five to thirty feet in height and twenty feet thick. Round towers, loopholed casemates and massive gates recurred at certain distances in this great wall.

As the American officers from the Plains of Abraham gazed upwards upon this Gibraltar of America, they noted that the city wall began with a lofty bastion on the summit of a steep, rocky promontory, the foot of which might have been washed by a high tide of the St. Lawrence, but was now separated from the river by a narrow cart-road, which ran so close to the water that vessels were often moored to iron staples driven in the rocky bank which formed one side of the road. This cart-road was the sole entrance on the west to the Lower Town, and the road and cluster of houses here were known collectively as Près de Ville. The steep promontory of rock, because of the sparkle of quartz crystals in the black lime slate of its shaggy flank, was called Cape Diamond. It presented, towards the west and south, a sheer escarpment of over three hundred feet. The bastion which surmounted it bore the same name. From Cape Diamond bastion the wall ran toward the interior, inclining to the northeast for about eighteen or nineteen hundred yards, its height varying to meet the natural elevations or depressions of the ground, and separating the suburbs St. Louis and St. John and the suburb St. Roque, which covered the lowland between the suburb St. John and the St. Charles River from the Upper Town; then, making a sharp angle by turning to the right, it was broken by a

gateway, known as Palace gate, with an adjacent guard-house.

Between Cape Diamond bastion and Palace gate there were four other bastions; the nearest to Cape Diamond was called La Glaciere. The other three bastions, St. Louis, St. Ursula, and Potasse, flanked the gateways of St. Louis and St. John, the former admitting the road from Three Rivers to the Upper Town and the latter the road from St. Foy. The suburbs St. John and St. Roque were populous before the siege, and for that reason the English later found it necessary to sally from time to time to burn houses, in order to obtain a clear range for their cannon directed against the American batteries on the Plains of Abraham and in St. Roque.

From Palace gate the fortifications continued along the brow of a high cliff overlooking the St. Charles for a distance of three hundred yards until they reached a point where Hope gate was subsequently built. Then commenced a gradual elevation of the ground, which served as a continuation of the great wall, completed the circle of artificial and natural defenses around the Upper Town, and terminated at the eastern point of Cape Diamond. The circuit of the fortifications which enclosed the Upper Town was two and three-quarter miles. Beyond the location of Hope gate the wall continued until it reached a perpendicular cliff called the Sault au Matelot, between the foot of which and the water was a narrow street, taking its name, "Sault au Matelot," from the cliff, as did also that quarter of the Lower Town immediately

adjacent. This street formed the only approach to the Lower Town from the east.

The dwellings and warehouses in the Lower Town, crowded together in the space between Sault au Matelot and Près de Ville, clung like barnacles to the foundation rock which supported the Upper Town and citadel. The scant soil upon which some of the houses of the Lower Town were built had not been left exposed by the river's receding from its channel, but was merely the drift and accumulated deposit lodged at the base of the mountain of rock by the current and occasional freshets. The streets were narrow, steep and tortuous, and always wet, or slippery with ice. One of the broadest, but steepest, Mountain street, led from near the center of the Lower Town through a narrow, strongly-picketed passage to the Upper Town. This was properly the only way of passing directly from the Lower Town to the Upper Town and the citadel. Accordingly, this steep passageway and Mountain street were so fortified that they fairly bristled with cannon from intersecting barriers and parallel battlements, ready to receive any enemy on his front and both flanks with a raking fire. The entrance itself was approached at the last moment by a declivity which brought any attacking force directly under a row of palisades, from the shelter of which the garrison could crush them *en masse* with heavy stones and timbers hurled from above. It would be about as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for an American soldier to pass safely through the jaws of the British Lion into the Upper Town.

On the landward side, that is to say to the south and southwest, the great wall of the Upper Town was further protected by a stone ditch or moat, and supported a serried array of heavy cannon, which, with mortars and other pieces of ordnance placed at every point of vantage in the Upper Town and citadel, peered like huge, black, and terrible gargoyles over the redoubts and through bomb-proof casemates. The Cul-de-sac at the Lower Town where the Lizard, the Hunter and a score or more of merchantmen were laid up for the winter; the River St. Lawrence and the Bay and River St. Charles, were commanded by the guns of the Upper Town and citadel.

The Upper Town contained all the more notable public buildings and charitable and religious houses, such as the governor's house, the Castle of St. Louis, behind which was the Place d' Armes, the Church and Convent of the Recollects, the Jesuit College founded in 1637, the Hotel Dieu endowed in 1663 by Mgr. de Montmorency Laval, first Roman Catholic bishop of Quebec and Canada, and the Seminary of Quebec, established in 1639 by the Duchesse d' Aiguillon, niece of Richelieu, together with the private residences of some of the government officials and leading merchants. The private houses were, for the most part, built of a dark slate and gray limestone, quarried from the rock on which the city stood, and were only one story high. The streets were broad, though as rugged and even steeper than those of the Lower Town, and crossed one another at all sorts of angles. There were too many fine gardens and

orchards, squares and open places, so that the high public buildings and eleemosynary institutions were thus given great prominence, terraced, as they were, one above the other, on their lofty site. The approach to the citadel far above was by a winding road leading from St. Louis gate, hewn from the solid rock and commanded everywhere by the guns of the different bastions.

The Lower Town borrowed none of this grandeur; there were the warerooms and shops, the storehouses and sheds of a commercial district, and the homes of the burghers and the poor. The houses were of the same general character as those of the Upper Town, but were two or three stories in height. Wharves and docks bordered the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and seemed to keep the Lower Town from slipping backward into the water. But it was this squalid section of the fortress city that created and contained the wealth so generously lavished on the beautiful Upper Town. It was at this, therefore, that Montgomery finally aimed, and through it that he hoped to conquer the Upper Town and citadel.

The Americans had no means by which to make an attack from the water, and the strong tides and rapid current of the St. Lawrence made any approach on the ice too uncertain thus early in the season. The garrison having, therefore, little to fear on the water side of the Lower Town, were able to man the walls on the landward side in a more effectual manner than their numbers would otherwise have permitted. The Americans could not approach the wall day or

night without being fired upon with both cannon and small arms, for at the sound of the least suspicious movement at night, fire balls which would burn brightly even in the snow could be thrown with great advantage. The crossing of the moat, concealed in the deep drifts, would require care and time; any scaling ladders used must of necessity be long and unwieldy and on such treacherous footing would rest most insecurely against the high, ice-covered ramparts.

The artificial defenses of the city were not in the best of condition; Arnold in one of his sanguine moments spoke of them as "ruinous." But even so, the natural strength of the citadel made it almost impregnable, and long before the Americans were ready to make their assault, the walls and bastions and gates had been put into such a state of repair, under the energetic supervision of Governor Carleton, that they cannot have failed much of the efficiency they were designed to possess. The garrison which held the fortifications was small, it is true, but it was at least well commanded. General Guy Carleton, the governor of Canada, who though absent upon Arnold's arrival made his way into Quebec soon after, as we shall see, had been Wolfe's quartermaster-general, and was present at the famous battle on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. With a firm will, he possessed a gracious and winning manner, and such control over himself that he appeared unruffled and at ease in the midst of difficulties which reduced his subordinates to despondency. He was an excellent and experienced

officer withal, devoted to the Crown and unwavering in the discharge of his duty.

The officer who immediately commanded the troops was Colonel Allen McLean, of the 84th regiment, called the Royal Emigrants, because principally composed of those of the gallant Fraser's Highlanders, so conspicuous under Wolfe, who had settled in Canada. He was also an officer of experience and zeal, though a fierce partisan, a man of unflagging energy, and most active in devising and promoting plans for the defense of the city. It was he who had arrived with reinforcements in the very nick of time, just as Arnold had appeared at Point Levi.

The British militia were under the command of Major Henry Caldwell, who had the provincial rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had served as deputy quartermaster-general under Wolfe, and had settled in the province after the conquest. He also was an energetic and efficient officer, and, though his detestation of the rebels needed no stimulant, he had now good cause for personal ill-will, for it was his country seat which they had occupied and pillaged. The French-Canadian militia within the town were commanded by Colonel LeComte Duprè, an officer of ability and unmistakable loyalty. He had held a commission in 1755 under Marquis Duquesne. Like Caldwell, he had suffered at the hands of the Americans, some four hundred of whom had been quartered on his estate near Quebec, which they nearly ruined.

The battalion of seamen was led by Colonel Hamilton, captain of the Lizard; and among the crews of

the ships were many excellent artillerists, who were of great service in manning the numerous batteries. Besides these there were not a few subordinate officers, who had gained valuable experience in frontier service and even in European campaigns. There were between eight and nine hundred regulars, seamen and militia in the town, besides an uncertain number of loyal citizens who could be called upon in emergency to assist in the defense of the fortifications. The total number of persons—men, women and children—within the walls has been estimated at five thousand.

CHAPTER XI

MONTGOMERY JOINS ARNOLD

The situation of the Americans who besieged this fortress was critical. Their force was divided and those on the Quebec side of the river were too few to completely invest the city, while the small number still at Point Levi, divided from their comrades by the river and the vessels of war, stood in imminent danger of capture or dispersion; the French-Canadian population seemed friendly, but suspicious persons, assumed to be spies, were constantly lurking about the camp, and it was deemed too hazardous to risk giving offense to the Canadians by making arrests. Meanwhile dissatisfaction with the rations was spreading. The riflemen thought Arnold fared too well, and claimed that the supplies were hardly more than the pittance they received on the Dead River. Morgan, Smith and Hendricks presented themselves before Arnold and represented the grievance of their men; a stormy altercation followed, but the result was a more favorable division for the riflemen.

On the morning of the 15th, Arnold, under the impression that the day previous his flag had been fired upon by accident, sent another flag towards the city. But this met with a like warm reception, and no more attempts were made to demand the surrender

of the city. The proceeding had been little better than mere bluster at best, for Arnold's men were too few to seriously threaten the town, even had they been well supplied with the ammunition and military supplies of which they were almost destitute, and there is reason to suppose that the defenders knew pretty nearly as well as the American commander himself the inadequacy of his force and its armament. Whatever were the fears of Cramahè the lieutenant-governor, Colonel McLean was too old a soldier to be deceived by Arnold's attempt to magnify the strength of his following.

On the low grounds near the River St. Charles was a large building known as the General Hospital, a cloistered convent established in 1693 by Mgr. de St. Valier, presided over by a Lady Superior, and the abode of some forty nuns, who ministered there to the old and infirm and those diseased. It was about three-quarters of a mile from the city wall. Some fifty feet in front of this there was a spacious log-building occupied by several priests headed by the Abbè de Rigaudville, chaplain of the nunnery. A party of stragglers first discovered these buildings, and had reason to consider the discovery a lucky one, since they were fed most generously by the nuns, whose pity overcame their fears and loyal resolutions not to aid the heretic enemy. These miserable, half-starved wretches seemed no part of the formidable army whose incursion they had been dreading for a week. The riflemen were immediately thrown forward to this log-house, which they used as a guard-

house, under the shrewd and correct supposition that, as it stood directly between the town and the nunnery, which was still occupied by some thirty nuns, and contained many articles of value not yet removed, the enemy would not fire in that direction.

The guard put on duty here on November 16 consisted of twenty-two men from Smith's company, commanded by Lieutenant Simpson. Toward evening this detachment was relieved, but the new guard brought with them a villainous-looking Frenchman, who presented himself to Simpson with a written order from Arnold, commanding that officer, with his guard, to accompany the bearer, who would act as guide, across the River St. Charles and secure some cattle, belonging to the government, which were feeding beyond the stream. It was so dangerous an undertaking that at first the order was doubted, but, after a short consideration, obeyed. Calling "Come on, lads," to his guard, the lieutenant ran some hundreds of yards from the guard-house across the plains to the mouth of the St. Charles, where there was a ferry. A large windmill with a small house near it resembling a cooper's shop stood close by.

Two large carts heavily laden with household goods, and with women and children fleeing from the suburb of St. Roque, were passing the ferry. The carts were already in the scow, and the ferrymen, seeing the riflemen coming, were tugging hard at the ropes to get off the boat, which was aground. Simpson, inspired by the hope that the presence of the townspeople would protect his men from the fire of the

enemy if once on board the boat, urged the race. Though the garrison had noticed the movement and opened fire with cannon, the agile riflemen reached the bank without casualty, and in a twinkling were masters of the ferryboat. But, as they rushed aboard, the weight of their bodies and arms served to fix the boat more firmly aground.

Private Henry and Sergeant Dixon remained in the boat; the former, as ordered, called the flashes of the cannon, while the latter tugged at the ferry ropes. Their companions sprang overboard, waist-deep, and pushed and pulled, attempting to float the scow. The sun was setting in a clear sky, and the boat lay like a rock in the water; a target at point-blank shot, about three-quarters of a mile from Palace gate, which issues into the suburb of St. Roque.

High up on the battlements they could see the gunners ramming home their charges for another discharge. The men in the water were straining every nerve. Before Henry could announce the flash, a thirty-six pound ball, grazing the lower edge of a cart-wheel and descending a little, carried off Dixon's leg below the knee. He fell into the bottom of the boat, crying out to Simpson, "I am gone!" The lieutenant leaped into the boat, and with the assistance of his men bore Dixon to the windmill. A distant shout of triumph was heard from the city, accompanied by some fairly close shots. Dixon was carried on to the guard-house. The sad procession was under fire until it reached the protection of the nunnery, when the cannonade ceased. While the attention of

the guard was distracted by Dixon's misfortune, the French guide fled from the windmill, and made good his escape to the city. The rascal, who it turned out was a government spy acting as a decoy, was unobserved until he had run several hundred yards along the beach of the Bay of St. Charles, and was beyond gunshot.

The wounded man was now borne on a litter to the house of an English gentleman, about a mile distant. Dr. Senter, who attended him, found it necessary to amputate; lockjaw followed, which caused death about nine o'clock of the ensuing day. This was the first blood shed by hostile hands before Quebec. After the amputation the doctor advised the patient, in default of brandy, to drink some tea which would stimulate the desired reaction. The lady of the house brought a bowl of it, but Dixon, who had the patriot's detestation of the article through which England had tried to tax the colonies, shook his head and put it away from him, saying: "No, madam; it is the ruin of my country!" He could not be prevailed upon to alter his decision.

On the 17th the Americans captured two captains of the French militia, who had ventured out from Quebec to enlist recruits from the peasantry. On the same day a deserter from McLean's regiment came into camp and brought news of the state of affairs in the city. On the 18th the English sallied out upon some of the American sentinels, but they were, fortunately, discovered in time and driven back. Constant alarms, true and false, gave the men no rest

that was not light and broken. Foraging on government and Tory stock, to which they strictly confined themselves, was the only relief from arduous and prolonged guard duty — arduous on account of the season of the year and the severity of the weather; prolonged because they were so few in numbers that there was only one relief before they were again obliged to go on duty. Those who were not on guard lay upon their arms in constant anticipation of an attempt of the enemy to surprise them. Hardship, anxiety, their meager supply of clothing, and the cold which every day became more severe, rendered their situation almost intolerable. To add to their uneasiness, a careful return made by Majors Bigelow and Meigs of their resources developed the fact that they had hardly five rounds of ammunition per man, and most of their muskets and rifles were without bayonets.

In view of these facts, a council of war decided that it was too hazardous to await any longer the arrival of Montgomery, and that it would be wiser to withdraw to Pointe aux Trembles, a hamlet on the St. Lawrence about twenty miles west of Quebec, and having formed a junction there with Montgomery to return and renew the siege. Accordingly, on the 19th, early in the morning, the little force decamped. Captains Thayer and Topham had been sent across the river during the night to bring over some invalids and supplies that were left behind, and on their return, to their great surprise, found the command already on the march. The decision of the council had been hastened by a report that the enemy were

informed of their precarious situation, and, fully apprised of their poverty of arms and ammunition, were about to sally with seven field pieces. It was noticed, too, that the Lizard was sailing up the river, which made the American officers the more inclined to suspect the information to be true, for it certainly looked like an attempt to cut them off by throwing a force in their rear, or blocking Montgomery's progress down the river while the anticipated engagement was in progress before Quebec.

The army therefore took up its march at once on the road to Three Rivers. They had been in frequent receipt from the Canadian peasantry of expressions of friendship and encouragement, and these people watched their departure with great regret, not unmixed with anxiety. It was a sorry spectacle, this discouraging retrograde movement. The sympathetic Canadians spoke of the ragged battalions as "*nos pauvres freres.*" The road to Pointe aux Trembles, along the bank of the St. Lawrence, led them through stretches of leafless woodland, relieved by patches of spruce and fir, though before their journey ended they passed numerous well-kept and finely situated farmhouses. The immense volume of water in the St. Lawrence, and the beautiful views which it presented, even in the winter-bound landscape, delighted and astonished the men, and helped to distract their thoughts from the pain caused by their naked feet on the icy, uneven road. Blood on the snow from chilblains and blisters marked their trail the whole distance. As they ascended the river, an armed sloop

and a small schooner passed them coming down; later they were to learn that the sloop carried Governor Carleton, who entered Quebec safely the same day.

Carleton, hopeless of successfully defending Montreal, because of its want of fortifications, and also because of his distrust of its citizens and his want of confidence in the country train-bands of French peasantry which had gathered there, had abandoned the town to Montgomery, to the dismay of the loyal English Canadians. With about three hundred men and officers he boarded one of the fleet of vessels which were lying in the harbor, and having loaded these ships with all the munitions and provisions belonging to the government, he hurriedly set out for Quebec. But upon encountering Easton's guard and petty forts at Sorel and St. Ignace, about forty miles below Montreal, the Governor landed at Lavaltrie, a few leagues below Montreal, and accompanied by the Chevr. de Niverville and M. Lanaudierè *fils*, entered a barge belonging to a coasting trader, named Bouchette, nicknamed "La Tourtre" (the wild pigeon), because he made very quick voyages. Dropping down stream with muffled oars, he slipped by Easton's guard at Sorel, and passing through the channel of the Isle du Pas by night, the crew paddling only with their hands so close were they to the shore, he reached Three Rivers, where he had landed a second time. Below Three Rivers at the foot of Richelieu rapids, he had boarded the Snow Fell, an armed sloop commanded by Captain Napier, and thus was landed at Quebec, to the great joy of the loyalists (who had

had no news from him since the 5th of November), and, as it proved, to the salvation of all Canada.

No sooner had Carleton arrived at Quebec than he instituted astute and energetic measures for the safety and defense of the city. He ostracised persons of suspected disloyalty, or compelled them to take up arms for its defense; he extended and enforced a previous proclamation of embargo, and thus obtained not only the control of the merchant shipping then at Quebec, but added their crews to his garrison; he promised all the mechanics and other townsmen who had no provisions, to supply them and their families at the expense of the King, during the siege, and to give each twenty-eight coppers per day, and to clothe them to boot. His generosity, affable manners and address won the hearts of the citizens, and they resolved to support him with a will. We already understand the prompt and efficient measures which had been taken by his subordinates during his absence.

Easton in the meantime, ignorant of the Governor's escape, threatened to board the fleet if it were not at once surrendered. Colonel Richard Prescott, who had been left in command, his pilots having mutinied and refused to pass the forts, flung overboard all his powder and ball and surrendered. Montgomery thus became possessed of the means of transporting his army to join Arnold at Pointe aux Trembles, for the fleet was immediately sent up to Montreal. There were eleven vessels, well armed and equipped. Several officers and one hundred and twenty regular

troops of the 7th and 26th regiments, and about one hundred Canadians were surrendered with them.

The waters of the St. Lawrence were such good transmitters of sound that Arnold's men on the march could hear distinctly the reports of cannon fired by way of *feu-de-joie* at Montreal, upon Montgomery's entry. At evening they reached Pointe aux Trembles, a straggling village with a spacious chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas. Here they began to enjoy comfortable quarters in the village and outlying farmhouses, though they were obliged to disperse for a distance of some miles up and down the river. Provisions were plenty, particularly beef. But they could obtain no supply of clothing here, and some of the poor fellows were almost naked.

The Corveè of France was still maintained in this part of Canada and kept the roads in excellent order. In low grounds they were ditched on the sides and curved towards the center; every forty or fifty yards on each side of the road throughout its extent, young pines were stuck in the ground, to mark the safest passage, for in midwinter the snow often lay from three to five feet over the surface, covering the fences completely, and no one traveled during the months of December, January and February, except by these roads or upon snow-shoes.

The manner of living and fare of the peasantry has undergone little change since that day. The farmhouses were thatched and whitewashed as we now find them, whole families living in two or three rooms with a spacious garret above, where in the winter

season fowl killed in the fall and frozen in their feathers, hung suspended from the rafters with strings of parched corn and frozen meat. Over the close iron stove in the kitchen and living-room ran lines for the drying of dishcloths and clothing. The common breakfast was sour black bread, salt and garlic, and the dinner a great pot of potatoes, cabbage and beef boiled to shreds. The cattle were close-housed in ample barns during the winter, and the live fowl stowed away in the warmest corner of the hay loft.

On the 20th an express from General Montgomery reached Pointe aux Trembles with the news that Governor Carleton had quitted Montreal to go to Quebec with the determination of holding that stronghold at all events; that the King's troops had abandoned the town and shipping just as Montgomery was about to attack them with row-gallies and boats with artillery mounted on them; that it was Carleton who had passed them on their march; that Montgomery had captured a large quantity of provisions and clothing and thirteen sail; and that he would immediately join Arnold with men and artillery. Those of Arnold's detachment yet remaining on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence had received orders to march up the river along the bank. A man was now sent across the river to stop these troops, and they were transferred, when opportunity offered, to Pointe aux Trembles. On this day Arnold sent Captain Ogden to Montgomery with a letter acquainting him with the reasons which had led to

the retreat to Point aux Trembles and urging that ammunition and clothing be sent forward as quickly as possible. The hope was also expressed that the junction of the two forces might not be long delayed, in order that active operations against Quebec might be undertaken.

"They are getting all the provisions they possibly can out of the country," he wrote, "and are doubtless determined to make the best defense. From the best accounts I can get their force is about 1,900 men, including 600 obliged to bear arms against their inclination, and who would join us if opportunity presented, and 400 neutrals. You will from the above account be better able to judge of the force necessary to carry the town. If my opinion is of any service, I should think 2,000 necessary, as they must be divided at the distance of three or four miles to secure the passes effectually. And as there is no probability of cannon making a breach in the walls I should think mortars of the most service, the situation for throwing shells being extremely good, and I think this course would soon bring them to compliance. If not, time and perseverance must effect it before they can possibly be relieved. My hard cash is nearly exhausted. It will not be sufficient for more than ten days or a fortnight; and as the French have been such sufferers by paper I do not think it prudent to offer it them at present." By way of clothing and supplies he asked for 600 pairs coarse yarn stockings, 500 yards woollen for breeches, 1,000 yards flannel or baize for shirts, 300 milled

capes, 300 milled mittens or gloves, 300 blankets, powder and ball, one barrel of West India rum, and one barrel of sugar.

Montgomery's arrival was awaited for nearly a fortnight with ever-increasing impatience. The long, hard march from Quebec and the severity of the service had occasioned severe cases of pneumonia and angina, while too frequent indulgence in eating, after their long abstinence, produced no less dangerous inflammations. Numbers of the men improved the respite at Pointe aux Trembles by working on moccasins and shoes, but the leather was very poor and the cold, frosty ground wore out any foot-covering rapidly. They found the most satisfactory foot-gear to be moccasins of sealskin stuffed with dry grass or dead leaves. For the most part, however, there was nothing to do but stand their ground and await as calmly as might be the appearance of the sadly needed supplies and reinforcements. That Arnold still possessed the confidence of most of his men throughout this trying period of inaction and discomfort is plainly evidenced by ample testimony. One of his officers who, though more enthusiastic than most, still voiced the sentiment of many of his comrades, wrote from Pointe aux Trembles on November 21:

"Our commander is a gentleman worthy of the confidence reposed in him,—a man, I believe, of invincible courage; a man of great prudence; ever serene, he defies the greatest danger to affect him, or difficulties to alter his temper; in fine, you

will ever see him the intrepid hero, the unruffled Christian."

November 25 the Hunter, a brig, and a schooner, hove in sight, beating up from Quebec; the vessels were armed. Arnold immediately despatched a sergeant and six men in a canoe to carry the intelligence to General Montgomery, and lest, by some mischance, his warning might miscarry, he sent a similar letter also by land. The vessels did not proceed far up the stream, however. A thin sheet of ice already covered the surface of the river, and the officers did not care to risk the chance of being frozen in for the winter so far from the guns of Quebec. A few days later they dropped down the river again and no further attempt was made to prevent the junction of the colonial forces.

On the 27th the long-expected express arrived with news that ammunition and cannon from Montgomery were at St. Anne's, thirty miles above Pointe aux Trembles, waiting to be transferred; and in the afternoon Lieutenant Hutchins and a detail of sixty men were sent off to meet these munitions, and bring them into the camp. Arnold himself followed next day, while Captain Goodrich, with two subalterns, four sergeants and sixty-four men, was despatched to meet General Montgomery's advance guard and to watch the movements of the vessels in the river. At the same time, in anticipation of the immediate return of the combined forces to Quebec, about the same number of riflemen, under the command of Captain Morgan, were despatched to the city to watch and

report any movements of the enemy in that direction. The detail under Hutchins, midway on their second day's march, met the cannon and ammunition wagons, and escorted them the same day back to the village of Deschambault, whence they were hurried on to Pointe aux Trembles. Captain Jeremiah Duggan, once a hairdresser at Quebec, later a wheat dealer at Montreal, and an ardent rebel, was in command of the party which conveyed the ammunition.

On the 30th another letter was despatched to General Montgomery, whose delay in descending the river caused the energetic Arnold no little anxiety and impatience.

"I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you these ten days," it ran; "am very anxious for your safe arrival. The ammunition you ordered us has been strangely delayed and has not yet come to hand, but hourly expected. On receipt of it I intend returning to my old quarters near Quebec. Nothing has lately occurred worth notice except the burning of Major Caldwell's house, supposed to be done by order of Governor Carleton to deprive us of winter quarters. The inhabitants of Quebec are much disunited and short of provisions. We have many friends there, and if the place is attacked with spirit I believe will hold out but a short time."

This letter seems to have been carried to Montgomery by the young volunteer aide, Aaron Burr. Much has been made by Knapp, Davis and Parton of Burr's brilliant exploit in carrying dispatches from Arnold to Montgomery. Knapp says that he per-

formed this service disguised as a young Roman Catholic priest, and that he made the journey from Point Levi on Arnold's first arrival there, while Davis is careless enough to state that Burr left Arnold on this mission at Chaudière pond. The story told by Davis is that Burr was a master of the Latin language, and had some knowledge of French, and knowing that the Roman Catholic priesthood were favorably disposed towards the rebels, he persuaded them to allow him to adopt this disguise, and to pass him on from one religious house to another, until he reached Montgomery. The story is prettily embellished by Davis and Parton and told with considerable exactness by Knapp. Unfortunately the letter of Arnold's quoted below discredits both dates and facts alike, and shows us that Burr must have had a much easier time in accomplishing his brilliant feat than his biographers have led us to suppose, for expresses had been passing to and fro over the route which he must have taken between Montgomery and Arnold for many days. His friend Ogden had preceded him by more than a week, and the journey from Pointe aux Trembles to Montgomery's camp as late as November 30, when this letter is dated, could not have been very hazardous. The letter, which is brief enough, runs thus:

Dear Sir:—This will be handed you by Mr. Burr, a volunteer in the army, and son to the former President of New Jersey College.

He is a young gentleman of much life and activity, and

has acted with great spirit and resolution on our fatiguing march. His conduct, I make no doubt, will be sufficient recommendation to your favor.

I am, dear Sir, your most obed't h'ble

B. ARNOLD.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

Twice only among the numerous journals of the expedition through the wilderness do we find mention of Burr. His youth and insignificant stature, and the humble position he held as an unattached volunteer without a commission, readily explain this omission. Once we hear of him on the chain of lakes, and again on the Chaudière near the dying McClelland at the Falls of Sault, but it is merely to remark his presence and bearing. We are told by his biographers that as he was habitually obliged to be very abstemious in his diet, he stood the privations of the march much better than heavier and stronger men, while by his knowledge of boat-craft he won the respect of his comrades and found a sphere of usefulness in which he gained the good-will of his superiors, already attracted to him by his birth and breeding.

Jacataqua, the Indian girl who through fondness for Burr had, with some of her people, followed the army from Fort Western, was still faithful. A few days after the encampment at Pointe aux Trembles, according to an oft-repeated story, the promising young officer and Jacataqua, while on a hunting expedition, came to a brook of pure water in the forest. Having no cup, Burr was proceeding to use the top of his cap as a vessel in which to offer his com-

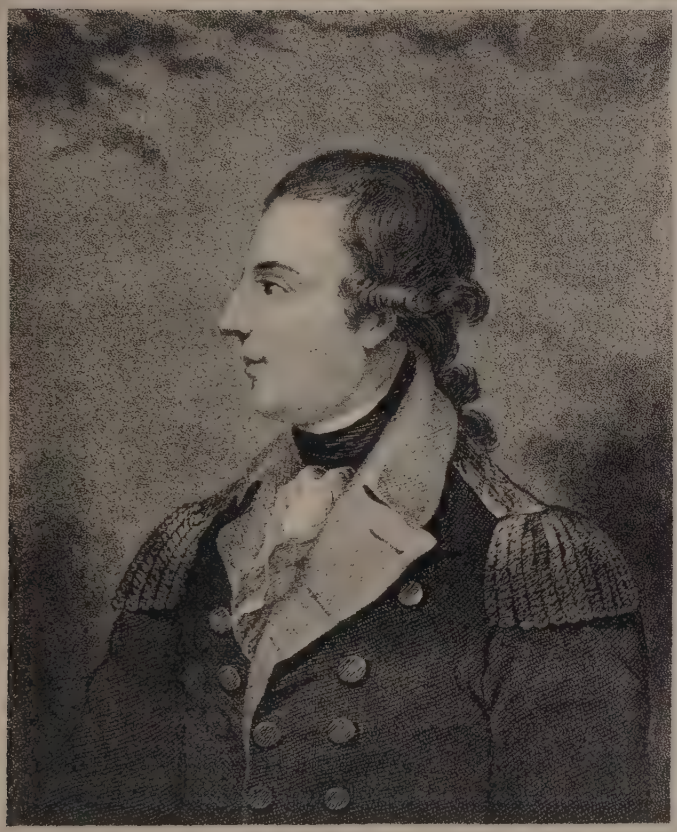
panion water, when a British officer, hunting or scouting, who had come to the other side of the brook by chance at the same moment, saluted him politely and offered him the use of his drinking cup. The two struck up a friendship, and advancing to the middle of the stream shook hands and pledged one another, agreeing, once the war was over, to be good friends and to try to see more of one another. By private agreement, without injury to the cause of either, they met several times both before and after the assault on Quebec, and it is probable that during these interviews arrangements were made for the protection of Jacataqua and the child which it was now become apparent she had conceived, in one of the nunneries of the city. Such, at least, is the romantic account which Burr's biographers have handed down to us and which has at least the support of tradition.

On the 28th of November, the British vessels from Quebec having dropped down the river again, Montgomery embarked on board the captured sloop of war Gaspè, and in company with the schooner Mary set sail to join Arnold at Pointe aux Trembles. On board these two vessels were Cheesman's and Weisenfel's companies of Ritzema's regiment, one company of the 2d, and two of the 3d regiment, all of New York, and a part of Captain Lamb's company of artillery. They carried with them four field pieces and six mortars; cannon, other mortars, shells, shot and powder were to be brought from Chambly and meet them at Sorel. Three days later Major Zedwitz, with Mott's, Varick's, and Quackenboss's companies on another prize vessel,

and four transports with further supplies of ammunition and stores, followed. On the first day of December General Montgomery reached Pointe aux Trembles. Arnold's detachment was ordered down to the chapel of St. Nicholas and paraded in two battalions in front of it, to welcome him. The sky was lowering and the weather very cold, but the soldierly appearance and manly bearing of Montgomery animated and encouraged the long-suffering, shivering battalions.

Richard Montgomery's father was Thomas Montgomery, an Irish gentleman of Donegal. His mother was an English lady of fortune. He was born near Dublin and was educated at Trinity College. He had seen service in America as a lieutenant and captain in the 17th British regiment, under General Amherst at the siege of Louisburg in 1758. After the war he returned to England. Fox, Burke, and Barrè were his friends, and he became an ardent admirer of republican institutions. When the Stamp Act was to be enforced, order was at first given to employ his regiment, then in England. All their service having been in America, Montgomery, with several others, declared publicly that they had lived so long in America that they would throw up their commissions if the order was persisted in.

In 1771 he had the promise of a majority, and had lodged his money for the purchase, but he was overlooked and another preferred over him. This treatment disgusted him with the service and he immediately sold his commission. He emigrated to New



Richd Montgomery

York, purchased a farm at Kingsbridge, and in July, 1773, married Janet, the daughter of Robert R. Livingston, one of the judges of the King's Bench in the colony of New York, and a man of influence and wealth. He then removed to Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, where he built a mill and laid the foundations of a home. He was chosen in 1775 one of the council of fifty from Duchess county, and when Schuyler was appointed a major-general, the appointment of brigadier-general was tendered Montgomery. Before accepting it he came into his young wife's room, and asked her to make up for him the ribbon cockade which was to be placed on his hat. He noticed her emotion, and saw that tears were starting. With persuasive gentleness he said to her, "Our country is in danger. Unsolicited, in two instances, I have been distinguished by two honorable appointments; as a politician I could not serve them, as a soldier I think I can. Shall I, then, accept the one and shrink from the other in dread of danger? My honor is engaged." Mrs. Montgomery took the ribbon, and he continued, "I am satisfied. Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery." Such was the strong sense of duty and the sensitive temper of the chivalrous soldier who was now to assume command of the American forces.

Montgomery had just reached his thirty-ninth year. He was tall and slender, well formed, handsome of feature, and of a most soldierly bearing. He made the troops a short but energetic and well-chosen speech, in which he applauded their courage in pass-

ing through the wilderness, complimenting them on their good appearance, their perseverance and their spirit. The men were most favorably impressed with their new commander and though shivering with the cold, cheered him lustily. The same day Captain Ogden returned with stores of all sorts for the soldiers from Montreal, and matters assumed at once a still more cheerful aspect. Among the supplies were a quantity of uniforms captured at St. John's, and the provincials, long without whole clothing of any sort, were only too glad to compromise with their pride and assume the livery of the King.

The force with Montgomery that now joined Arnold was only about three hundred in number, Montgomery having deemed it necessary to leave the rest of his army under General Wooster to garrison Montreal, and hold other strategic points in the surrounding country. With the exception of Lamb's artillery, the New York troops were far inferior to those under Arnold, measured by every military standard. Many were very young boys. Montgomery had found himself often at his wit's end to control the turbulent, independent spirit they and their officers as well, too often displayed. He was, therefore, unprepared for the picked troops of Arnold, and wrote to General Schuyler, under date of December 5: "Colonel Arnold's corps is an exceedingly fine one, and he himself is active, intelligent and enterprising — with a style of discipline much superior to what I have been used to see in this campaign."

The united forces, still less than a thousand strong,

now retraced the route to Quebec, beginning their march on the morning of the 2d. Snow had fallen all night and continued during the day. The countermarch on the untrodden snow was hardly less trying than the march on the icy roads. Their moccasins had, of course, no heels to support the position of the foot, and so produced great fatigue to wearers unaccustomed to their use; snow-shoes would have been of great assistance, but they had none. Evening brought them to the parish of St. Foy, about three miles from Quebec; Morgan was lodged a little nearer the city. He had quartered his men in some low and pretty country houses, where they were very comfortable.

Before leaving Point aux Trembles Arnold ordered Captain Handchett to convey down some arms, provisions and cannon in bateaux to Celears, within a league of Quebec, while the field artillery were sent down by road. After the bateaux crews had unloaded the cannon, they were to cross to Point Levi for scaling ladders. Handchett flatly refused to obey the order, alleging the danger of the undertaking to be too great. Arnold, enraged at the refusal, sent for Captains Topham and Thayer, swearing he would put Handchett under arrest. Upon their appearance he requested one of them to perform the duty. Both eagerly accepted, and, being emulous of the honor, could only settle which should go by turning "heads or tails." The coin, to the vexation of Captain Topham and the satisfaction of Captain Thayer, came down in favor of the latter.

So Thayer loaded the bateaux and towards evening, the tide serving, started on his perilous voyage. His crews cut through the ice for about a quarter of a mile, until they reached clear water, and then rowed and drifted with the tide eighteen miles, rowing with the utmost eagerness to keep from freezing. Such a fierce snow-storm raged that the bateaux became separated from one another. Captain Thayer ordered some guns to be fired and, guided by the flashes, the boats, with great difficulty, reassembled and then made for the shore near Cape Rouge. The bateaux being very heavy and now covered with ice went aground among the rocks, and the men, very impatient and unwilling to remain aboard, jumped into the icy water up to their arm-pits and with great difficulty reached shore. There they brought some horses, threw out a line, and hauled the bateaux on shore, thus enabling the Captain and the rest of his detail to land without much difficulty.

CHAPTER XII

THE INVESTMENT

December 3 found the Americans cantoned from Pointe aux Trembles to old Lorette. They soon occupied, also, Beauport across the St. Charles, and "La Cardanière," with headquarters at the Holland house on the St. Foy road. They were well supplied with clothing and ammunition, and with the cannon, mortars and howitzer brought from Montreal and Chambly made ready to prosecute the siege in a more vigorous manner. The whole army was in high spirits. The peasantry began to show open sympathy with the rebels, and Duggan, the hairdresser, commissioned a major in the Continental service, was recruiting among them with fair success. He fearlessly entered the suburb of St. Roque and disarmed many of the Canadians who were enrolled in the loyal militia.

At the parish of St. Augustine, the American officers were entertained by the curate, Michael Berian, with hospitality and elegance. There was frequent interchange of such civilities between the officers and village priests, in spite of a mutual want of confidence. The officers wished to conciliate and attach the clergy to their interests; the priests hoped to secure protection for themselves and their flocks from the soldiery, and in some instances, to secure information for the enemy.

By the 4th of December there was so much ice in the St. Lawrence that it was not possible for the provincials to cross and bring over more scaling ladders, and those which had been already constructed were found too short and clumsy for use in the snow-drifts. Carpenters were immediately set to work to construct others. Dearborn's company—their captain having at last recovered from his illness and returned to them from the cabin on the Chaudière—was ordered to the General Hospital for quarters. Subsequently as many as four hundred of the Americans were quartered in the great hall or in the servants' lodgings. This building we have already noticed. It was a chapel, nunnery and hospital, all under one roof. Dr. Senter now presided there. There were not many sick at first, but they soon became more numerous. The enemy continued to respect the place, and never fired upon it, though they often made it dangerous for the doctor to pass to and from the hospital and the quarters of the army. The provincial officers treated the nuns with respect and did everything they could to secure their peace and protect them from any insult; Montgomery especially won their esteem, but the soldiery they regarded as little better than imps of hell, though they could not complain that any discourtesy was shown them personally.

On the 6th, two companies were sent to Beauport to watch the motions of the enemy. Captains Duggan and Smith took a vessel and six men, loaded with provisions and small stock, and $382 in cash which belonged to the government, not far from the Isle of

Orleans. The people at La Point a la Caille, below Quebec, unloaded the supplies from a craft destined for the city. Though the Canadians seldom so openly showed the courage of their convictions, and were very little to be depended upon, their confidence and aid would surely keep pace with the increasing certainty of rebel success.

The English, on the other hand, were once more cooped up in Quebec. However, the energetic measures of Governor Carleton had done much to restore confidence and prevent the occurrence of seditious meetings, and the city's defenders were soon united and organized. Business men and others, worth three thousand and four thousand pounds, cheerfully did sentry duty, though a number of British merchants, weather-cocks in politics, had voluntarily withdrawn from the city to the Island of Orleans, to Charlesbourg, or to other places in the country where they had villas, to await the result of the siege, and hail it with "God save the King!" or "Congress forever!" according to circumstances. All others who would not enroll themselves in the militia had been compelled to leave the city.

The first care of the garrison after Arnold's retreat to Pointe aux Trembles was to secure stout spar timber for palisading a great extent of open ground between the Palace and Hope gates, and again from Cape Diamond, along the brow of the cape towards the castle St. Louis. They began palisading at Palace gate, behind the Hotel Dieu, loopholing for musketry, and constructed a projection in the form of a

bastion as a defense for the line of pickets, and in the gorge of this wooden bastion erected a blockhouse, which made an excellent defense. The Halifax artificers, as soon as they arrived, were set to work at palisading the open ground on Cape Diamond, and framing and erecting a large blockhouse on the outside of Porte St. Louis, to serve as a captain's guardhouse, and an outpost to prevent surprise; also another blockhouse on the Cape, under Cape Diamond bastion. At the same time a party was employed in laying platforms and repairing merlons and embrasures, while carpenters erected barricades, which we shall hereafter more particularly describe, at Près de Ville and Sault au Matelot, the extremities of the Lower Town. All the windows of the houses next to the river side, facing the water, were blocked up, leaving only loopholes for musketry, that they might be used as forts in case the St. Lawrence should be frozen over. So steadily and rapidly was the work pushed that by December 1 there were one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery mounted and ready for service. Provisions for eight months had been accumulated, but they had not been able to secure more than a scant supply of hay, oats and firewood, the last, in a winter siege in such a climate, of great importance.

On December 1, by strenuous exertions in recruiting, the garrison had increased their strength to a total, bearing arms, of eighteen hundred, as follows: 22 of the 4th battalion, Royal Artillery, 70 of the Royal Fusileers or 7th regiment, 230 Royal Emigrants

or 84th regiment, 330 British militia, 543 Canadians, 400 seamen, 50 masters and mates, 35 marines, 120 artificers.

Hardly was Montgomery encamped before the city, when he sent forward to the walls a letter to Carleton demanding the surrender of the town, and couched in no less bombastic tones than the severely criticized letters of Arnold. This communication the guard on the rampart refused to receive, though it did at last reach Carleton through the agency of a woman who on some pretext or other gained admission to the city. By the Governor's orders she was at once imprisoned, and a few days later drummed out of town.

The only response to the letter was a heavy cannonade of the suburbs of St. Roque and St. John, from which the inhabitants had been warned. Montgomery immediately addressed the following proclamation to the citizens of Quebec, which, with sundry copies, both in French and English, of his letter to Carleton, he caused to be shot over the walls on arrows:

My Brothers and Friends:—The unfortunate necessity of dislodging the Ministerial troops compels me to besiege your town. It is with the greatest reluctance that I am compelled to resort to measures which may be disastrous to you. Your town a prey to flames at this season, a general assault upon ruined walls defended by a still worse garrison, confusion, carnage, pillage — the inevitable followers of an assault,— these thoughts fill me with horror. I entreat you to use every exertion in your power to obtain for me a peaceable entry. Doubtless you have had no faith in

the base calumnies cast abroad to our disadvantage by the scoundrels in the pay of the Ministry. The arms of the Colonies have never been tarnished by any act of violence or inhumanity. We profess to come to . . . give liberty and peaceable enjoyment of property in this oppressed province, having always respected, as sacred, the property of individuals. Enclosed you will find my letter to General Carleton, because he has always cleverly evaded allowing you to have any knowledge which was proper to open your eyes to your interests. If he is still obstinate and you allow him to persist in enveloping you in a ruin in which perhaps he desires to hide his shame, my conscience will not reproach me with having failed to warn you of your danger.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

The investment of the city was now complete, and preparations were well under way for offensive operations. It was high time. Smallpox had broken out among the peasantry, and as the men fraternized, and, in many instances, lodged with the people, it seemed certain that the army would soon have this new terror to contend with. Spies, both men and women, sent out from Quebec, were often taken, but it does not appear that they were ever executed. It is even charged that women of loose character were sent among the men by the British with the hope that they might thus infect the army with smallpox.

While the New England and New York troops were completing the investment of the town, the riflemen amused themselves every day by popping at sentries from behind old walls and houses in the suburbs of

St. John. Some of Carleton's officers condemned his indulgence because he had not burnt all of these suburbs, since they served the enemy so well as an ambush, but his regard for the loss such an act would entail on the peasant and bourgeois proprietors held his hand, and he contented himself with destroying a few near the ramparts. Perhaps he also feared the ill-effect of so severe a measure upon the wavering Canadians.

Arnold had ordered Captain Handchett to move forward and take quarters near the city, and upon that officer's refusing to do so, on the same ground that he had before taken when ordered to move the heavy guns down the river—that the service was too dangerous—Arnold sent for Captains Topham, Thayer and Hubbard. These officers consented, and were, in consequence, exposed for three weeks to very imminent danger. Topham and Thayer had several balls fired through their quarters, one passing between them as they lay in their bed without hurting them.

General Montgomery himself had an escape almost as narrow. On the 8th of December he called at Menut's tavern, which was about a mile west of the town. A few minutes after he got out of his cariole, a cannon shot from the city killed his horse and demolished the vehicle.

The arrival of the artillery, the lack of which had made Arnold's first investment of the city almost ridiculously ineffective, now rendered it possible to conduct the siege in a somewhat more soldierly and impressive manner. Captain John Lamb, who with

his battery of seventy men had come with Montgomery from New York, was in command of the guns, and his energies were for some days fully occupied in getting his cannon up from the shore of the river to the Heights of Abraham, and mounting them for the service they were to discharge. Meanwhile Montgomery and Arnold together visited the General Hospital on the St. Charles, and, guided by the trembling Mother Superior, ascended to the cupola, from whence they selected the site for their first battery. The soldiers at once began to erect a redoubt on this spot, taking advantage of an eminence on the road to St. Foy, about eight hundred yards to the southwest of St. John's gate on the easterly slope of a hill. The fortification, if it can be dignified by that name, was made of fascines and of gabions filled with what little earth the men could scrape up from the frozen ground, and packed with snow. Water was poured freely over the whole and the mass allowed to freeze solid. It was such a weak defense that it seems almost criminal to have ordered men to serve there. The play of the guns of the enemy would be so lively upon the breastworks, when discovered, that the artillery men did not dare at first to labor during the daytime, and it was not until the 10th that the platforms were erected and the guns in position. The battery mounted, when complete, five small twelve-pounders and a howitzer.

At daylight on the same day, before the Americans were ready to fire their first gun, the English discovered the battery, and immediately opened upon it. In short order it was bored through and through

with their balls, and several of the cannoneers were wounded. The American artillerymen only succeeded in throwing a few shots into the city. But they had in a day or two repaired the damage, and pluckily stood to their guns, while the feeble breastworks were again riddled, a gun disabled and the howitzer dismounted. Two men were killed and five wounded by a single shot of the enemy, who, during the 13th, by the accuracy of their fire, seemed certain to render the position untenable.

Immediately after these casualties, Montgomery with his aide, Burr, visited the breastworks, and finding Lamb and his brave fellows still engaged, remarked to the captain: "This is warm work, sir!" "It is, indeed," replied Lamb; "and certainly no place for you." "Why not?" inquired the General. "Because there are enough of us here to be killed without the loss of you, which would be irreparable," came the sturdy reply. Shortly afterward the plucky captain was ordered to cease firing and bring off his guns. The ice battery was a shattered ruin, and had proved a costly experiment.

A mortar battery, which mounted two brass three-pounders, two royals and three howitzers, was also planted by the Americans near the center of the suburb of St. Roque, not more than 200 yards from the ramparts. But the shells were only of five and one-half inches and did no damage in the town, except to the roofs of houses; even the women came to laugh at them, and it seems certain that they killed no one. However, Dr. Senter notes that,

"agreeable to prescription, fifty-five more of the fire-pills were given to the Carletonians last evening. Operated with manifest perturbation, they were, as usual, alarmed, bells beating, dogs barking, etc. Their cannonade still continued on the battery, but to no advantage. Forty-five more pills as cathartic last night."

To this fusillade the enemy responded with spirit, and with somewhat more effect. On the 14th alone the garrison fired three hundred and fifty-seven shot at the American works. A few men who had ventured too near the walls and were sheltered in a house in one of the suburbs were killed and several more were wounded, while Arnold himself was obliged to leave his quarters, two shots having passed through the house. For the most part, however, the exchange of hostilities, though noisy and persistent, inflicted little damage on either force.

It is evident, indeed, from Montgomery's letters to General Wooster, who remained in command at Montreal, that he never placed any serious reliance on his artillery, and knew very well that he was too feeble in that arm to make any breach in the city walls. His purpose was merely to deplete the enemy's supply of ammunition, to annoy them, and to distract their attention from his real design,—an assault upon the city. The postponement of this from day to day was occasioned by the necessity of recruiting the strength and spirits of the men, of giving time for the officers to discover and study the approaches to the weakest points in the city's de-

fenses, and of waiting for a favorable opportunity—a dark night, stormy, but not too severely cold.

Montgomery, before joining Arnold, had written a letter to his father-in-law, Robert R. Livingston, then a member of Congress, which shows a ready comprehension of the problems which would confront him at Quebec, and states so clearly the situation he had to deal with that part of it may be quoted here, as follows:

I need not tell you, that, till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered; and that, to accomplish this, we must resort to siege, investment, or storm. The first of these is out of the question, from the difficulty of making trenches in a Canadian winter, and the greater difficulty of living in them, if we could make them; secondly, from the nature of the soil, which, as I am at present instructed, renders mining impracticable, and were this otherwise, from the want of an engineer having sufficient skill to direct the process; and thirdly, from the fewness and lightness of our artillery, which is quite unfit to break walls like those of Quebec. Investment has fewer objections, and might be sufficient, were we able to shut out entirely from the garrison and town the necessary supplies of food and fuel, during the winter; but to do this well (the enemy's works being very extensive and offering many avenues to the neighboring settlements) will require a large army, and from present appearances mine will not, when brought together, much if at all exceed eight hundred combatants. Of Canadians I might be able to get a considerable number, provided I had hard money, with which to clothe, feed, and pay their wages; but this is wanting. Unless, therefore, I am soon and amply reinforced, investment, like siege, must be given up.

To the storming plan there are fewer objections; and to this we must come at last. If my force be small, Carleton's is not great. The extensiveness of his works, which, in case of investment, would favor him, will in the other case favor us. Masters of our secret, we may select a particular time and place for attack, and to repel this the garrison must be prepared at all times and places, a circumstance which will impose upon it incessant watching and labor by day and by night, which, in its undisciplined state, must breed discontents that may compel Carleton to capitulate, or perhaps to make an attempt to drive us off. In this last idea there is a glimmering of hope. Wolfe's success was a lucky hit, or rather a series of such hits. All sober and scientific calculation was against him, until Montcalm, permitting his courage to get the better of his discretion, gave up the advantages of his fortress, and came out to try his strength on the plain. Carleton, who was Wolfe's quartermaster-general, understands this well, and, it is to be feared, will not follow the Frenchman's example. In all these views, you will discover much uncertainty; but of one thing you may be sure, that, unless we do something before the middle of April, the game will be up; because by that time the river may open and let in supplies and reinforcements to the garrison in spite of any thing we can do to prevent it; and again, because my troops are not engaged beyond that term, and will not be prevailed upon to stay a day longer.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ASSAULT IS PLANNED

On the 16th of December a general council of war was held, and the voice of the majority was for storming the works as soon as the soldiers were supplied with bayonets, hatchets and hand-grenades. Montgomery himself seems to have favored the further use of the artillery, and had a plan for concentrating his fire on a certain point in the north redoubt, which was rather inadequately commanded by the guns of the garrison. He hoped that by means of parallels a very close approach could be made to the ramparts, which his cannon would have battered more or less to pieces, and saw in this plan the best opportunity for a successful assault. The other officers to a man opposed his project, and though chagrined at their decision, the commander yielded to the unanimous judgment.

The plan of assault which was finally concerted by the council was both cunning and desperate, and though subsequent events necessitated its abandonment, it probably had as good a chance of success as that finally adopted. Four simultaneous attacks were to be made upon the Upper Town at different points along the wall between Cape Diamond and Palace gate. Three of these were to be mere feints; the

fourth and real attack was to be an heroic attempt to scale the walls at the Cape Diamond bastion, which the English considered impregnable by reason of the defenses which nature had provided there. On the night of a severe storm, being much exposed to the weather, it might be left with a very small guard. The very rashness of such an exploit was its only warrant for success. It would be hardly possible to sufficiently depress the guns mounted in the bastion so as to sweep any enemy from the cliff when once at close quarters, and if the bastion was gained and held even for a very short time, reinforcements, as they ascended, would be sheltered by the declivity, and the Americans would hold a vantage point from which they could turn the guns of the bastion on the city below them.

Aaron Burr, who had been taken into Montgomery's military family, and commissioned a captain, was enthusiastically in favor of this daring scheme, and having obtained permission from Montgomery to select and instruct a picked party of fifty men, drilled them unceasingly with scaling ladders, till they were able to mount with all their accoutrements with great ease and rapidity. He was much chagrined, therefore, when, owing to the representations of Mr. Edward Antil and Mr. James Price, rebel merchants of Montreal, the former serving as Montgomery's engineer, this first plan was dropped. These gentlemen urged that the Lower Town, alone, should be first attempted, for they believed it could be taken with much less loss of life, and if once occupied, they were satisfied

the citizens of Quebec, whose wealth was chiefly there, would force Governor Carleton to surrender the Upper Town without further bloodshed. It was also suggested by some one, though we hope not by an American, that after having acquired possession of the Lower Town, and having forced the women and children, priests and citizens to mingle with the American soldiers, they should advance upon the Upper Town, in the expectation that the garrison would not slaughter the crowd indiscriminately. There were barriers, pickets and redoubts in the Lower Town to be presently described, which would have to be passed before Mountain street and the narrow pass to the Upper Town to which it led were reached, and unless they were surmounted in this, or some other nobler way, the Americans could not hope to long continue in possession of the Lower Town.

The execution of any plan at all was delayed from day to day, however, by unfavorable weather, two days of heavy snowfall being followed by several days of such severe cold that the soldiers could hardly venture from their cantonments. Men who were working at the batteries had their feet frozen; it was so cold that it was not possible to handle metal of any sort, and the walls of the city were covered with a glistening sheet of ice, which no scaling party, however gallant, could surmount. In the midst of this vexatious delay a fresh discouragement dashed the spirits of the army. Smallpox, which had for some time been prevalent both within the city and among the Canadian peasantry outside the walls, broke out in

camp. Five men of Captain Ware's company who were first stricken with the disease were taken to the General Hospital, Dearborn's company moving their quarters from that building to a house just across the River St. Charles. But as the malady spread and the sick list became menacing in its size, the sufferers were all isolated in a camp between Wolfe's Cove and Sillery, three miles from their comrades. There, without beds, medicine or careful nursing, their constitutions wrestled stubbornly with the loathsome disease.

As if Montgomery's anxieties were not yet sufficiently great, they were further augmented by dissension among the officers of Arnold's detachment, and by the openly expressed determination of three of the New England companies, whose term of enlistment was to expire on the last day of the year, not to remain at Quebec after that date. Captain Handchett, who, as we have seen, had incurred Arnold's rebuke on at least two occasions for failure to perform the duty to which he was assigned, seems to have been at the bottom of most of the trouble. He, with Captains Goodrich and Hubbard and the men of their companies, declared that they would not engage in so perilous an undertaking as the proposed assault unless they were at least withdrawn from Arnold's command. Montgomery, as we learn from a letter to General Wooster, had scant patience with the malcontents, and, had his position enabled him to do so, would have dealt rigorously with them. But in the weakened condition of his slender force, stern measures

might easily prove too drastic. He had recourse to diplomacy and succeeded at last in restoring the semblance of subordination and discipline, though the relations between Arnold and his recalcitrant officers remained cool, and the New England volunteers refused to promise the extension of their enlistment.

Within the city the spirits of the garrison rose, as the embarrassments of the besiegers thickened. Nearly three weeks of inactivity on the part of the Americans had done much to restore the confidence of the soldiers and the loyal citizens. The British could see that the battery on the plains was shattered and useless; they had watched the bodies of the cannoneers carried off in sleighs; and had it not been for the pernicious activity of the riflemen, their enemy would have seemed already discomfited. How could they have any apprehension of the result of an assault? The cold stiffened every sinew, benumbed every sense, and made it impossible to execute any design which required agility. The ice and snow lying on the ways leading to even the weakest places in their defenses rendered them very strong. The snow-drifts against the ramparts could only be crossed on snow-shoes.

The riflemen, as has been said, were alone superior to the rigor of the elements. In the face of driving snow-storms, or of piercing arctic winds, they stood manfully to their posts. From behind walls, and from garret windows in St. Roque, from the site of "La Friponne," and from the cupola of the Intendant's Palace (the old palace of Bigot), the un-

erring bullets of these "sons of liberty" carried death, wounds or dismay to every combatant who was in the least rash or incautious. Even at noon they would creep close to the houses, which were under cover of the hill near Palace gate, till they were within forty yards of the walls; then firing through windows, or the crevices between the logs of some cabin, at an angle of seventy degrees or so, they deliberately picked off the sentries for the very sport and excitement of the thing. The sheltering acclivity which favored them continues from the walls around the Lower Town (where it is steepest) for many miles up the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and surrounds the Plains of Abraham; near the suburb St. Roque it is called the Côte St. Genevieve.

The British officers were especially exasperated at what they called the "skulking" tactics of the riflemen, for though a score or more of their sentries were thus killed or disabled, it was impossible to inflict any punishment in return. Only one of the sharpshooters is reported to have been wounded. He was shot through both lungs by a grapeshot, but supported by a comrade walked more than a mile to the hospital.

Everything now united to convince Montgomery that if an assault was to be made with any hope of success it must be made at once. The smallpox was daily making fresh inroads upon his slender effective force, and there was barely more than a week left before the expiration of the enlistment of the three disaffected companies in Arnold's corps. Arms and

ammunition were distributed to the men, and every man was ordered to wear a sprig of hemlock in his cap to distinguish him from the enemy, for the captured British regimentals in which so many provincials were comfortably clad were otherwise likely to prove the death of them in the confusion of a night assault. The night of the 23d was set for the great adventure, but at the last moment another annoying postponement was rendered necessary. During the day Major Caldwell's clerk, Joshua Wolfe, who had been detained outside the walls, with the assistance of a deserter, one Singleton, a sergeant of Montgomery's force, and a bottle of rum judiciously used, managed to make his escape, and the two men, passing by the way of Wolfe's Cove and Près de Ville, were admitted to the city at ten o'clock in the evening. The knowledge of this circumstance caused the postponement, for it was correctly surmised that Wolfe would probably carry with him information of their intentions for that night. It was a prudent decision, for Wolfe and Singleton informed the British circumstantially of the preparations which were making, adding that "Montgomery had offered his soldiers $800 plunder each and that he had five hundred clumsy scaling ladders prepared."

"How can they think to pass the ditch weighed down with such burdens, and wading in the snow in the face of our fire?" writes the officer who records these items of news. "The enemy reported to be about 2,000; sickly; the smallpox among them."

Christmas day dawned upon an army still inactive,

restless and anxious, hesitating at the difficulties which lay before it, uneasy at its own weakness, daunted by the epidemic of smallpox which continued to spread through its ranks. A few weeks before, Montgomery, in boastful confidence, had declared that he would eat his Christmas dinner either in Quebec or in hell. Neither alternative was realized, though, oppressed by the increasing perplexities of his unfortunate position and cheered only by a forlorn hope of success, he may well have suffered some of the pangs of purgatory. His letters show that he was determined to force Congress to accept his resignation as soon as he could with honor do so. These extracts from a letter to Schuyler show how hard, not to say desperate, he found his situation:

When last I had the honor to write, I hoped before now to have had it in my power to give you some good news. I then had reason to believe the troops well inclined for a *coup-de-main*. I have since discovered, to my great mortification, that three companies of Arnold's detachment are very averse to the measure. There is strong reason to believe their difference of sentiment from the rest of the troops arises from the influence of their officers. Captain Handchett, who has incurred Colonel Arnold's displeasure by some misconduct, and thereby given room for harsh language, is at the bottom of it, and has made some declarations which I think must draw upon him the censure of his country, if brought to trial. . . . This dangerous party threatens the ruin of our affairs. I shall, at any rate, be obliged to change my plan of attack, being too weak to put that in execution that I had formerly deter-

mined upon. . . . Strain every nerve to send a large corps of troops down the instant the lake is passable. It is of the utmost importance we should be possessed of Quebec before succor can arrive, and I must here again give it to you as my opinion, and that of several sensible men acquainted with this province, that we are not to expect a union with Canada till we have a force in the country sufficient to preserve it against any attempt that may be made for its recovery.

One difficulty occurs to me: How are these troops to be paid here? The continental money will not be received by the inhabitants. I had distributed part of it to the troops at Montreal; few would accept it. The consequence was the soldiers offered it for less than its value, and so it became depreciated. One scheme has occurred to me, which I shall communicate by this opportunity to you and our other friends at Montreal. If they can send down to the army such articles as soldiers choose to lay out their money upon, employing sutlers for that purpose who will receive our paper, the troops may then be paid in continental currency, which will not be depreciated; the soldiers will not grumble, as they may be regularly paid, and, by degrees, the inhabitants may acquire confidence in it, seeing our merchants take it freely. I am amazed no money has arrived. The troops are uneasy, and I shall, by and by, be at my wits' ends to furnish the army with provisions. I am the more surprised, as I am credibly informed cash arrived from Philadelphia at Ticonderoga three weeks since. I have almost exhausted Price, having had upwards of five thousand pounds, York, from him. I must take this opportunity of acknowledging his service. He has been a faithful friend to the cause indeed. Having so early reported to you my determination to return home, I take it for granted measures are taken to supply my place. Should not any-

body arrive shortly for that purpose, I must conclude Congress means to leave the management of affairs in General Wooster's hands; and, therefore, if this business should terminate in a blockade, I shall think myself at liberty to return. However, if possible, I shall first make an effort for the reduction of the town.

I will shortly comply with several articles of directions which I have received from you, and which I deferred in hopes of complying with them, before now, in peaceable possession of Quebec. The strange, divided state of the troops, all this campaign, has prevented my sending returns, having never been able to get one with any tolerable exactness. The three discontented companies are within a few days of being free from their engagements. I must try every means to prevent their departure; and in this matter I am much embarrassed. Their officers have offered to stay provided they may join some other corps. This is resentment against Arnold, and will hurt him so much that I do not think I can consent to it.

On the afternoon of Christmas day the troops were paraded before Captain Morgan's quarters, the house of a Mr. Devine, and the General addressed them in a very sensible, spirited manner, on the subject of the intended attack. He pointed out the necessity of it and the certainty of its success, observing that nothing was wanting to ensure victory but the exercise of that valor which they had so triumphantly displayed under the most unparalleled sufferings. He concluded by saying that if they succeeded, they would rescue a province from the British yoke, win it for their country, and obtain for themselves immortal honor. His

address greatly encouraged the men, who replied with cheers and expressions of their willingness to follow wherever he led. But the New England farmers and sailors were anxious to return to their families, and the fast approaching opportunity, together with the harshness of the service and their fear of smallpox, made them so obstinate in their refusal to extend their enlistment that Montgomery needed all his powers of persuasion, tact and eloquence to keep them on the ground. They were almost deaf to all patriotic representations; their enthusiasm for liberty was well-nigh frozen to death. The influence of such personal magnetism and magnificent courage as that of Montgomery, Arnold and Morgan, the examples of steadfast patriotism and uncomplaining attention to duty set by Hendricks, Lamb and Meigs, alone held them together; though there were many who, while they anxiously longed to return, had enough of bulldog grit and tenacity left to yearn to make one last attempt upon the city before retiring discomfited.

An assault upon such formidable works seemed to the officers so exceptionally hazardous that they felt it just to the men to learn and weigh their sentiments with regard to its advisability. Influenced by the spirited words of Montgomery, upon the question being put, they voted in the affirmative. The riflemen, to whom fighting had become second nature and who were more than a thousand miles from their homes, were naturally not unwilling to remain with the General, and gallantly offered to do so, even if he should be abandoned by the eastern men.

The weather of the 26th did not favor any offensive operations, for it was inconceivably cold, and no man could handle his arms or scale a wall, so the promised assault was delayed until the 27th. "It is employment enough to preserve one's nose," writes a British officer on duty on the ramparts. "A sentry this afternoon had his eyes frozen together, and was carried blind into the guard-house." The bitter cold continued for several days and made the postponement of the attack again and again necessary.

All this time the garrison at Quebec had been lying on their arms in momentary expectation of an attack. General Carleton and his officers slept at the Recollects, the Jesuit College, in their clothes. Three nine-pounders were added to the flanks of each bastion. At night the soldiers could see many fire signals all over the surrounding country, which they surmised to be from one guard of Americans to another. They felt the crisis to be close at hand.

Were there no weak places in the city's armor? Was it not possible for the Americans, like the Greeks before Troy, to find another wooden horse and to enter, by craft, where they could not force a passage? Officer after officer had closely examined every part of the fortifications, yet no one could devise any expedient which gave encouraging promise of success. They had even tried to seduce the guards at St. John's gate, but had been circumvented by the vigilance of Duprè, who had discovered the plot, and imprisoned the would-be betrayers. At Près de Ville, by the narrow cart-road, some weakness might before

have existed, but it was plain that the enemy had diligently strengthened that pass till it was almost impregnable. The Americans could see a long line of strong wooden pickets, fifteen or twenty feet high, knit together by stout railings at the top and bottom, which extended from the wall of masonry on Cape Diamond slantingly down the side of the precipice across the cart-road to the brink of the river, where it ended at the distance of about one hundred yards from the point of the rock. Enormous jagged blocks of river ice had been forced one upon the other, high up on the bank till they reached this palisade and effectually closed any passage around it near the water.

Within it and only a few yards from the very point of the precipice, they knew there was a second similar palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill. Again, about fifty yards within, and concealed by the rock, was a blockhouse, which nearly filled the narrow space between the foot of the promontory and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a footpath only on either side of it. This blockhouse was forty or fifty feet square, built of large logs neatly squared and dovetailed. The lower story was loopholed for musketry and the upper story pierced with ports for two cannon mounted within, charged, it was not to be doubted, with grape and canister and pointed accurately toward the cart-road, where it turned the precipice of Cape Diamond within the second palisade. At about twenty paces beyond this second palisade was the potash factory of a Mr. Price, occupied then as a guard-house. Besides the

cannon in the upper story of the blockhouse, there were two cannon behind the second palisade, also covering the narrow road, and a fifth, "*dans une petite batisse au bout de la maison*," which swept the platform of the palisade.

The obstacles at Sault au Matelot were not less formidable and could not be reached without passing through the suburb St. Roque, along a narrow road past Palace gate, close to the St. Charles, within shot-gun range of the walls. The attacking force would be exposed to a merciless fire of small arms and cannon at this close range for nearly half a mile, sheltered only by such scattered sheds, storehouses and wharves as lined the river, before they reached a barrier and battery mounting two twelve-pounders, just beyond the precipice of Sault au Matelot. Within two hundred yards, closing the western ends of Sault au Matelot street and St. Peter's street, they had been accurately informed by spies and deserters, was another strong barricade about twelve feet high connecting some outbuildings, on the roofs of which cannon were mounted, while flanking the two-gun battery on the northeast was another battery of four guns on Lymbourner's wharf, so placed as to completely command the guns behind the first barrier. The barrier and battery were connected and further protected on the east by a guard-house and strong palisade. Should the guns of the barrier fall into the possession of the attacking party, they could not hope to fight them till they had also silenced the battery on the wharf.

Such was the strength of the fortress to be assaulted at night, in the dead of winter, in the face of a garrison of nearly double their numbers! The extent of the works and the hope of a sympathetic uprising of the citizens — what else gave the least encouragement to the Americans?

CHAPTER XIV

THE ASSAULT ON QUEBEC

The task which the Americans had set for themselves — so Arnold had written Washington on November 20 — could not be properly undertaken with less than twenty-five hundred men. More than a month had elapsed since that letter was written, and the garrison of Quebec, reinforced, had well improved the time in strengthening and repairing the fortifications. Nevertheless, Montgomery had determined to hazard an assault with scarcely one thousand effectives, not counting one hundred and sixty Canadians upon whose steadfastness he could not rely. But the enlistment of the New England troops had now but a day or two longer to run, and Montgomery knew that the assault must be made now or never. The American officers watched any indications of the weather with the greatest anxiety, while the rank and file were allowed to return to quarters and even given some liberty in the farmhouses and tippling shops of the vicinity, doubtless from fear that too great strictness of discipline would breed more rapid desertion; and perhaps also to allay the suspicions of the garrison. But it was well understood among them that the first snowstorm in the early hours of the morning was to be the signal for reassembling and for the long-expected

attack upon the city. These hours of leisure the soldiers employed in characteristic fashion. It is recorded that several men, who, according to general belief, had feigned sickness to avoid military duty, had halters placed about their necks, and were driven by their more resolute brothers-in-arms with jeers and lashes through the camp.

One by one the precious days, still clear and cold, slipped away. The army had undergone its share of stormy weather; now, when a cloudy sky was essential to its plans, the heavens were exasperatingly clear. On the last night of the year the moon rose in unclouded splendor over the fortified city and its environs; its placid light glistened on the snow-covered roofs and icy ramparts, and sent broad bands of silver across the frozen crust on the Plains of Abraham. All was quiet in the direction of the town, except at long intervals, when the cries of the sentinels on the walls, "All's well!" could be distinctly heard. Nor was there much movement within the American lines. Now and then, when a door of one of the public houses in St. Roque opened, the roistering laughter of a group of soldiers could be heard, as the light from a huge wood-fire flashed on the snow without. In front of the Holland house, arrayed in a blanket coat and cape, paced a solitary sentinel, who saluted as officers passed in and out, and then briskly continued on his beat, for it was intensely cold.

Montgomery, alone in his quarters, strode anxiously to and fro, much agitated, no doubt, by thoughts of his terrible responsibility, and of the fleeting hours

which were rapidly ending the enlistment of many of his men, most of them doubtless as anxious to return to their wives and families as he was to rejoin his own dear young wife, so bravely left at his beautiful home on the Hudson. He had bade her adieu saying, "You shall never blush for your Montgomery!" But was his duty plain? A refusal to order his men to storm the city might well be excused, so desperate was the undertaking. Many experienced military men would unhesitatingly condemn such an attempt as mad and criminal; perhaps he would be court-martialed for sacrificing his troops in a hopeless enterprise, undertaken without any fair warrant of success, contrary to his own recorded judgment. Was it true patriotism which animated him? Let him examine himself well, lest he fight for personal glory, to round out his triumphant career in Canada by the capture of this last stronghold of the Crown.

On the other hand, to raise the siege meant not only to lose Quebec, but would soon make it necessary to evacuate Montreal, and to give up Chambly and St. Johns; for, with the breaking of the ice in the spring, Quebec would be heavily reinforced, and Carleton ready for an aggressive campaign. Then the "back door" would be again opened, the British would pour in, and the colonies would cry shame upon the man who, by one gallant effort, might have seized Quebec and turned the tide. Could he not foresee the British armies of Burgoyne and St. Leger on their triumphant march of invasion? Could he divine their blunders? To withdraw now, laid him

open to a charge of cowardice. Was he only capable of easy victories?

But even as he despondently dwelt upon his perplexing situation, a cold wind arose and there fell the first snow-flakes of a gathering storm. It was midnight and the heavens were overcast, the moon totally obscured. On this, the last day of the enlistment of the New England men, the storm, so long and impatiently awaited, had come at last! Providence pointed toward Quebec. Officers and men knew full well what the coming storm signaled, and already the tramp of hurrying feet could be heard in the narrow village street, as the men left the farmhouses where they lodged to join their commands. The die was cast; the command given; and the columns formed for the assault. To replace the sprig of hemlock, every man fixed a piece of paper in his cap on which he scribbled the device of the riflemen, "Liberty or death!"

The New York regiments and part of Easton's Massachusetts militia assembled at the Holland house; Arnold's detachment and Lamb's company of artillerists at Captain Morgan's quarters; the corps of Canadians under Captain James Livingston and a small party under Captain Jacob Brown, at their respective parade grounds. It is evident from the entries in several diaries, as well as from a letter from Colonel Campbell, that it was Captain Brown of Major Brown's (his brother's) detachment who led this party. I think even Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Sparks, as well as every other historian whose work

has come to my attention, have overlooked this fact and have not unnaturally credited Major John Brown with the leadership. Captain Brown died soon after of smallpox before Quebec. Major Brown fell in action during the war; perhaps this will explain why the mistake has not been corrected before this time.

The original daring plan for an assault upon the wall of the Upper Town itself had long ago been abandoned. The Lower Town was now to be the object of the attack. In accordance with the scheme devised by the council of war, Arnold's detachment was to approach the city from the General Hospital through St. Roque, and then to storm the barrier at Sault au Matelot; Montgomery's force was to advance to the city from the Holland house, descending first to Wolfe's Cove, and moving along the beach of the St. Lawrence by way of Anse des Meres, to force the barrier and palisades on the opposite side of the Lower Town at Près de Ville; then to penetrate into the Lower Town through Champlain street. These were the important movements upon which Montgomery relied. Should they succeed, the two divisions were to press on to the center of the Lower Town, where they were to join near the foot of Mountain street, which led through the narrow picketed passage to the Upper Town.

If victory still attended them, their intention was then either to attack the Upper Town at once, to put into practice the cowardly suggestion before mentioned of massing the women and children, and using them as a shield (let us hope this project was never seriously

entertained), or to count upon the pressure which the citizens might bring to bear upon Governor Carleton to surrender. Some unexpected chance might come to their aid. Should the Lower Town be gained, while they were still unable to force the works leading to the Upper Town, they could fire the buildings and shipping near them, keeping to the windward. And should the enemy sally, in the midst of the dire confusion which must arise, as the populace, crazed with terror, rushed upon the open gate whence the sallying party had issued, the Americans, mingled with the crowd and concealed by the dense clouds of smoke, might force their way, pell-mell, within the walls of the Upper Town, driving back the garrison before them.

These were desperate chances, but every chance was weighed. Failing in all this, they believed that so great an achievement as the taking of the Lower Town would greatly encourage the wavering Canadians, and felt confident that they would hasten to aid the victors, and recruit their strength till they could assail the Upper Town at so many different points at once that the garrison could not adequately man the walls. Why should Montgomery expect less sympathy in Quebec than in Montreal? Had not Carleton confessed the feebleness of the allegiance of the Canadians when he abandoned a city of twelve thousand inhabitants to defend one of half that number? It appears from Montgomery's letters to his wife that he had conceived a contempt for the British troops and officers then in Canada owing to their conduct

at Montreal, at Chambly and at Sorel, and doubtless thought they might be seized with another panic. Should not his star, so strangely fortunate, reach the zenith, even if, like Wolfe, he fell while it shone most brightly?

Further to distract and deceive the city's defenders, Captain Livingston, with his Canadians, was to make an attempt to burn St. John's gate, while Captain Brown with his party was to make a feigned escalade near Cape Diamond bastion. Ensign Knowles with a few men was to proceed to Palace gate, and, if possible, set it on fire, for which purpose a number of boxes of tar and pitch and other combustibles had been prepared by Captain Noble. An advance party of thirty-five men was to proceed to Drummond's wharf, below Cape Diamond; still another advance party under Captain Eleazer Oswald was to steal past Palace gate, and attack the barricade at Sault au Matelot street. The St. Roque battery was to shell the town. The plan was well thought out, could the appearance and attacks of the respective advance parties and feigned assaults be absolutely simultaneous. For thus the garrison, seemingly assailed at once in every direction, must be scattered in at least five detachments over fortifications nearly three miles in extent. Then the full weight of the columns of Montgomery and Arnold, suddenly hurled in to the support, respectively, of the Drummond wharf and Sault au Matelot advance parties, were to break the ends of the line, and join, as nearly as possible, in the center of the Lower Town.

In Arnold's column there must have been nearly six hundred men; in Montgomery's not many more than three hundred; with Captain Livingston there were between one hundred and fifty and two hundred, while the men under Captain Brown probably numbered from fifty to one hundred.

As the lines were formed, the officers moved back and forth between them, inspecting each man's arms and accoutrements. It was now very dark, the storm was fully upon them, the wind sending the snow in swirls along the road, as it swept in gusts around the corners of the houses. It was too cold to keep the men long out of doors, except when in motion. Very soon, about half-past three o'clock, the order came to march, and each column moved to the duty assigned to it. The signal for the assault was to be three sky-rockets sent up at five o'clock near Cape Diamond by Captain Brown.

Montgomery and Arnold headed their respective divisions — Montgomery much against the wishes of his officers, who begged him, as their leader, to exercise more discretion for the good of all. But he was stubborn in his resolution to set a good example for his men, who, he must have felt, would need to be led, rather than driven, to such a desperate undertaking. It certainly was a crisis that demanded that reckless enthusiasm which great personal risk on the part of a commanding officer usually arouses in his followers. Into such a breach Napoleon threw himself at the bridge of Arcole, Berthier at Lodi; so did Wolfe and Montcalm venture their lives

on these very Plains of Abraham. Who shall say, therefore, that Montgomery should not have trusted fortune as did Napoleon, because he met the fate of Montcalm?

Arnold, with Morgan and Greene beside him, and the thirty pickets under Captain Oswald in advance, passed silently through the streets of St. Roque, and crept forward with the utmost caution along the water-front toward the first barrier at Sault au Matelot. He was closely followed by his division in the following order:

Morgan's company of Virginians; Lamb's company of artillery, with an eight-pound brass field piece on a sled; then the companies of Topham, Thayer, Ward and Hendricks; Smith's company under Lieutenant Steele, and last the companies of Goodrich, Handchett and Hubbard. Major Bigelow was with Ward's company, and commanded the center; Major Meigs was with Hubbard's company, and commanded the rear. Captain Dearborn's company, quartered across the St. Charles at Mr. Henry's, was to join at St. Roque and to fall in behind Morgan's company, but Arnold's division having got under way later than the others, because they failed to see the signal rockets, passed through St. Roque nearly a half hour behind time, and noting that the tide was up so that Dearborn could not yet cross the St. Charles, pressed on without waiting, expecting him soon to arrive and drive up the rear.

Meantime the British officers were watching the suburbs St. John and St. Roque and the Plains of

Abraham for any signals of the Americans which might mean a movement upon the works, for informed as they were by deserters that they might expect an attack on the first stormy night, they had now every reason to think that the conditions prayed for by the Americans had been granted. As Captain Malcolm Fraser of the Royal Emigrants, who that night commanded the main guard in the Upper Town, was going his rounds, and had passed the guard at the gate St. Louis, about five o'clock in the morning he saw the three sky-rockets spring into the air from the heights without the works at Cape Diamond. Surmising at once that this was the signal for the assault, he hurried notice to all the guards, and ran down St. Louis street, shouting, "Turn out, turn out!" His cry was heard by General Carleton and his staff at the Recollects, who instantly sprang to arms. Captain Fraser ordered the alarm-bell rung, while the drums of his guard beat to arms. Within a few minutes most of the garrison were at their alarm-posts, every person able to bear arms was in motion, even old men upwards of seventy, and before long all the bells of the city were clamoring forth the alarm. All the British sentries between Cape Diamond and Palace gate now reported many repeated flashes like lightning, and at regular distances, on the Heights of Abraham, lights which seemed to be lanterns placed on poles. A few moments later a heavy and hot fire was opened upon the ramparts by a body of men posted behind a rising ground within eighty yards of the wall at Cape Diamond.

By the flashes of their muskets their heads could be seen though their bodies were covered.

The head of Arnold's column had by this time silently picketed in past Palace gate, and even beyond the Hotel Dieu without being discovered. It was still very dark. The storm had become almost a blizzard. A cutting northeast wind blew the fine particles of snow into the men's faces, half blinding them, so that they were obliged to bend under the blast and move faithfully in the footsteps of their leaders, filled and concealed, almost as soon as made, by the fast-falling snow. They protected the pans of their flintlocks as well as they could under the skirts or lapels of their woollen blanket coats, but the snow catching on the rough surface was soon melted by the heat of their bodies, and most of their muskets and rifles were soon rendered useless. The ice from the St. Charles forced up in great blocks against the roadside occasioned deep snow-drifts and narrowed the passage beneath the walls so much that the column had to break into files in order to advance rapidly. There were many warehouses, sheds, and wharves scattered along the river, and ice-bound small craft were moored to them by ropes and hawsers.

Suddenly from the direction of St. John's gate and Cape Diamond faint reports of small arms smothered by the storm, followed by thundering detonations of artillery, broke the stillness, and a few moments afterwards the first shot from a sentry on the walls warned them that they were discovered. It was followed by another and another, till a storm of bullets from the

muskets of the sailors under cover of the pickets behind the Hotel Dieu and Montcalm's house swept their narrow path. Many of Arnold's men fell under this fire. Fire balls, hurled frequently from the ramparts, illuminated the spaces of open road between the buildings, across which the Americans had to rush, encumbered as they were, not only with scaling ladders, but also with long pikes or spontoons for the escalade of the barrier. At every disadvantage, they could neither see their enemy nor tell in which direction to return the fire, except as they might guess from the flashes of flame which spurted from every loophole in the towering walls, while the British, not fifty yards distant, secure in casemates and sheltered from the storm, picked them off as they ran past.

Beneath the pickets behind the Hotel Dieu, a musket bullet from the wall shattered Arnold's leg and stretched him, bleeding profusely, in the snow. It had been his intention to order the small advance party to open first a musketry fire on the barrier and then, while Morgan and his company stole around the end of the barrier on the ice, to open to the right and left and permit Captain Lamb to bring up the field piece and occupy the enemy's attention till Morgan had time to take them by surprise in the rear. Arnold's wound, and the delay in bringing up the field piece owing to the difficulties of the road, necessitated a hurried change of plan at a critical moment. In a short and hasty consultation it was agreed that Morgan should assume the command, though Greene was his ranking officer, for Morgan had seen service,

and this was the first time the three field officers, Greene, Bigelow and Meigs, had been under fire. The Reverend Mr. Spring, a fighting parson, with a soldier of Morgan's company, supported Arnold on the long and painful journey back to the General Hospital, while Morgan, gathering about him his Virginians, and backed by a few of the most daring officers and men, who had pressed on to the head of the column, dashed around the precipice of Sault au Matelot directly upon the first barrier.

So completely had the British been taken by surprise in this quarter, that the firing to the north of Sault au Matelot deadened by storm, had just aroused the guard of about thirty Englishmen under Captain McCloud, half drunk with healths to the new year. Accustomed to such sounds by the frequent false alarms of the past two weeks, they started with reluctance to leave their comfortable shelter in the guard-house, to join the solitary sailor who was on guard near the two twelve-pounders on a platform a few yards behind the barrier. The Americans, led by Morgan with a Canadian guide, yelling like demons of the storm, dashed upon the barrier, and before the guard heard the sentry's cry, were sweeping over it and rushing upon the platform and wharf battery, which was flanked by houses on either side. Neither courage nor presence of mind deserted the plucky sailor; having no slow-match, he discharged his gun into the vent of one of the cannon, and its charge of grape burst with a roar in the very face of the Americans. It killed the Canadian guide, but, being aimed

Dan'l Morgan

CAPTAIN DANIEL MORGAN

Afterwards Major-General U. S. A. and Member of Congress.

too high, hurt no one else. In an instant the Americans had their ladders against the barrier which immediately covered the two guns.

Morgan, seeing the foremost soldier hesitate, pulled him down and springing upon the ladder, mounted first of all, crying in terrific tones, "Follow me, boys!" As his head appeared above the barrier, the whole guard fired at him from within. So close were his enemies, and so charmed this man's life, that one ball passed through his cap, another grazed the left side of his face, cutting off a lock of his hair, while fire scorched him and grains of powder were imbedded in his face. The concussion was so great as to knock him from the top of the ladder into the snow beneath. For a moment the assailants were checked. But the gallant frontiersman was instantly on his feet again, and had recommenced ascending the ladder. A wild cheer of admiration rose from his men as they followed his example. As Morgan leaped over the wall he landed on the muzzle of one of the cannon, falling thence on the platform under the gun. Luckily the accident saved him from a dozen bayonets of the guard, which were presented at his breast. In that single second of delay the ensign of his company, Charles Porterfield, Lieutenant Heth and others, as fast as there was room to jump down, followed and saved him. Once more on his feet, though severely bruised on the knee, he was able to direct his followers to fire into the guard-house, from the windows of which the retreating guard were firing, and to follow up with pikes and bayonets.

This they did with a will, killing the sailor sentry with their pikes before he could reach his comrades, and driving the guard through the house into the street.

Morgan, with Captain Thayer and others, rushed on through a sally port at the end of the platform and around the corner of the house, and met the retreating guard as they fled before the oncoming provincials. The gigantic rifleman, shouting to them to lay down their arms or receive no quarter, advanced upon them to make good his word. The guard threw down their arms and surrendered. Stopping only long enough to stack their wet guns and exchange them for the dry and better arms of the captured guard, Morgan's men, with bayonets fixed, poured up the narrow street of Sault au Matelot, taking prisoner everybody who opposed them. But they had not advanced more than two hundred yards before they perceived another barrier and battery, which appeared to close the further end of the street, here not more than twenty feet wide, and it was deemed prudent to halt and await the arrival of reinforcements before assaulting it.

The fighting up to this time had been done chiefly by Morgan's Virginians and fragments of some of the other leading companies. While they waited, Morgan, adopting some disguise and attended only by an interpreter, made his way, according to his own account, almost to the Upper Town, "to see what was going on." He returned and called a council of officers, to whom he related that the sally port of the second barrier was standing open, that its guard had deserted it, and that "people were running from the Upper Town

in whole platoons, giving themselves up as prisoners, to get out of the way of the confusion," and that he had found no one in arms to oppose them.

But the Americans had already more prisoners than they knew what to do with. Captain Thayer accounted them to be nearly one hundred and fifty — almost as numerous as their captors, whose comrades, having lost their way in the crooked streets, were coming up very slowly. Furthermore, Morgan's orders were to await Montgomery here. But Montgomery did not come. The golden moments of victory were flying. It was urged that if they advanced further they would do so contrary to orders; that their prisoners might break out and turn the battery they had just taken upon them and cut off their retreat; that Montgomery was certainly coming down the St. Lawrence River and would join them in a few moments, so that if they acted with caution and prudence, they were sure of conquest. To this reasoning Morgan reluctantly yielded his own opinion, and it was agreed to remain where they were until Morgan had gone back over the ground they had covered, to bring up Bigelow and Meigs with men from the center and rear to guard the captured barrier, and augment their strength.

After Morgan left them, his men sought cover where they could behind the houses, in them, or in the doorways, but the British and French were more familiar with the ground, and often gained points from which they picked off the Americans even within the houses. Ensign Porterfield found himself in a room with Lieutenants Bruin and Cleek and seven or

eight men; two of his companions were killed outright beside him. Some of the Americans who disdained any sort of prudence, and were near enough to the enemy to reach them with their voices, seized this lull to challenge them from the open street to come out and do honest battle. But the enemy discreetly clung to their defenses. Those in some of the houses pointed the muzzles of their firearms from the windows, while they screened themselves entirely behind the window frames, and fired into the street at random. The Americans, jeering and laughing, responded as blindly by emptying their rifles in at these same windows, creeping up under the sills for the purpose. As no one dared to show his head above the barrier at the end of the street, it was even possible for a few of the Americans, by a quick rush, to get so close to it that the British could not dislodge them, and these men succeeded by discharging their pieces through the portholes in preventing the service of some of the guns behind the barricade.

Meanwhile the feints of Livingston and Brown along the wall of the Upper Town had not been wholly without effect. To the British, the city had seemed to be assailed at every point, the noise of their own guns and musketry helping to produce the impression. Other quarters had been reinforced; this of Sault au Matelot had been neglected. But Livingston's Canadians only too well acted out their reputation for unreliability and cowardice, and as soon as the firing became heavy, took to their heels and no longer figured in the conflict.

CHAPTER XV

THE DEATH OF MONTGOMERY

But what had been the fortune of Montgomery's attack at Près de Ville? What was the meaning of the ominous delay in the appearance of the supporting force which was to have completed the work so well begun by Morgan's brave fellows at the northern end of the town? These were questions which must have been asked with ever-increasing anxiety by the men huddled inactive in the storm-beaten street of Sault au Matelot, as they saw the precious moments slipping fast away, and still had no tidings from their general, who should by this time have been thundering at the gates of the Upper Town.

Montgomery had found much the same obstacles in his way along the St. Lawrence that Arnold had on the St. Charles. The ice forced up by the high winter tides, and the immense snow-drifts (for the snow on a level was from four to six feet deep), would have impeded his troops even in the strong light of day; now, in the darkness and the storm, they were efficient allies of the British. The column, consisting of the 1st, 2d and 3d battalions of New York troops, was so broken and delayed that Montgomery and his Canadian guide, marching at the head of a straggling line for a mile and a half or

two miles from Wolfe's Cove, along the narrow pathway under the cliffs, close to the riverside, did not reach the first palisade at Près de Ville till some time after Livingston and Brown had aroused the garrison of the Upper Town.

The guard at Près de Ville, which was under Captain Chabotte of the French-Canadian artillery and consisted of thirty Canadians and eight British militiamen, with nine British seamen to work the guns, had seen the flashlights on the Plains of Abraham. Every man was posted before the alarm was given, and the sailor cannoneers commanded by Captain Barnsfare, master of the transport Tell, and directed by Hugh McQuarters, a trusty sergeant of the Royal Artillery, with lighted matches, stood waiting for the word of command. The good fortune of Arnold's men who had been able to take by surprise the unready guard at the Sault au Matelot, was thus denied to the commander-in-chief.

At length some two hundred men—two-thirds of his force—had come up, and Montgomery, cautiously approaching the palisade, superintended a party of carpenters, who succeeded without discovery in sawing out four of the great wooden pickets of which the palisade was built. At the point where this was done, they were close to the precipice, the angle of which screened them from the view of any sentinel in the blockhouse on the other side of the angle, about one hundred and thirty paces from the first palisade. They were also concealed in part by the second palisade, some twenty paces within the first, which, it will

be remembered, ran nearly parallel with it, but not so high up the precipice, which was so steep here as to be practically impassable in itself.

Much encouraged, moving noiselessly in the new-fallen snow, the carpenters reached the second palisade, where they were soon again at their dangerous work, well up on the precipice. Montgomery, joined now by his aids, John McPherson and Aaron Burr, nervously watched the workmen until they had two or three of the pickets down. Then the group of officers quickly slipped through the opening and stood for a moment in consultation under the last sheltering point of the rocky cliff, to turn which was almost certain death.

The Canadian guide, Edward Antill the engineer, and Montgomery's orderly sergeant also passed through the opening, as did Captain Jacob Cheeseman, followed by some of the leading men of his and Mott's companies, while the other troops were crowding up in the narrow pass. Impatient at the slowness of the work, Montgomery laid hands on the pickets himself, while one of the party slipped around the point of rock to discover, if he could, what reception they might expect. The explorer returned at once and doubtless reported that the post seemed alarmed; for immediately Montgomery, with the shout, "Push on, brave boys; Quebec is ours!" sprang forward, closely followed by his staff and as many men as could crowd through the narrow opening which the carpenters had made. On the instant a storm of canister and grape from Barnsfare's cannon swept the narrow pass, and

as fast as the sailors could withdraw and recharge, the murderous hail pelted the precipice, the palisade and the cart-road below.

Montgomery, shot through the head and both thighs, Cheeseman, McPherson, the orderly sergeant, Desmarais the Canadian guide, and eight other brave fellows lay dead and dying, and the long column of Americans, like a snake whose head has been suddenly crushed, recoiled on itself, writhing in a panic of dismay and confusion. For a few moments the stripling Burr struggled to animate the troops, already turned in flight, but Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, commanding their rear, unequal to the emergency, hastily gave the command to retire, an order all too readily obeyed by his demoralized men, who carried with them some, though not all, of the wounded. Many of the Canadian and British guards and cannoneers were seized with a like panic, and, deserting their posts, fled to the center of the town. Finding they were not pursued, they soon recovered, manned their guns again and with those who had stood fast, continued to sweep the pass with grape and canister for some minutes after the Americans had retreated. When they ceased firing they could plainly hear the groans and cries of the poor fellows who had fallen, but no other sounds except the dismal howling of the storm; as they peered through the black night, they saw nothing save the driving snow and sleet, fast weaving a funeral shroud for the heroic dead. Even the outcries of the wounded soon ceased, and confident that they had repulsed the rebels, they were cheering

lustily, when an old woman appeared among them, breathless, with the news that Arnold had taken the barrier at Sault au Matelot, and would immediately attack their rear. Panic prevailed once more. Some hid their weapons; others hurled them into the river. Then John Coffin, a loyalist volunteer, who with his family had sought the town as a refuge, drew his bayonet, sprang into the midst of the faint-hearted, and swore he would kill the first man who turned his back. His courage and Barnsfare's coolness prevailed; the cowards returned to duty, and those who were steadfast swung the guns about and waited.

News of the disaster at Près de Ville did not reach Morgan's and Arnold's men; indeed, they received no tidings whatever of Montgomery. When Morgan reached the outskirts of the Lower Town, he found Colonel Greene and Major Meigs with about two hundred of the New England troop, who immediately pushed forward under his guidance to the first barrier, where they made prisoners of a number of young fellows, students it is said, who were but now hurrying to their alarm posts at Sault au Matelot street. The reinforcements were hurried forward to where their comrades still waited under the shadow of the second barrier, and it was determined in spite of Montgomery's disquieting delay to advance at once upon this barricade which closed the entrance to Mountain street, and therefore barred the way to the Upper Town. It is hard to see why Morgan had not ordered this movement long before, since by his own statement the sally port stood open when the Ameri-

cans first appeared before it. It is a poor answer to say that he had reached the position where he was ordered to wait for Montgomery, and that to have continued to advance was to disobey orders. Never was obedience or blunder, whichever it is to be called, more fatal, for the British having established the true character of the attacks of Livingston and Brown upon the Upper Town, and having repulsed Montgomery, were free to deal with their more successful antagonists at Sault au Matelot.

The Americans hurriedly formed in the narrow street and, led once more by Morgan, rushed cheering upon the barrier; but now they found it occupied, and its defenders, who were chiefly Canadian militia under Colonel Voyer and Captain Alexandre Dumas, checked them with a heavy fire from the houses on either side of the barrier and with cannon elevated beyond the barrier in the second story of a house on the opposite side of the lower end of Mountain street. Every bullet falling in the crowded ranks confined in so narrow a space (for here Sault au Matelot street was only about twenty feet wide) did execution, and the Americans failed to get their ladders up before the Canadians were further reinforced by Captain Maroux and a few Royal Fusileers under Captain Owen.

Captain Anderson, a retired lieutenant of the Royal Navy, sallying from the barrier, as the provincials fell back, met Morgan in the street again advancing and summoned him to surrender. The fierce Virginian, furious at his repulse, and raging

like a lion that has tasted blood, seized a rifle from one of his men and shot Anderson through the head. The unfortunate officer's men stood only long enough to drag his body within the barrier and close the sally port, and a general melee and assault on the barrier began.

But the Americans were again handicapped; the ladders they had were those brought by Morgan's men and were too few in number to enable many to scale the barrier at once. Further, while they had stood inactive in the storm, the arms taken from McCloud's guard had, in turn, been wet by the melting snow and were useless, except as clubs. Lieutenant Humphries and a few men succeeded in erecting a mound, planted a few ladders, and with Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Heth, Porterfield, Cooper, Thomas, Thayer and Topham made a desperate attempt to scale the barrier. But Humphries fell back dead, shot through the head and body, and a score of men went down with him. Lieutenant Cooper of Connecticut was also killed outright.

The British had now manned the guns on an elevated platform behind the barrier, and a single cannon in a house on the side of the street, and delivered a front and enfilading fire of grape. Nothing human could stand beneath it and the constant rain of musket bullets. Lieutenant Joseph Thomas was killed, two fingers of Lieutenant Steele's hand were shot away, Captain Lamb of the artillery, who long ago had been ordered to abandon his field piece on account of the impassability of the road, had the

left side of his face carried away by a grape-shot. He requested Lieutenant Nichols to bind up the wound with a black handkerchief which he took from his stock, and attempted to continue in action. The chief Sabattis was shot through the wrist; Brigade-Major Ogden in the shoulder; Captain Topham, Lieutenant Tisdale and Commissary Taylor were also wounded. Captain Hubbard had been crippled by a shot which broke his ankle, but he refused to be moved under cover, exclaiming to his would-be bearers, "I came here to serve with you; I will stay here to die with you!" Lamb lay unconscious in the open street.

The volleys of musketry from the second barrier in their front and from the high bank and wall close on their left, with the cross-fire from a company of French loyalists on Lymburner's wharf, rendered the position of the Americans a fearful one. The battle-scythe of death steadily swept the street from side to side. The blood-stained snow, trodden by the hurrying tramp of many feet; the corpses piled in heaps beneath the barrier; the cries of the combatants and the groans and screams of the wounded as they struggled from the deep snow-drifts, and endeavored to crawl to the doorways for shelter; the crashing of broken glass which followed every heavy detonation of artillery or announced the passage of those bullets which sought their living targets within the houses; over all the lowered canopy of heaven, the howling of the storm, and driving snow, made a sickening scene of horror and confusion.

The assailants were at last compelled to seek shelter in the stone houses on either side of the street, but it was not until nearly four score of their number lay dead or desperately wounded along a few hundred yards of Sault au Matelot street, after it turns the precipice towards the center of the town. It was now the turn of the British to suffer, for the Americans had an opportunity to dry and reprime their firelocks; and, all being sharpshooters, they repeatedly cleared the platform of gunners, till its guns were all silenced and fifteen or twenty of their enemies had felt their vengeance. But their fire from the windows was returned with interest, for reinforcements under Major Caldwell now reached the British, who used the loopholes of the barrier and the houses on their side of it for cover. Nor were the British bad marksmen. Captain Hendricks, while aiming his rifle from a window, was shot through the heart, and staggering back a few steps he fell dead across a bed.

At this moment, while the firing was slackened because both sides were sheltered in comparative safety behind walls of wood or stone, a Canadian militiaman, one Charland, an ex-convict, a huge fellow of great strength and dauntless courage, was seen to spring upon the barrier. In the face of a storm of bullets, he succeeded in dragging within the palisade one of the precious scaling ladders, which was still attached to the barrier. The British saw their advantage. Ensign Dambourges and Major Nairne, availing themselves of the ladder obtained by Charland, and followed by Captain Campbell, Ensign Cairns and Lieu-

tenant Layard, climbed through a window in the gable end of a house on the rebel side of the barrier. A hand-to-hand struggle ensued to the advantage of the British, who drove back their opponents as they were about to enter the door on Sault au Matelot street, and gained a commanding position from which to fire into the street.

Morgan, with a few of the bravest of the brave, standing in the open street, had called again and again upon those within the houses to join him and to make another attempt on the barrier, while the guns of the platform were silent. But it was useless. So, ordering the few officers he had left to the shelter of the houses, he made his way to the first barrier, accompanied only by Lieutenant Heth, in order to concert with Meigs and Bigelow some plan for drawing off the troops. These officers agreed with him that they must immediately retreat. Lieutenant Heth was accordingly sent back on the dangerous errand of urging the men in the houses to abandon their shelter and risk death in the open in an attempt to reach the first barrier. Heth bravely executed his orders, but succeeded in inducing very few of the men to take their chances with him. While they wasted precious moments in indecision, their opportunity was lost.

We must now ask the reader to return with us to Dearborn's company, which, it will be remembered, was cantoned on the further side of the St. Charles, and had failed to join Arnold's detachment in time to take part in the assault. It appears that the

sergeant-major, whose duty it was to notify Captain Dearborn of the hour of attack, had been prevented from crossing the river by the exceedingly high tide. At four o'clock Dearborn heard by chance, through one of his men, that the attack had been ordered for that morning. He at once gave orders for his men to prepare to march, but as his company was quartered in three different houses and the farthest was a mile from his own quarters, it was nearly an hour before he was ready, and the cannonade announced that the attack was begun before he started.

They had nearly two miles to march. On the way they met the sergeant-major, who informed them that Arnold's column had moved on. Crossing the St. Charles and advancing at double-quick time, they met Arnold, wounded, in St. Roque; he told them that his men had possession of a four-gun battery and would soon carry the town. The battery of St. Roque was playing incessantly, the garrison replying with shot and shell from apparently every part of the town. Dearborn's men were in high spirits and pushed forward as fast as possible. They soon began to meet numbers of wounded men, and almost immediately came under a very brisk fire from the walls and stockades. In the heavy storm and darkness, without a leader or guide who was in the least familiar with the locality, the men were soon bewildered, and although they met several officers and men who said they knew where the division was, yet none of them would act as guides. Dearborn accordingly thought it best to

retreat a short distance and make a new attempt to find the way. He accordingly ordered Lieutenant Hutchins, who was in the rear, to retire a few rods. Hutchins obeyed, although in retreating he ran considerable risk from the fire of a picket within a stone's throw, for it had now begun to grow light.

Carleton, advised of the perilous predicament of Dearborn's company, and bent on preventing their reinforcement of Morgan, ordered a sally of a column of men under Captain Laws, who immediately advanced with two field pieces from Palace gate. Captain McDougal of the Royal Emigrants followed closely with a party from his regiment; then Captain Alexander Fraser with another supporting party. Captain Hamilton, of the Lizard, and a party of sailors, brought up the rear. The column was two hundred strong. Before Dearborn's men discovered this movement, the sallying party had taken possession of some houses which Hutchins had to pass, and as he fell back, rushed down upon his little party from a lane. On perceiving their approach, Dearborn divided his company in the middle and leaving half under the command of Lieutenant Hutchins, made another attempt to find the main body, for it was now so light that he thought he stood a better chance of doing so. Ordering those who were with him to follow, he ran on, but the enemy captured some of his men in the rear and opened a brisk fire upon the rest from the houses which they had to pass. As soon as Dearborn reached a place where he could cover his men, he halted them while he attempted to establish the posi-

CAPTAIN DEARBORN

Afterward Major-General U. S. A., Minister to Portugal, Member of Congress, and Secretary of War.

By courtesy of the Calumet Club of Chicago. From the original portrait by Stuart.

tion of the main body, for a shout was heard in the town which convinced him that the Americans were in possession.

The fact that the besieged and their assailants wore substantially the same uniform now worked to the disadvantage of the Americans. In the uncertain light Dearborn could not feel sure whether the men in front of him, who seemed to be numerous, were British or Americans. His own words at this juncture are too graphic to omit: "I was just about to hail them, when one of them hailed me. He asked who I was (I was now within a few rods). I answered, 'a friend.' He asked me 'who I was a friend to.' I answered, 'a friend to liberty.' He then replied, 'G— d— you,' and raised himself partly above the picket. I clapt up my piece, which was charged with a ball and ten buckshot, certainly to give him his due, but to my mortification my gun did not go off; I new-primed her and flushed and fired her again, but neither I, nor one in ten of my men, could get off their guns, they being so exceedingly wet."

Dearborn ordered his men into the houses to new-prime their guns or prick dry powder into the touch-holes; but the enemy closed in upon them and Dearborn soon found himself outnumbered six to one, his company divided and his arms in bad condition, so that, being promised good quarters and tender usage, he surrendered. But before doing so he told his men to make their escape if possible. In the confusion some of them succeeded, several even after they had given up their arms. At the same time one division

of the sallying party pounced upon the battery in St. Roque and completed the discomfiture of the provincials by capturing all the guns and dragging them victoriously into Quebec.

The main body of Captain Laws's force, however, after having captured Dearborn's company, closed in on the rear of the Americans under Morgan. It was now long past six o'clock and the morning light was breaking, though the fast-falling snow obscured its disclosures. Morgan and his few remaining officers, ignorant even of this misfortune, now held another consultation, and Morgan advised that they cut their way out, but this proposition was overruled, in the hope that Montgomery might still be heard from and for fear that he might need their coöperation. They resolved to maintain their position at the first barrier a short time longer. Their comrades in the houses along Sault au Matelot street were still keeping up a desultory fire, which was answered by the British in much the same manner, but it was very evident that the end was near.

At this moment Captain Laws, whose zeal had carried him far beyond his men, sprang into the midst of the American officers, and demanded their surrender, upon which they promptly disarmed him, much to his chagrin. But his men, headed by McDougal, soon appeared, and at length the whole disposable force of the garrison surrounded the Americans. The cannon of the sallying party, brought up through St. Charles to Sault au Matelot street in the rear, threatened the houses they occupied, and upon

being summoned, the disappointed and exhausted Americans, except a few of their number, who in company with most of the Indians had hazarded an escape across the ice on the Bay of St. Charles, surrendered. The French and English soldiery then rushed in among them for the prize of the officers' side-arms. Some of the Americans threw down their arms from the doors and windows of the houses they occupied, others presented the butts of their muskets, while a few hid themselves in attics and cellars.

Morgan, crying like a child with vexation and anger, backed against a wall and, sword in hand, dared any one of the enemy to come and take the weapon. In spite of the threats of his enemies and the entreaties of his own men not to sacrifice his life uselessly, he persisted in his determination. None took up his gage. At length, noticing a priest among the crowd, he delivered his sword to him, saying, "Then I give my sword to you; but not a scoundrel of these cowards shall take it out of my hands!"

The prisoners were conducted to the Upper Town, where the officers, after a good meal, with wine, at the main guard-house, were confined in the Seminary of Laval, and the non-commissioned officers and privates in the Jesuits College (The Recollects). They now first learned of the repulse of their second column at Près de Ville and the complete discomfiture of their comrades, though the British themselves were still ignorant that Montgomery was among the killed.

A scouting party of militia sent out shortly after daylight over the ground near the palisades at Cape Diamond had at first seen nothing, owing to the deep snow, for it had fallen all night. At length they noticed a stiffened arm protruding, and pushing away the snow they found a frozen corpse, then another, and another. Shuddering women who had been driven from their beds by the volleys from Barnsfare's cannon which shattered their windows to take refuge in the cellars of their houses, and whose morbid curiosity had incited them forth to follow the soldiers, watched while a number of sleighs were laden with bodies and driven away into the town. There were thirteen killed here; one man, the orderly sergeant, still feebly breathed and was conscious. He was asked where Montgomery was. He replied he had not seen him for some time, and dying within an hour, gave no other answer.

After the bodies were brought into the town, Carleton asked if one of the American officers taken prisoner at Sault au Matelot would identify a body said to be that of Montgomery. A field officer consented, and soon returned with the sad truth. The General had been found lying on his back, about two paces from the river, his arms extended and his knees drawn up as if in agony, though "his countenance appeared regular, serene and placid, like the soul that late had animated it." Close to Montgomery, on his right and left, lay McPherson and Cheeseman. Two other bodies were very near them. Carleton, with commendable humanity, also sent out other

search parties for the wounded in the direction of Sault au Matelot and St. Roque. Captains Lamb and Hubbard were rescued with many others, and carried to the hospital.

The causes for the failure of this desperate assault upon Quebec have generally been summed up in the sweeping statement that it was so foolhardy that it never merited success, but we think those who have so characterized it have labored under a misapprehension of Montgomery's real purpose, that they have altogether lost sight of his alternatives (which we have already sufficiently brought in contrast), and have failed to weigh many circumstances and considerations which recent research has brought into prominence.

In the first place, it seems impossible that Montgomery could have had any intention or expectation of gaining the Upper Town by direct assault, except by the aid of the stratagems already referred to; he knew too well from careful inspection of the works from without, and from deserters and friends within the walls, how impregnable they were against so small a force as his at that season of the year. That Montgomery should have kept his opinions and his plans to himself was assuredly to be expected, for he must have been aware of the speed and certainty with which every move of his was reported within the city, and he knew that any information that his attack was to be directed against the Lower Town only would cause the enemy to reinforce heavily the narrow passages at Près de Ville and Sault au Matelot. He did

not wish to dampen the ardor of his troops by suggesting any doubt that their conquest was to be complete, or that they might expect to spend the remainder of the winter less comfortably quartered than in the Upper Town, or with their families at home. The desperate occasion demanded every stimulant. If this explanation of his purposes is the correct one, the criticisms of General Cullom and other American military officers, who have based their conclusions on the assumption that Montgomery's ambition was to take both the Upper and Lower Towns by assault that night, are beside the question. General Carrington, another American officer who has enjoyed some reputation as a military critic of the battles of the Revolution, should not be accorded too much confidence. He states that Arnold's detachment embarked from Newport — a palpable error which we might properly lay to the printer or proofreader, did he not add that they reached that place *via* Bedford. Charging this also to the printer or proofreader, we read later that Arnold crossed the St. Lawrence with nearly twice as many men as any fair search of authorities reveals. Mistakes like these shake our confidence in the author's conclusions. It seems certain that a narrative manifestly faulty in such matters of record (for these are not the only mistakes to which we might call attention) cannot afford secure premises from which to argue, either with the technical knowledge of a military man or the common sense of a civilian. Perhaps the only British military critic of prominence who has paid this subject any attention, Major-General Sir

J. Carmichael Smythe, Bart., writes: "It may be observed of this enterprise against Quebec that the attempt was soldier-like and enterprising," but he is of the opinion that the feints and real attacks should have been reversed. Of course, the same comment may be applied to this criticism as that which we have made in connection with General Cullom's views, but it seems proper to add that General Smythe's work is not at all pretentious, and certainly does not claim to be an exhaustive study of the campaign.

It should be remembered, also, that not only were the two leaders of the real assaults put at the very outset *hors de combat*, but their Canadian guides were both killed, so that the heads of each column were not only crushed and mutilated, but blinded as well. The night, too, was so dark and tempestuous that even those familiar with the way lost their bearings and wandered helpless among the drifts of snow which are said in some places to have been nearly thirty feet in depth. That the leaders of the little army should have exposed themselves to the greatest dangers was, in Montgomery's case at least, thought necessary. A knowledge of the sort of troops which he commanded can alone determine the wisdom of his decision. From their behavior after his death, it seems that Montgomery's judgment in regard to them was sound. With Arnold the case was different; he could not doubt the courage of the men who had followed him through the wilderness, still his acquaintance with the city was perhaps counted as worth something, and he was not a man to remain aloof in safety while his

soldiers were facing death and winning glory beneath the walls of the fortress he had come to capture.

That it was possible to penetrate to the very center of the Lower Town was shown by the result; that it was not burned by the Americans is to be explained by their failure to receive any information with regard to the fate of Montgomery's column. The wind was northeast, blowing very hard, and had they applied the torch without waiting for tidings from Montgomery, they might have enveloped his troops in the general conflagration, and prevented the junction which was so essential a part of the plan. Contrary to most accounts, Livingston and his Canadians and Brown's party were not late, but reached their appointed position in good season, and the rockets were discharged precisely at five o'clock according to orders, but both Arnold's and Montgomery's columns were behind time. What became of the men under Knowles is not known. Very probably, as they were but a small number, they were easily dispersed by Laws's sally. Some one has suggested that the depth of the snow-drifts prevented near approach to the ramparts, so that the danger from these false attacks never appeared imminent to the enemy, but it seems certain that they might have been longer persisted in and to much advantage. They might at least have prevented Laws from sallying from the Palace gate, and have covered the retreat of Morgan and Meigs.

After all is said, Montgomery's error was in thinking that so many points, each at considerable distance from the others, could be approached simulta-

neously, particularly on such a night, and over such rough and intricate roads. A plan which included a single real attack on the fortified front, strong enough to test the prospect of success there; another main attack in force upon the Sault au Matelot barriers, with a feint at Près de Ville, calculated to draw the fire of the guns there, and steadily maintained while the other attacks were in progress, offered a very fair prospect of success, if the intention was merely to get possession of the Lower Town long enough either to fire it, or by threats of such a course to bring to bear upon Governor Carleton the pressure of the terrified loyalists of the city, who would urge surrender rather than submit to the destruction of their homes and their property.

These operations would have detected any fault in the strength of the defenses, and offered the shortest and easiest possible supporting distance for the Americans, and the longest and most difficult for the garrison. Where the greatest weakness developed, there the sword should have been plunged home. If no such weakness were exposed, the troops could be drawn off, and the retreat of any one assaulting column if endangered, could be easily covered. There would have been strength enough outside to hold open the mouth of the trap which the Lower Town became for Arnold's detachment. As it was, that important duty was entrusted to Livingston's Canadians, who failed at the critical moment, as there had been too much reason to expect would be the case.

CHAPTER XVI

THE AMERICANS STAND THEIR GROUND

The loss which the Americans sustained in killed, wounded and those taken prisoners, during the early hours of this most disastrous New Year's Day, was so great that the reader cannot but wonder that the survivors had the spirit to maintain an investment of the town with ranks so pitifully thinned. It is impossible to set down with exactness the details of this loss, for accounts of it differ widely. A report found in the Canadian archives places it at thirty killed, forty-two wounded and three hundred and eighty-nine taken prisoners, a postscript adding that sixteen rebels later died of their wounds within the city, while twenty-three more died of the smallpox or camp fever. These figures are probably too low, for Colonel McLean, writing to a friend on May 28, declares that the garrison had buried two hundred and twenty rebels since the assault on the morning of January 1, besides twenty more whose bodies were found in the spring when the snow melted away. Arnold's own report has been lost, but Henry, the American soldier from whose journal I have quoted in earlier pages, estimates the loss of the army as at least one hundred and fifty killed and sixty wounded, the proportion of fatalities being very high on account of the bitter

cold and the driving snow, which caused many to die who under other conditions would only have been crippled by their wounds. There seems no reason to doubt that Carleton was not far out of the way when he wrote to General Howe that "the rebels had between six and seven hundred men, and between forty and fifty officers, killed, wounded or taken prisoners." This was more than half of the entire force, including the invalids and the unreliable French-Canadian volunteers.

The British loss was put by Carleton as low as "one lieutenant killed and four of the rank and file wounded," while other accounts make it ten times as great. Probably the truth lies between; perhaps with a British officer who admitted in his journal five deaths and fourteen men wounded; perhaps with Henry, who tells us that the captain of the prison guard said seven or eight were killed, and fifteen or twenty wounded.

Among the bodies found by the garrison and brought within the walls, as related in the last chapter, was that of General Montgomery. So many different tales of the burial of Montgomery have been told, most of them supported by testimony of apparently equal credibility, that it is with great satisfaction that I find myself able to give this account upon the authority of the officer who actually superintended the burial.

Upon the General's body being brought within the walls it was identified by a Mrs. Prentice, a widow, who then kept a hotel known by the name of "Free

Masons' Hall," by a scar on one of his cheeks, supposed to be a saber cut. This identification being confirmed by one of the American officers who had been taken prisoner, General Carleton ordered that the body should be decently buried in the most private manner, and entrusted the direction of the affairs to James Thompson, the engineer. Mr. Thompson caused the body to be conveyed to a small log house on St. Louis street, the second from the corner of St. Ursule street, owned by one François Gaubert, a cooper, and ordered a suitable coffin prepared. He also attended the funeral and saw the body placed in a grave next to that of his own first wife, within and near the surrounding wall of the powder magazine, then standing in the gorge of the St. Louis bastion. There were six men and Dunn, the undertaker, in attendance, beside the Rev. Mr. DeMontmollin, the military chaplain, who read the service. The interment took place about sundown on January 4.

The statement made by several writers, contemporary and otherwise, that Montgomery's body was escorted to the grave by an impressive funeral cortege, and buried with all the honors of war, seems in the face of this account to be a mistake. Perhaps it arose from the fact that on the same day several British officers who had fallen during the night assault were buried with such pomp as the condition of the garrison would allow; Montgomery's simple obsequies may have been confused with theirs. Indeed it would have been an act of very doubtful

policy to make any conspicuous display of official respect over Montgomery's grave. Honors paid to rebels, dead or alive, would not promote constancy and loyalty. Nevertheless the gallant young officer so recently a comrade in his Majesty's service had many a sincere mourner among garrison and citizens alike, and his early and heroic death was lamented in eloquent phrases by the greatest of English statesmen within the halls of Parliament itself. Throughout the colonies men felt his loss as a personal bereavement, and Congress, in testimony to his bravery, patriotism and indomitable perseverance, voted the money for a monument to his memory, which was erected in the churchyard of St. Paul's chapel in New York. Forty-two years later his body was removed from its shallow grave under the walls of Quebec and reinterred with solemn ceremonial in St. Paul's within a few rods of the shaft raised in his honor by the young republic in whose cause he had fallen.

His pet spaniel, no less sincere a mourner than his human friends, lay for eight days without food upon his master's grave, until he was removed by Carleton's aide-de-camp, Lenaudiere,—so at least we are told in the memoirs of one de Gaspè, who was himself a relative of Lenaudiere. Both the General's aides, John McPherson and Jacob Cheeseman, were buried in their clothes without coffins in a trench dug near Montgomery's grave. Here also were interred all the other soldiers killed at Près de Ville and brought into the city.

Shortly afterward, Thompson visited the American officers, who were confined in the minor seminary of Laval, having at his side the sword of Montgomery, which he had purchased from a drummer boy who had picked it up beside the body of the General when found at Près de Ville. The prisoners were so deeply affected at the sight that several wept, and Thompson was so much impressed by their emotion that he never wore the sword again in their presence. Later Carleton, upon receiving a request from Mrs. Montgomery, conveyed through General Wooster, forwarded Montgomery's watch and seal to her.

When tidings of the death of Montgomery reached the General Hospital and were communicated to the sick and wounded by the Abbé de Rigaudville, the chaplain, the utmost consternation prevailed; even the nuns from sympathy, or policy, joined in the universal lament, "Montgomery is dead — Montgomery is dead!" Every invalid who could move sought to seize his baggage and fly; weak from fevers or wounds, they stumbled and fell helpless to the floor in panic, while the sisters looked on in distress. Here at the hospital lay Arnold, enduring the first pain of his shattered leg, and weak from loss of blood. When a report reached him that the enemy were sallying, he would not allow the attendants to carry him from the building to a place of safety, nor to leave the hospital themselves, but ordered them to place his pistols and sword on his bed that he might kill as many as possible of his enemies should they enter the room. He even ordered guns to be placed near each of

the wounded men. When the alarm proved false he coolly proceeded to make the best disposition he could of the demoralized forces which remained to him; he would not permit the removal of the artillery stores and ammunition, of which they had a large quantity, lest the want of confidence implied thereby should increase the distrust of their Canadian allies in the ability of the Americans to hold their ground. But he caused the cannon to be withdrawn from the battery of the Plains and placed around the magazine, and ordered couriers to be dispatched to the captains of Canadian militia in the neighboring parishes, urging them to hurry to their support. Many Canadians came in under the impression that the Lower Town was in the hands of the Americans.

He also wrote to General Wooster by Mr. Antill, giving him a brief account of the assault, and notifying him that, owing to his wound, he had made over the command which devolved upon him, to Colonel Campbell. This letter he wrote from his bed in the General Hospital, in the early morning of the 1st of January, at the end of this long night of excitement, hardship, suffering, and defeat.

Arnold's retirement in favor of Colonel Campbell, though made in entire good faith, was by no means acceptable to the other officers, who felt that the latter's indecision and timidity after Montgomery's death had sacrificed what might have been a brilliant success at Près de Ville, and had therefore been the cause of the ruin which had overtaken the entire en-

terprise. By a unanimous vote they appointed Arnold commander of all the troops before Quebec, and upon him, stretched helpless upon his bed, devolved the almost hopeless task of gathering the shattered remnants of the army about him, reorganizing the disheartened battalions and encouraging them to persist in the tedious and dreary investment of the city. That his own indomitable spirit did not waver we learn from this letter, written a few days after the failure of the assault:

"I have no thought of leaving this proud town until I first enter it in triumph. My wound has been exceedingly painful, but it is now easy, and the surgeon assures me it will be well in eight weeks. Providence, which has carried me through so many dangers, is still my protector. I am in the way of my duty, and know no fear."

The force which the wounded commander found at his disposal numbered less than seven hundred men, including Livingston's body of Canadians, and many of these were prostrated by sickness or severe wounds. About one hundred men, panic-stricken, had fled toward Montreal before enough discipline was restored to the routed army to check their flight. Desertions also were frequent, for the camp duty was increasingly arduous, and the peril from smallpox, exposure and the enemy's superior force was in like measure far greater than before the ill-starred assault. Expecting daily that the British, flushed with success, and now treble their number, would sally forth to overwhelm them before they could recover from their crushing

defeat, the remnant of the little army of patriots set at once to work to build themselves a breastwork of snow and ice to protect them from musket-balls.

Gloom and discouragement pervaded the camp. Smallpox, like a hidden sharpshooter, continued to pick off its victims, and details for the burial of these unfortunates and some of those mortally wounded on the night of the assault, made more arduous and disheartening the long terms of guard duty forced upon every able-bodied man by the poverty of their numbers. The rigor of the season continued unabated and heavy snow-storms and severe cold prevailed. Four feet of snow on a level covered the ground. But the British, not to be tempted even by the feebleness of their antagonists, continued to hug their fortifications, and the long winter days, full of anxiety, wretchedness and discomfort for the Continentals, dragged on, while no reinforcements reached them from Montreal. Wooster wrote home telling of his astonishment that Arnold was still able to hold the garrison within the walls. At a liberal estimate, Arnold had not more than three hundred and fifty men fit for duty, not counting the Canadians. Washington declared that "it (the blockade) exhibits fresh proofs of Arnold's ability and perseverance in the midst of difficulties."

On the 19th of January the Americans made bonfires of the houses in St. John to prevent the garrison from using them as firewood, and on the 23d, succeeded in setting fire to some of the vessels moored along the St. Charles. On the following night the

torch was applied to St. Roque. The conflagration was a fearful sight to the beleaguered citizens. The snow-laden clouds, hanging low, took an orange tinge, and the snow,—so far as the flames gave light,—turned reddish yellow. The adjacent country seemed covered with a pitchy fire, and the villages of Beauport, Charlesbourg and St. Foy were just visible in the lurid glare. Nothing could be heard but the crackling of burning timbers and the hollow roaring of fierce flames. Fourteen houses were destroyed that night.

At last, on the 24th of January, one hundred and fifty men arrived at the rebel camp, from General Wooster at Montreal. These were followed, on February 4, by troops from New England, some twenty-five in number, who had come across the country on snow-shoes, carrying their provisions on their backs. From that time reinforcements continued to arrive in small parties both from Montreal and the colonies. Recruiting officers were also sent into the smaller towns and parishes of the surrounding country, to endeavor to reorganize the Canadian militia, and attach it to the cause; while Arnold assumed authority of Congress, and pledged his own credit to raise another regiment of Canadians, writing that he hoped the exigency of his situation would secure the countenance of Congress for his acts.

The force of the besiegers was still far too small completely to invest Quebec or to undertake any offensive movement; they could not even succeed in preventing the garrison from sallying in small parties, from time to time, to obtain fresh supplies of fuel

from the ruins of houses in St. Roque and St. John. In spite of their every effort, by one ruse and another, messengers from the loyal party in Montreal and the upper region of the province often succeeded in carrying dispatches through their lines and safely returning, the frozen river offering many opportunities for passing in and out of the town. It may fairly be questioned whether Arnold was wise in maintaining a siege so inefficient, and whether he could not have served his cause more effectually by retreating to Montreal and comfortably caring for his men in winter quarters there, while he conciliated and organized the Canadians in preparation for a renewal of the siege in the spring. But his orders from Washington were almost imperative; affairs must be pushed while the frozen river prevented reinforcements from reaching the garrison; spring could not be waited for.

"I need not mention to you," he wrote from Cambridge January 27, "the great importance of this place [Quebec], and the consequent possession of all Canada, in the scale of American affairs. You are well apprised of it. To whomsoever it belongs, in their favor, probably, will the balance turn. If it is ours, success, I think, will most certainly crown our virtuous struggles. If it is theirs, the contest, at best, will be doubtful, hazardous and bloody. The glorious work must be accomplished in the course of this winter, otherwise it will become difficult, most probably impracticable; for the administration, knowing it will be impossible ever to reduce us to a state of slavery and arbitrary rule without it, will certainly send a

large reinforcement thither in the spring. I am fully convinced that your exertions will be invariably directed to this grand object, and I already view the approaching day when you and your brave followers will enter this important fortress with every honor attendant on victory."

Arnold himself was sanguine of the ultimate success of the campaign, although he recognized the pitiful inadequacy of the force assembled under his command. While still stretched upon his bed in the General Hospital he wrote to beg Congress to send to Quebec an army of at least five thousand men under a general of experience. With this force he believed the fortress could be taken. "Every possible preparation of mortars, howitzers, and some heavy cannon should be made," he added, "as the season will permit raising our batteries by the middle of March, which may very possibly be attended with success, as we can place our mortars under cover within 200 yards of the walls, and within 1,000 feet of the center of the town. I am well assured that more than one-half of the citizens of Quebec would gladly open the gates for us, but are prevented by the strict discipline and watch kept over them; the command of the guards being constantly given to officers of the Crown known to be firm in its interest. The garrison consists of about fifteen hundred men, a great part of whom Governor Carleton can place no confidence in, or he would not suffer a blockade and every distress of a siege by 700 men."

It proved impossible to raise and equip the five

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL ON THE ST. CHARLES

thousand troops that Arnold had asked for. Washington could spare none from the army with which he still maintained the siege of Boston, for it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could induce enough of the militia to remain with him to carry forward his own operations. But what could be done, was done. A council of general officers was called at Cambridge which "determined that the colonies of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut should each immediately raise a regiment to continue in service one year, and to march forthwith to Canada." Without waiting for Congress to carry out a resolution to raise nine battalions for that purpose, passed before the news of the failure of the attack on Quebec had reached them, Washington addressed letters to the General Court of Massachusetts, to the Governor of Connecticut, and to the president of the convention of New Hampshire, requesting them to act at once upon the decision of the war council. Connecticut had already anticipated the call, and sent off troops without delay to Canada. The other colonies also gallantly responded. New Hampshire soon raised a regiment under the command of Colonel Bedell, and Massachusetts another under Colonel Elisha Porter; both were hurried to Canada by way of "Number Four" (Charlestown, N. H.), and the Onion River. Captain Ebenezer Stevens, with two companies of Knox's Massachusetts artillery and a company of artificers, cut a road for forty miles across the Green Mountains to Otter creek, and descended that stream on rafts constructed on the banks.

CHAPTER XVII

PRISONERS OF WAR

MEANWHILE, what was the fate of the four hundred unfortunate men who had survived the perils of the wilderness with Arnold, and the slaughter of the night assault with Morgan, only to be ignominiously made prisoners and confined in the very town they had come to capture? We have already seen that the officers were imprisoned in the Seminary of Laval and the enlisted men in the Monastery and College of the Recollects in the Upper Town. This latter building, had Carleton felt he could spare a larger number of men for guard duty, would have made an excellent prison. It was an immense quadrangular edifice, capable of accommodating three or four thousand persons, enclosing a half-acre or so of open garden or shrubbery, one side of the building being built on the slope of the hill. The lower part of the building was at this time used for a storehouse, and the prisoners were confined in an upper story, where they were given rooms about ten by twelve or fourteen feet in floor dimensions, opening off long galleries about twelve feet wide. They were numerous enough, though ten or twelve were confined in each room, to occupy the greater part of each of two sides of the quadrangle. They were crowded

into these shamefully narrow quarters in order to economize guards, and their discomfort for the short time they remained here was very great. Nor were they in any respect cheered by the sight of the wagons which repeatedly passed the windows of their prison, bearing the dead bodies of their comrades who had fallen in the assault. Heaped upon one another just as they had been rescued from the snow-drifts, frozen into stiffly distorted shapes, the spectacle was one which moved the pity even of the enemy and plunged the prisoners into the depths of dejection and grief.

Except for the unwholesome crowding to which they were subjected, the Americans were treated with humanity, and even with consideration. The merchants of the town, with Carleton's permission, sent them a tun of rum for a New Year's gift and the Governor himself showed them several notable kindnesses. One of their jailers indeed was accused of selling the provisions allowed to the captives for his own profit, but his career was brief, for smallpox, which was raging in the city, made a speedy end of him. Their daily ration was a pound of bread, half a pound of pork and a gill of rice, with six ounces of butter a week.

The prisoners were early visited by Colonel McLean and other officers to ascertain how many of them were born in Europe. Those who confessed to British or Irish birth were told that they might enlist in the Royal Emigrants, or be sent to England in the spring and tried for treason. Ninety-five enlisted, many under the impression that an oath so forced was not

obligatory and with the intention of deserting immediately, while others—among them native Americans—found the temptation of a speedy return to their wives and sweethearts too strong for their honor.

The first to make free use of their newly acquired liberty were Conners and Cavanaugh—two Irishmen of Smith's company. They procured a bottle of rum, and, while they were treating a sentry, knocked him down with the butt of a gun, and then sprang over a wall, a distance of thirty or forty feet, into a snowdrift which was nearly twenty-five feet deep. Their danger lay chiefly in sinking too far before they could extricate themselves. They were fired upon by a distant sentry, who missed. Both of them finally scampered off unharmed, although they had to run another gauntlet of grape and canister before they reached their friends. They were followed at frequent intervals by many of their fellow-countrymen, who took the same view of their forced allegiance to the King that they did, until Carleton in disgust ordered back into confinement all of the ninety-five who still remained within the walls.

The American officers at the Seminary of Laval were more comfortably lodged than their comrades of the rank and file. Then, too, their baggage was allowed to be sent in to them from the camp outside, and they were regularly visited by Carleton's physician, who carried his care for them so far as to inoculate a number of them for the smallpox. In spite of this precaution, three took the disease and one died, while Captain Hubbard, who had been

severely wounded in the assault, died a few days later of his wounds. The British officers, who occasionally visited their prisoners, were greatly surprised at the humble position in society which the American officers had occupied. Major Caldwell wrote afterward to a friend as follows: "You can have no conception what kind of men composed the officers. Of those we took, one major was a blacksmith, another a hatter; of their captains, there was a butcher, a tanner, a shoemaker, a tavern-keeper, etc., yet they all pretended to be gentlemen."

The officers who had been inoculated had been assigned to another room; and they were allowed the privilege of walking into the adjoining room, and in the entry, two at a time, for fresh air and exercise. But the others found their quarters in one room, 31 by 27 feet, very cramped, and were not of the spirit to be patient with such narrow bounds of confinement. Some of them were not long in casting about for means of escape; but this was foreseen by their captors, who, from time to time, moved them to different quarters in the building. Squares of glass were set into the doors of the rooms where they slept, so that the guards could look in at any time, and a lamp was kept burning all night in each room. If any of the windows were raised during the night, the sentries outside had orders to fire. On the 5th of January pens and ink were taken from them, on suspicion that they were trying to communicate with friends outside, and this prevented the officers from keeping the journals they had commenced.

News of the war leaked in from the outside world, or was repeated to the prisoners by the sentries. Most of the stories, however, were highly colored by British imaginations. They were told that General Washington had lost four thousand men, some killed and some wounded, in attempting to storm Boston; that Montreal had been taken by the Canadians; that General Lee had marched upon New York, and that out of two thousand men he had lost three hundred by desertion; that General Amherst had arrived in New York with twelve thousand troops, and that the paper currency of Congress had lost all its value. These reports of course served to increase a despondency already profound, though the prisoners found cause for temporary encouragement in a cabalistic message from Lieutenant Church, smuggled in with Captain Topham's baggage, by which they were informed that "their long-nosed cousin, with his thick-neck black dog, was a-coming to their assistance." This was interpreted to mean that plans were already afoot for their rescue.

Within the city the winter was now at its height. The snow was drifted in places ten, and even twenty, feet deep, often burying the cannon on the ramparts entirely. It was so cold that sentries had to be relieved every half hour. Provisions had become very dear. Beef had risen to 1s. 6d. a pound, pork was at 1s. 3d., and a dozen eggs sold for 2s. 6d. Firewood was exhausted, and the people were compelled to pull down houses and appropriate the timber for fuel. The mercury fell to 28½° below zero, and the in-

habitants pronounced the winter the most severe they could remember with but one exception. Every one began to live on salted provisions, salt pork, salt beef, and salt fish.

Poor food, and the want of fresh meat and exercise told heavily on all; the prisoners, of course, fared the worst. They were always very scantily supplied with fuel; sometimes they had none at all; and, since they had no other clothing than that in which they had surrendered, they suffered severely. Often it was too cold to sleep, and not infrequently they spent the long and weary winter nights tramping to and fro, exercising in whatever ways their imagination could invent and the narrow bounds of their prison allowed. Governor Carleton treated the prisoners with a humanity which gained him an honorable reputation, but it was such humanity as a beleaguered garrison, now obliged to husband its resources for its own sustenance, could afford.

Shortly after the middle of January the common soldiers had been taken from the College of the Recollects and carried to the Dauphin jail. This was a building constructed in the old French bastile style, with stone walls three feet thick and sunken windows heavily barred with iron. It stood about three hundred yards from St. John's gate. It was encompassed by a wall some twenty feet high, and was placed on a slight elevation, so that the jail court yard in the rear was higher by several feet than St. John's street on the front. A flight of steps ran from the heavy front door to the street,

and a staircase led from the hall within this door to the second story. There were four rooms below and as many above this stairway, well supplied with berths and bunks. Smith's company occupied one of the second-story rooms; Morgan's that immediately below, and Hendricks's men the one adjoining Morgan's. Some of the men were in the hospital. Out of the sixty-five men of Smith's company who mounted the Plains of Abraham, scarcely more than thirty now remained.

Upon examining the jail and its immediate surroundings, the prisoners soon perceived that while it presented, superficially, an appearance of great strength, in reality it had been strangely neglected and offered every inducement to enterprise. The iron bars on many of the windows were so corroded that they could be readily moved up and down in their sockets and could be displaced without much difficulty. In the front basement on St. John's street was a newly-made door of planks, which opened inward; it was hung upon H hinges and hasped, and secured on the inside by a large padlock. Here was an oversight which seemed almost an invitation. The prisoners soon manipulated the hinges and the padlock, so that they could remove them quickly and at will. A sally-port better adapted to their purposes could hardly have been arranged for them.

The non-commissioned officers of the various companies took the lead, and met in daily consultation. At the top of the staircase they noticed a small room lighted by two windows. Peeping through the key-

hole, they discovered a quantity of iron junk. They managed to pick the lock and after ransacking the room, carefully closed the door. Amongst the junk were some iron hoops, about three inches broad, out of which they crudely made some iron swords and spear-heads. They then took out the bottom of their berths, which were made of fir-plank, and split them into shafts for their weapons. The lower berths happened to be raised from the floor and the weapons were secreted there. In addition to these, some of the prisoners, when they surrendered, had secreted their long hunting-knives and a few tomahawks.

There were sentries posted at each of the four corners of the jail, and on top of the wall of the jail court, which was broad enough to be patrolled. There was also another sentry posted about twenty feet in front of the cellar door, but these sentries were all outside and knew nothing of how the prisoners passed their time. The captain of the provost guard, who was most likely to discover their preparations, was not suspicious, and the prisoners posted sentries of their own to give notice of the approach of the guard, fourteen decrepit old men and boys, whose appointment over them the captives considered rather an insult to their manhood than good economy on the part of Carleton. The British officers chose to consider, still, that the rank and file of the Americans were poor devils deluded by designing rascals and dazzled by the phantom of "liberty."

It seemed that the only obstacle in the way of an escape was to be found at St. John's gate, which

was guarded by thirty men, either regular troops or sailors. The guard-house of the prison-guard was distant from the jail some forty feet, and was in full view. From the windows and a skylight of the prison, the prisoners could descry every sentry, and it was observed at night that the guard, on being relieved, stacked their arms in a corner of a room in the story above the basement of the guard-house, lay down on the floor about the fire, and were generally asleep in a few moments. Assiduous observation acquainted the Americans with every duty of these guards; they knew the number of steps of the flight which led to the guard-room opposite; they had calculated the number of strides necessary to surmount them, and felt confident that the sentries could be easily surprised and overpowered. Every detail was worked out with the greatest care, and the forces of the prisoners were organized by appointing those of the greatest spirit as majors and captains.

Sergeant Aston of Lamb's company was to lead the remnants of his old company, increased by about one hundred and fifty others, in an attack upon the guards at St. John's gate, while Sergeant Boyd of Smith's company, with a smaller body of picked men, was to attack the guard-house, put the guard to the sword, and then join Aston. One small reserve was to set the jail and guard-house on fire, and another party was to cut down the sentinels (who on account of the cold would probably be in their sentry-boxes), and afterwards to act as a reserve to Aston. It was calculated that they could be in possession of St.

John's gate and turn the cannon there on the city within fifteen minutes. They would then hold St. John's gate until the arrival of their comrades from the American camp. Should they fail to make themselves masters of the gate, they were to scatter in every direction and to leap the wall wherever they dared to take the risk. In the confusion it was thought a good many would be able to effect their escape.

A certain John Martin, a daring and active fellow of Lamb's company, proposed to carry intelligence for the prisoners to the Americans without the walls in order to secure their coöperation. His plan was approved. The signal for Arnold's troops to attack St. John's gate was to be the burning of the jail and the guard-house. A white cap, shirt and overalls were prepared for Martin, but he appeared among the prisoners in the yard the day set for his attempt, in his daily dress. Those cognizant of the plot encouraged their fellow prisoners to prolong their exercise in the courtyard to the last moment, under pretense of keeping warm — for the interior of the jail was often too cold to permit the prisoners any comfort, even in sleep. At locking-up time these knowing ones lagged behind; then pushed those in the front so effectually as to block up the gangway, Martin remaining in the rear. This took place at the clanging of the lock of the great front door; and was concerted to afford Martin time to get to his hiding place, which was a nook in the doorway, where he had time to put on his white cap, coat and shoes.

He then concealed himself under the snow on top of the bank which supported the wall of the court. Happily the officer who brought up the rear made but a hasty inspection.

Martin remained in his hiding place until seven or eight o'clock, watching for his opportunity. As darkness came on, he mounted the wall and plunged into the snow beneath, from whence he darted to the left to St. John's gate, leaped the wall of the Upper Town and fell again into a snow-drift. He attracted a shot from a distant sentry, who missed him. As soon as his body came into contact with the snow it could not be distinguished, and the plucky fellow easily escaped. His absence was for some reason unnoticed for several days by the officers in charge of the prison.

The conspirators had little reason to fear the old men and youths who formed the prison guard — twenty-four in number. They joked with them freely, pretending to learn French; and, as one way of procuring powder, they made some toy cannon out of wood and paper and engaged the interest of the guards by amusing sham battles. Then they begged a little powder from the guard to try their cannon with. This ruse was successful, and the Americans finally secured a number of cartridges; they also procured, through some of their friends in town, six pistols, some more powder and ball, and a good supply of port-fire.

Thomas Gibson, a young medical student, a sergeant in Hendricks's company, had cheeks which

bloomed like roses and a mind whose guile was belied by the innocence of his face. The prisoners were often visited by charitable persons and some of the nuns of religious houses, who seldom came empty-handed. One day, seeing one of the sisters approaching, Gibson was put to bed and covered up to the chin with bedclothes, exposing only his beautiful hair and his red cheeks, which seemed burning with fever. The nun, overcome with sympathy and pity for one so young and fair, brought to such a strait, crossed herself and, murmuring a paternoster, poured out the contents of her little purse. By this deception the prisoners acquired two shillings, which were appropriated to purchasing powder from the guard. With the few ounces thus obtained they manufactured fuses with which to fire the enemy's cannon at St. John's gate when it should be won. They knew the cannon were kept loaded and that boxes of ammunition were close at hand. Lamb's artillerymen would know how to use them, but fuses might be lacking. They were determined not to overlook anything, and to be prepared for all mischances.

On the last day of March everything was in readiness. But there was one difficulty in the way, heretofore overlooked, which they had as yet been unable to overcome. At the foot of the cellar stairs in the jail, and not far from the plank door which they proposed to use as a sally-port, was a spring which gushed out in a small fountain-head of water. The conduits which carried the water from the spring were blocked with ice from the severity of the

weather: this had caused an overflow. Persons rinsing buckets had carelessly thrown slops over the floor, and a body of ice very deep and solid had formed against the threshold of the plank door. All sorts of plans were suggested to free the door, for, of course, it was necessary that it should fall instantly when attacked from within. One suggested melting the impeding ice with boiling water, but the sentry in front of the door might be alarmed by the water trickling over the threshold, or, what was more probable, the water might freeze as soon as thrown on. Another would have picked away the ice with a tomahawk, but this was objected to, as the noise might be heard by the sentry. Finally it was decided that sixteen of their most trusted and prudent men should take turns, two by two, in paring away the ice with their long knives. They estimated that this might be done by about three o'clock in the morning, the men working stealthily and patiently all night. It now became necessary to inform the majority of the prisoners of the general feature of the design, but the details it was deemed wise to suppress.

The longed-for night—the night of April 1—arrived, but the goddess of fortune or that Providence which was to decree the continuance of Canada in the British empire, had not yet filled to the brim the cup of bitterness which these men must drink. Among those most recently, and of necessity, let into the secret, were two young fellows from Connecticut, burning for an opportunity to display their zeal and wisdom. Having noticed the impediment raised by

the ice at the threshold of the cellar door, without consulting any of their leaders, they crept down into the cellar and began to pick away at the ice with a tomahawk. The sentry heard them, threatened to fire, and the guard was doubled.

The next morning a severe inquisition took place. Major Prentice and twelve musketeers entered the jail, descended into the cellar and discovered the work of the two lads. When they reascended the stairs the prisoners assured the officers that this work of the Connecticut youngsters was entirely without the knowledge of the majority of the prisoners. Major Prentice was about to withdraw, when one of the prisoners, one John Hall, who was a deserter from the British at Boston (although it was not then known), pushed forward to his side and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "Sir, I have something to disclose." Examined in private, Hall confessed the plot to its minutest detail and named each person primarily connected with it. The ringleaders were sent for and examined, and boldly justified the attempt.

At 2 o'clock a load of foot-irons and handcuffs was brought to the prison. Some of the bars were twelve feet long and two inches in diameter; to each of these ten or twelve men were secured. When it proved that there were not enough for all, the rest of the men were ordered to take to their berths. The doors were scarcely closed before the unhappy captives were trying to get out of their irons. Those who had small hands, by compressing their palms, slipped off the handcuffs and then helped the others.

They then tried to slip their feet through the foot-irons, but some of the prisoners' heels were so long that they could not do so, and, as the bars were beyond their combined strength to carry, they suffered exceedingly. The frigid weather added to their misery, and it was no comfort to them to see those who had shorter heels withdraw their feet and walk about the jail. The usual inspection of the prisoners increased from two to three times a day, and on the first and last visits the blacksmith examined the manacles and shackles of the prisoners. The latter, in their turn, again stationed sentries to warn one another of the coming of the inspectors; but in spite of these precautions sometimes the clanging of the door was their only warning, and at such times the scampering of the men to find and resume their irons was diverting enough to make them forget for the moment their manifold misfortunes. The blacksmith was an Irishman of a feeling heart, and probably knew something of the real situation, and indeed there is some reason to think that the Governor did also, but humanely winked at it.

Towards the middle of April, cut short in their exercise, their only resource for amusement gambling for their wretched rations, scurvy in its most virulent form made its appearance among the prisoners. More than two hundred of them were still hardly well of the smallpox, of which a number had died, and they fell easy victims to this new scourge. They were attended by Dr. Maybin of the garrison, who by his kindness won their gratitude and affection. Upon his recom-

mendation, the prisoners were permitted to practice such athletic sports as their manacles would permit. Those who were indolent became a prey to every disgusting symptom of the disease, their teeth loosened and dropped out, and the flesh seemed to rot upon their bones. The fun and good humor which had hitherto supported all, gave way to groans and despair. One prisoner named Sias went mad. The scant clothing of the prisoners, worn without change for four months of imprisonment, and filthy with dirt and vermin, was in rags. Some of the men were almost as naked again as when they emerged from the Chaudière forests. Daily from the prison the sick and helpless were borne to the hospital, and daily from thence their wasted corpses were carried to the "dead house" and tossed among the frozen bodies of their fellow-countrymen, or buried in shallow and nameless graves.

All this time the American officers had not been far behind the men in their efforts to regain their liberty. Captains Thayer and Lockwood early seduced a sentinel, and through him received some heavy clubs and the countersign. They were to pass out of the chamber window on the fourth story of the seminary, and to reach the ground by a rope made out of their blankets, but they were too closely watched and their plan had to be abandoned. It was the 26th day of April before another opportunity offered, and this scheme was even more dangerous to put into execution than the first.

Thayer, after two months' patient labor, cut away

with a knife the planks which were spiked on a door through which they could pass by a dormer window into the garret. Thence by a ladder and a jump of about fourteen feet they could reach the yard, where the same sentinel they had won over, armed with a gun and clubs for the prisoners, was to meet them. If they could not then pass four sentinels with the countersign, they were to deal with them as best they could, and push for the sally port. From the grand battery they expected to leap thirty feet into the snow, and make a dash for the American camp through St. Roque. But, with the ill fortune with which every effort of Arnold's men seemed fated, their preparations were discovered at the eleventh hour by a priest of the seminary, who reported them to the officer of the guard. Thayer was accused, and unwilling to implicate any of his fellow officers, was carried aboard the armed vessel of Captain Laforce, and closely kept in the hold, both handcuffed and ironed, lying at night on a plank on the truckling of a cable covered with three feet of ice. The deck was so low that he was obliged constantly to stoop, and had no room to walk more than two or three steps. His limbs swelled, so that the irons had to be cut from him and replaced with larger ones.

A few days afterwards, Lockwood and Handchett were noticed conversing with the sentinel, and upon the soldier being examined and making confession, they received a call from Major Caldwell, Colonel McLean, and other officers, by whom they were taken aboard the vessel where Thayer was confined, and

stowed away in the hold with him. All three remained in this cruel condition until the siege was raised on May 6, when they were brought back to their fellow officers. The sentinel was later sent to England in irons.

CHAPTER XVIII

A HOPELESS SIEGE

While these adventures were befalling the prisoners within the walls of Quebec, the siege obstinately maintained by a force too weak to assume the offensive dragged uneventfully on. Arnold's wound slowly but steadily improved, and before February was far advanced he was able to hobble about his room with the aid of a cane or a crutch. By the end of the month he could go out-of-doors, and give the encouragement of his actual physical presence to the little army which his indomitable spirit, exerted from a bed of suffering and helplessness, had held sternly to its duty through the weeks of discouragement and grief which followed the fatal New Year's eve assault. As he passed among the groups of ragged and shivering soldiers they greeted him with cheers and congratulations, hailing him by his new title of General; for news had recently reached the camp that Congress, in recognition of his services in the march through the wilderness and the siege of Quebec, had voted him the commission of a brigadier-general.

The good will of the men, which Arnold seems to have possessed, must have been grateful to his ardent nature, always sensitive to the affection or enmity of those about him; but he did not find an equally

responsive feeling among some of his subordinate officers. Captain Handchett and the other officers of his own detachment with whom he had quarreled were now prisoners in Quebec, but there were those among the besiegers who had sympathized with them, or who, as members of Montgomery's expedition, did not relish the idea of taking orders from the young Connecticut militia officer whom they considered in no way their superior, either in experience or native ability. One of the most troublesome of these was Major Brown, whom the disaffected companies of Arnold's detachment had pitched upon for their commander if they could have persuaded Montgomery to form them into an independent battalion. Major Brown was a western Massachusetts man, a friend and a comrade-in-arms of that Colonel Easton who, as the reader will remember, had been kicked by Arnold from his room at Crown Point, and had, therefore, little reason to be especially well disposed toward his fiery commanding officer. The friction between the two men began early, and seems never to have abated so long as they remained in close and daily association. As early as the 1st of February we find Arnold thus expressing himself in a letter to John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia:

> Major John Brown, who came down with General Montgomery with one hundred and sixty men collected from different regiments, now assumes and insists on the title of Colonel, which he says the General promised him at Montreal. Some time before his death, when Major Brown

wrote to remind him of his promise, the General handed me his letter, and told me at the same time, as Colonel Easton and Major Brown were publicly impeached with plundering the officers' baggage taken at Sorel, contrary to articles of capitulation, and to the great scandal of the American army, he could not in conscience or honor promote him (Major Brown) until those matters were cleared up. He then sent for Major Brown and told him his sentiments in the matter very freely, after which I heard of no further application for promotion. This transaction, Colonel Campbell, Major Duboys, and several gentlemen were knowing to. As Colonel Easton and Major Brown have doubtless a sufficient store of modest merit to apply to the Continental Congress for promotion, I think it my duty to say the charge before mentioned is the public topic of conversation at Montreal, and among the officers of the army in general, and as such conduct is unbecoming the character of gentlemen, or soldiers, I believe it would give great disgust to the army in general if those gentlemen were promoted before those matters were cleared up. The contents of the enclosed letter I do not wish to be kept from the gentlemen mentioned therein; the public interest is my motive for writing. B. ARNOLD.

On the other hand, it is evident that Major Brown believed that Arnold was not using him fairly, and suspected that his general's enmity might go so far as to compass the deliberate sacrifice of his life, through exposure to especial and unnecessary perils. Some weeks after this letter of Arnold's had been dispatched to Philadelphia — on the 15th of March, to be precise — Brown wrote to his wife in Pittsfield:

Genl. Arnold and I do not agree very well — I expect another storm soon; suppose I must be a Uriah. We had an alarm yesterday. The enemy made a sally on our working party, it was said with five hundred men. Genl. Arnold immediately ordered me, being on the advanced post, to attack them with my detachment, which consists of about 200, more than half of which were sick in hospital. I accordingly marched against the Enemy, who had retired into the port too soon for me to attack them. I expect to be punished for Disobedience of orders next; on the whole we are in an indifferent situation at present. I suppose all letters are broke open before they reach the Colonies, but as this goes by a friend it will come safe. I am solicited to stay another year as Lt. Colonel, but have refused—shall I consent?

From this and other letters bearing on the same question, it is not difficult to guess at the origin of the dissension among Arnold's officers. It becomes apparent that one serious grievance which both Handchett and Brown had against Arnold was what they believed, or pretended to believe, was his intention to rid himself of them by exposing them to the enemy. In the letter of Brown just quoted he writes that he "must be a Uriah." Handchett's reluctance to do the duty assigned to him has already sufficiently appeared. It is certain, however, that other officers were ready and eager to do the duty to which Handchett took exception, while it is plain, from Montgomery's letter to Schuyler, in which he alludes to this disagreement, that he sympathized with Arnold and disapproved heartily of the course pursued by Handchett. In view

of these facts, which must have been well known to Congress, which was also aware of the unanswered charge of peculation which lay against Easton and Brown, it must strike the reader as strange that within six weeks of Arnold's letter to John Hancock, Brown wrote to his wife, confidentially, that he was repelling offers of promotion. There were evidently influences at work in Congress which were, to say the least, openly friendly to those whom Arnold considered with justice his enemies. What they were cannot be clearly seen, though it would be strange if so many commissioned and field officers could not enlist some weighty support in behalf of their own side of the case. Aaron Burr, too, it may be added, had conceived a strong dislike for Arnold before the campaign was over. Tact, apparently, was not one of the new general's virtues.

May we not find in these controversies the reason why Arnold thought it necessary to lead in person the assaulting column at Sault au Matelot? Can we not see already the origin of that coalition of enemies which is said to have been responsible for the injustice and ingratitude with which Arnold in after years claimed to have been treated, and which helped to poison his spirit till it sickened, through treason, and died within him? Some day, let us hope, the evidence will be found whereby the scales of historical justice may weigh out and establish forever the truth as between Arnold and these early and inveterate enemies.

Harassed by jealousies among his subordinates

and uneasy at the weakness of his force, Arnold nevertheless seems never to have considered for a moment the abandonment of the enterprise. Indeed we find him writing hopefully to Washington in February: "The repeated successes of our raw, undisciplined troops over the flower of the British army, the many unexpected and remarkable occurrences in our favor, are plain proofs of the overruling hand of Providence, and justly demand our warmest gratitude to Heaven, which I make no doubt will crown our virtuous efforts with success."

But his letters to Congress constantly appealed for reinforcements sufficient to put his army on something like an equality with the force it was besieging, and begged no less persistently that some general of greater experience and abilities than he could pretend to should be sent to assume command before Quebec. The difficulties and embarrassment of his position had begun to daunt even his sanguine spirit.

The physical condition of the patriot soldiers was increasingly bad. Smallpox still ravaged the camp, and the field hospital between Sillery and Wolfe's Cove was always full of its victims. At one time no less than fifty — nearly 10 per cent of the whole force — were sick with the malady. The discovery of vaccination had not been made at this time, and inoculation was forbidden in the army, but so great was the dread of the loathsome disease that many inoculated themselves, secretly, by pricking in the poisonous matter under their finger-nails. Some reckless and desperate men did this in order to escape

in the hospital the severe duty which was exacted from them in camp.

The suffering of the troops—or "Congreganists," as the French-Canadians now called them—from hunger, was hardly less than that of the prisoners within the city. At Three Rivers they begged for food from door to door, and the sight of their misery won succor even from the loyalists. In spite of their temptations, pillage or riot was promptly checked by the officers, and it is doubtful if a hostile army ever restrained its passions on foreign soil more successfully.

Though they could have had little to fear from an enemy so weak in numbers and in the physical strength of its units, the garrison did not a whit relax their vigilance; fireballs were lighted at one o'clock and kept burning on the angles of the bastions till three o'clock in the morning, and were often thrown out by mortars. Lanterns suspended from long poles were extended over the ditch, and lighted it so well that even a dog might have been seen at the bottom of it. By the 9th of March they had one hundred and fourteen guns mounted, not counting any cannon less than six-pounders, nor mortars, nor cohorns. Twice they sallied in force, as the Americans thought, to capture the cannon near the General Hospital; in reality to enable the people to gather firewood in their rear. They retired as the Americans boldly advanced to meet them. The British had one real cause of anxiety—should the winter continue so severe, the River St. Lawrence might freeze from shore to

shore. To guard even against this, they replaced some of the guns on the shipping in the cul-de-sac, mounted guns on the wharves, cut a trench to clear water at Près de Ville, and destroyed the houses on both sides of Sault au Matelot street, lest they might again furnish cover for the enemy. It might at least have flattered the vanity of Arnold and his half-starved and shivering battalions that Carleton showed such cautious respect for them, even in the time of their greatest feebleness and discouragement.

Early in March the reinforcements which Congress had despatched began to arrive in camp, a regiment of three hundred and forty men from Pennsylvania being the first. These men wore the uniforms which Congress had prescribed — brown with buff facings, with mittens, knapsacks, and haversacks of Russian duck; their stockings were protected by leggings, and they carried firelocks, wooden canteens, and tomahawks. On January 23 the leading company of this regiment under Captain Jonathan Jones had begun at Philadelphia its long march of six hundred miles in the dead of winter. Hastening forward on foot, or on sleds, where the patriotism of the country through which they passed would furnish them, they crossed the Delaware on the ice, took the eastern route, and reached Albany in eleven days. Thence up the Hudson, and across country, they made their way to Fort George, and on the ice of the lake, again, to Ticonderoga. There were no roads on either side of Lake Champlain. They left the last of their sleds at Ticonderoga, and made the rest of the journey with

their provisions on their backs, over snow and ice, up Lake Champlain and the Sorel River to St. John's. Though their provisions did not fail them, the country was almost as wild and desolate as that of the Upper Kennebec, and their sufferings from exposure were hardly less than those of Arnold's men. Their arms, accoutrements, and dress when they arrived at La Prairie, eighteen miles from St. John's, could not have been in much worse condition. They arrived at Montreal frost-bitten, footsore and exhausted, with spirits hardly less depressed than those of the veterans to whose assistance they had come. After a fortnight's rest at Montreal, they pushed on to join Arnold.

From this time reinforcements constantly made their appearance from New England, New York, New Jersey, and even further south. But they came in small bodies, and so complete was the wreck of Montgomery's and Arnold's army that for some time the fresh arrivals only closed up the gaps made by the smallpox and the hardships to which the veterans of the campaign had been exposed.

On March 14 another flag of truce was sent to the city, but it was met as all the others had been. "No flag will be received," said the guard, "unless it comes to implore the mercy of the King." The next day the garrison planted on the walls near St. John's gate a great wooden horse, with a bundle of hay before it, and the inscription, "When this horse has eaten this bunch of hay we will surrender." Further to emphasize their vigilance and their defiance of the

besiegers, the British erected on Cape Diamond a post thirty feet high with a kind of sentry, or look-out, box thereon, from which the officers, with their glasses, could see St. Foy church and the stretch of road leading to the city, and even the Holland House and bodies of troops moving in its vicinity. But the plains beyond Gallows Hill were still hidden from view. There, even in daylight, the Americans might conceal a great number of men. Therefore the British, though aware that reinforcements were strengthening the provincials, could form no accurate estimate of the number of fresh troops that had arrived.

On the 17th of March the Irishmen in the American army, who were pretty numerous, saw to it that St. Patrick's day did not pass unhonored. Not even cold and hunger could dampen their boisterous spirits, and they set out to march about the country, carrying muskets and sabers, each with a sprig of fir in his cap, the officers wearing cockades in addition. A drum and fife corps led the march, and for a flag a ragged silk handkerchief was tied to the top of a fir tree above two crossed bayonets. They marched to the nunnery at Three Rivers, which they serenaded and cheered; then they returned to camp, pausing before the houses of royalist adherents to swear and be sworn at, and before the houses of well-disposed Canadians to raise a lusty cheer. The procession ended at the residence of one M. Laframboise, who either from sympathy with the cause or from motives of policy, caused two demijohns of rum to

be given to the rank and file, while he regaled the officers on more expensive liquors.

On March 25, information was received that Canadian loyalists to the number of some three hundred and fifty were assembling under the leadership of Monsieur Beaujeu, a former captain in the Canadian militia, in the parishes to the south of Quebec, intending to throw themselves into the city for its relief by crossing the St. Lawrence from the southern shore near Point Levi. Measures were at once taken to offer check to this move. A scouting party of fifty men advanced by Beaujeu to feel the way for his main body and led by Sieur Coullard and a Mr. Bailly, a priest, having advanced as far as the parish of St. Pierre, were surrounded in a house by a large party of rebel Canadians, with one hundred and fifty Americans, under Major Dubois, who had been detached from the camp at Quebec. The royalists, in spite of the disparity of their numbers, showed fight, but after two of their party had been killed and ten wounded, surrendered. In this affair it is said that fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, and so bitter was the feeling of the Canadians that, but for the interference of the Americans, the prisoners would have been massacred even after the surrender. The effect of the reverse was such that Captain Beaujeu was obliged to disband his levies and go into hiding to escape capture.

During the closing days of the month, a number of cannon, some as large as twenty-four pounders, and a plentiful supply of ammunition arrived from

General Wooster, whom Montgomery had left in command at Montreal. Close behind this welcome offering came the General himself. He had left Montreal in charge of one Moses Hazen, a renegade officer of his Majesty's service, who had been given a commission in the Continental army, and as Arnold's superior officer at once assumed direction of the army and its operations. It was the 1st day of April when he reached the camp, and on that very night the signals, which by arrangement, as the reader will remember, the prisoners in the Dauphin jail were to display if their plan succeeded, were seen to blaze up behind the ramparts of the Upper Town.

Arnold, now able to ride his horse, wished to advance at once to their support, but Wooster refused his assent, either from the cautious temper which became his age, or because he suspected some trap. Fortune, for once, had favored the Americans by the opportune arrival and decision of Wooster, for Governor Carleton, informed by the deserter Hall of the prearranged signals, had been wily enough to organize a sham combat, to build bonfires to imitate the signal of burning buildings, and even to counterfeit the success of the prisoners by lusty cheers at St. John's gate, while his troops were massed to receive the unsuspecting rebels, and his cannon, loaded with grape and canister, were trained on the ground over which they must approach. To Wooster's caution alone was owing the failure of this grim April fool's day joke.

A few days later Arnold, his leg again crippled by a

fall from his horse, and hurt because General Wooster did not show him what he thought proper consideration, asked to be relieved, and retired on the 12th of April to Montreal, to convalesce. He wrote home in explanation of this action, "Had I been able to take any active part, I should, by no means, have left camp, but as General Wooster did not think proper to consult me, I am convinced I shall be more useful here than in camp, and he very readily granted me leave of absence."

This was the ineffectual end of all Arnold's gallant hopes and patriotic endeavors for the reduction of the fortress of Quebec and the conquest of Canada. He took no further part in the siege of the city, and was forced in inactivity to see the enterprise for which he and his brave comrades had sacrificed and suffered so much, crumble day by day into more hopeless disaster. He reached Montreal, however, in time to welcome the arrival of a committee appointed by Congress to engage in friendly intercession and conciliation with those Canadians who still held allegiance to the King and considered the colonial troops enemies and invaders. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton composed the committee, which was accompanied by the Most Reverend John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore, who was expected to add weight to its appeal to the French Roman Catholics.

The task of receiving these distinguished men in a manner calculated to flatter them and impress the Canadian public was one which Arnold doubtless

found quite to his taste. The committee were at once conducted to his headquarters, the imposing mansion of the Canadian rebel, Thomas Walker, where they were received, as Carroll tells us, in a most polite and friendly manner by the General and "a genteel company of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled" there.

But the envoys arrived too late to be of any real service to the cause they represented. The lines were already strictly drawn, and as spring approached the inevitable collapse of the siege of Quebec began to be foreseen by rebel sympathizers as well as by loyalists and those shrewd trimmers who were prepared to follow either flag to victory. Franklin, who was past seventy years of age, suffered so much from exposure on the journey that after ten days spent at Montreal he was obliged to return. The others made a longer stay, but had no substantial results to show for their labors.

Meanwhile the troops before Quebec, now increased to about two thousand effectives, with several hundred men still on the sick list, began with the advent of spring to make some efforts to throw off the inertia which defeat, sickness and cold had bred within them. They even became once more aggressive. During the month of April, although obliged to work on snow-shoes part of the time,—for even as late as the 3d of May snow covered the ground—they erected and opened a battery of three twelve-pounders and one eight-inch howitzer at Point Levi, and another on a slight elevation known as "Les

Buttes à Neveu," on the Heights of Abraham opposite St. Louis gate, within four hundred yards of the walls. This battery mounted one twenty-four pounder, four twelve-pounders, two six-pounders and two howitzers. A third battery of two guns, called "Smith's," on a point of land near the mouth of the St. Charles, upon the opposite bank to the city, had been playing intermittently and abortively since the 22d of January. Still, even the heavier ordnance they now possessed made no impression on the massive walls of the city — their red-hot shots did no perceptible damage — and at length the continuous and accurate fire of the garrison compelled them to dismantle their batteries and drag off their guns. They had hit and injured some of the shipping, and wounded some of those on board, but doubtless did not then know that they had done so.

The utter failure of the artillery to produce any results whatever was a source of deep discouragement to the Americans. The project of another assault upon the fortifications of the town seems never to have been seriously entertained, but no little reliance had been placed upon the ability of the heavier ordnance supplied by General Wooster to batter a breach in the defenses, and subject the city to all the terrors of an active bombardment. Disappointed in this expectation, the enthusiasm of the men flagged once more, and only the promise of fresh reinforcements kept hope alive and justified the stubborn prolongation of the siege.

These reinforcements were looked for from various

ST. LOUIS GATE, SHOWING THE OLD WALL

quarters. Washington had brought the investment of Boston to a victorious issue on the 17th of March, and a part of his army was therefore available for service in Canada. The regiments of Colonels Patterson, Bond, Graham, and Poor were immediately ordered to Quebec, by way of the Hudson River and Lake Champlain. All told, these regiments numbered only about eleven hundred men. A considerable force had also been collected at Fort George under General Schuyler, who had recovered from his illness of the previous year, and waited only for the lakes to be clear of ice in order to commence the march to Quebec. This detachment included six companies of Connecticut troops, two companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, three companies of New Jersey troops, and two companies of Van Schaick's from New York. There were two more companies of New Jersey troops about thirty-five miles below Crown Point, on their way to Canada. The rest of the New Jersey regiment had crossed the boundary. Five companies of the 2d Pennsylvania regiment were at Fort Edward, waiting for the lake to open, and two companies of the 1st Pennsylvania were on their way from New York.

It was evident that Quebec was a prize for which the large fleet of reinforcements already despatched from England, and the new army of the Americans were to race. Unfortunately for the latter, it was now the worst possible season of the year for its purposes. The lakes and rivers were not yet open for navigation, while the ice, which still covered

them, had grown too thin and rotten to bear the weight of an army in safety. On land the roads were rendered impassable by the slush and mud which are the inevitable accompaniments of a waning northern winter. Not only days, but weeks, were thus wasted in tedious and exasperating delays, until it became almost a certainty that the St. Lawrence would offer a clear road to the English ships, long before Schuyler could possibly appear before Quebec.

On the 1st of May, General John Thomas, the "hero of Dorchester Heights," who had been dispatched to relieve Wooster, arrived in camp. Congress had appointed General Charles Lee to this duty earlier in the season, but that erratic and untrustworthy officer — a traitor at heart, as recent discoveries have proved—had delayed his departure on the plea of ill health, so long that in the end he was transferred to the Southern Department, and the command assigned to a more honorable and patriotic soldier. When Thomas arrived before Quebec, he found the Continental army shrunken to about nineteen hundred men, of whom not much more than one thousand were fit for duty; furthermore nearly one-third of that number were preparing to depart, as their enlistment had expired on the 15th day of April. There were only one hundred and fifty pounds of powder and six days' rations in the encampment, no intrenching tools and no competent engineers. The Canadians would no longer accept the paper money of Congress; their priests refused to confess those who joined the rebel ranks, and although the Yankees tried

to checkmate them by hiring one Lotbiniere, a priest, for fifteen hundred livres per annum, and the promise to make him a bishop as soon as Quebec was taken, to confess all who applied to him, the refusal of priestly sanction and comfort continued a powerful factor in the struggle. Owing to the more apparent prospect of British success, the Canadians had experienced plainly a change of heart, while the indifferent success of their plans and hopes bred in the Americans a bitterness which made them less careful to preserve their attitude of friendship and conciliation. Spring was rapidly ripening the seeds of discontent and impatience which the occupation of the country by the Americans had gradually sown during the winter. A general rising of the Canadians might be expected, should the anticipated reinforcements from England arrive.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CAMPAIGN FAILS

Such were the gloomy prospects which General Thomas found awaiting him. Indeed it seemed a foregone conclusion that his talents and energies could only find employment in directing a retreat from a position fast becoming untenable. Before yielding to the inevitable, however, the besiegers determined to strike one more blow at the city which had so calmly defied their hostility. The river was by this time practically clear of ice, and it was decided to prepare and launch a fire-ship, which should be carried by wind or tide into the cul-de-sac at the Lower Town, to the destruction of all the shipping which lay there. It was also thought possible that the fire might spread to the houses of the Lower Town, thus inflicting additional damage on the enemy. Of this plan, as indeed of most of the other counsels of the Americans, Carleton received early and circumstantial information from a deserter.

On May 3 the sentries on the walls of Quebec descried a ship approaching the city from below, and the news was quickly spread through the town. The vessel was at once hailed as the first of the fleet despatched from England, for although the wind and tide were both in the stranger's favor, it did not oc-

cur to the citizens or the soldiers that a fire-ship would come except from above the town, borne on the current of the river. The ramparts of the Upper Town and the wharves of the Lower Town were soon thick with happy townspeople shouting to one another, "Navire! Navire!" "A ship! A ship!" But to this shout of joy quickly succeeded cries of terror and consternation. There was an explosion, and from the strange vessel a cloud of smoke and sparks arose and drifted rapidly toward the town. A strong wind filled every sail and the fire-ship (a schooner, the property of Simon Fraser, captured by the rebels at the Isle of Orleans) threatened within a few moments to drive its flaming hulk, full of inflammable materials, into the midst of the crowded shipping.

The cannoneers rushed to their guns, and from the grand battery poured a storm of shot upon the blazing vessel, hoping to sink her. Then a boat containing those who had thus far navigated the fire-ship left her side and sped away toward Point Levi. In the universal confidence that the newcomer was a ship from England, she had been allowed to approach the cul-de-sac without the least opposition. The air was full of the smell of powder, of sulphur and of pitch, of smoke and flying cinders. The shipping, including thirty merchantmen, the frigate Lizard and the sloop Hunter, probably the Lower Town itself, seemed doomed. Another hundred yards passed and the purpose of the Americans would be effected.

Certainly some jealous Homeric goddess must have protected Quebec, for even this triumph was denied

at the last moment to the besiegers. The sails of the fire-ship caught fire, she steered wildly; the tide turned, and so strong an eddy caught her that although the wind was northeast she grounded on Beauport Flats, where, helplessly, to the great joy of her enemies and the mortification of her friends, she vomited forth the last of her bellyful of bombs, grenades and squibs, and expired a charred and blackened failure. The garrison thought that during the expected confusion, the Americans were prepared to make a general assault, but this does not seem to have been the case.

Three days later, between four and five in the morning, the Isis, a fifty-gun ship, commanded by Captain Charles Douglas, which had left Portland March 11, came into view from the beleaguered city. It was followed closely by the Martin, a sloop of war of fourteen guns, and by a third vessel, the ship Surprise, Captain Lindsey, which had sailed in company with the Martin from Plymouth, March 20, forerunners of the expected British fleet. They had forced their way through the floating ice up the St. Lawrence, with great danger and difficulty.

The citizens, half-dressed, ran down to the grand battery to feast their eyes on the joyous sight, while Captain Douglas's salute of twenty guns pealed out the death-knell of the rebel hopes, and the responsive volleys from the citadel and the clanging of all the bells in the city sang the Te Deum of the garrison and citizens.

Sad, indeed, was the fate of Arnold's men in

prison, more hopeless than ever their situation,—their enemies overwhelmingly reinforced, the American batteries already proven impotent, and their army about to be driven in disorder from the environs of the city. Those were not the days when rebels were dealt with leniently; their outlook was a voyage to England, subject to all those indignities which Ethan Allen had suffered; a speedy trial, and if not death, a severe and perhaps a cruel sentence. As Colonel Greene, in his prison, listened to the triumphant strains of martial music rising from the Lower Town, where the redcoats were disembarking from the Isis and the Surprise, he was heard to exclaim in so emphatic a tone that the words became a proverb among his men: "I will never again be taken prisoner alive."

Thomas had held a council of officers on the 5th day of May, and decided upon a retreat, with the intention of making a stand at Deschambault or Jacques Cartier, which commanded a pass between two mountains, eleven leagues above Quebec. Upon the approach of the British ships, therefore, camp was broken with all speed and not without panic, for news came up the river that seven transports, carrying General Burgoyne, with thousands of British regulars and Hessians, were already near at hand. A force of about one thousand men, composed of the Royal Emigrants, two companies of the 29th regiment, two hundred marines, the Halifax artificers, and some of the English and French militia, in two divisions, six columns deep, with four brass

six-pounders, one division under Carleton, the other commanded by McLean, sallied that very day, at noon, by the gates St. John and St. Louis. However, they moved out with a caution most flattering to the Americans, and advanced carefully, though greeted by only a few scattered shots, to the scene of the battle of April 28, 1760, where Murray almost lost to the Chevalier de Levis what Wolfe had died to gain. Here they expected battle would be offered them. On their way, they burnt the houses which had afforded shelter to the Americans, and an advance party, under Captain Nairn, of McLean's regiment, advanced upon the two batteries near the city.

Meantime, General Thomas and the New England officers were trying to the full extent of their power to form their men, who were hurriedly assembling at their respective quarters; but when the British opened with their field pieces upon a scant rear-guard of some two hundred and fifty men hastily formed to cover the retreat, the greater number of the troops broke and fled with their baggage, in many cases throwing away their muskets and bayonets. The batteries were abandoned, and seized by Nairn.

Colonel Maxwell of the Pennsylvanians succeeded in forming nine hundred men in ambush to meet the enemy, but receiving orders from Thomas to retire, joined in the general retreat. Some of the Pennsylvania troops lost all their baggage, and did not have time to save even their provisions. The artillery, the camp equipments, most of the ammunition, and

some valuable papers were abandoned, and many of the sick were left to the mercy of the enemy.

Fortunately, the British did not quickly follow up their advantage, their intention having been merely to demolish the batteries and not to bring on a general engagement. But upon sight of a small force of Americans preparing to meet them, and many others in full retreat, they formed a line of battle; the Fusileers and Emigrants on the right, the British militia and sailors on the left, with the newcomers of the 29th in the center. The French were formed as a corps-de-reserve, in the rear. Then, upon the disappearance of the Americans, McLean's regiment, the Royal Emigrants, sat down to eat the dinner of the American general, which they found ready upon his table. The Surprise and Martin were sent up the river, where they recaptured the Gaspè, half prepared as a fire-ship, and the schooner Mary, and took a few prisoners, but no further advance was made that day by the British land force, and their war vessels were constrained by contrary conditions of navigation to drop their anchors a little below the Falls of Richelieu. Meanwhile the Americans retreated about twelve miles on the 6th and thirty miles more on the 7th.

Concerned, as we are, only with the fortunes of Arnold's men — the Cambridge detachment — we are spared the disappointing chronicle of succeeding events. We should have to describe how General Thomas first prepared to make a stand at Deschambault, then evacuated it, gave ground again, and continued his retreat across the St. Lawrence to Sorel;

how, contending with every difficulty in tireless efforts to provision his army and resist that terrible scourge smallpox, he at last contracted the disease himself, and died at Chambly; how Arnold with his little garrison of three hundred men abandoned Montreal to join Thomas, as Burgoyne and the troops of the King advanced towards Three Rivers; how, after a union with the new army of thirty-five hundred men under General John Sullivan, and some of those reinforcements which, owing to the severity of the weather and the ice on the lakes, had been too late in coming to the rescue, Canada was finally evacuated in June, 1776, after some skirmishing which resulted in humiliating American defeats at the Cedars and at Three Rivers.

Thus was British America lost to the Sisterhood of States, or, as Lieutenant Ainslie, of the Quebec garrison would have it, "Thus was the country round Quebec freed from a swarm of misguided people, led by designing men, enemies to the liberty of their country, under the specious title of the Asserters of American Rights." Captain Matthew Smith and Lieutenant Simpson of Arnold's detachment, who were stationed on the Isle of Orleans, having no timely information of the decision to retreat, lost some of their men by capture, though Smith himself escaped. They were brought to the Dauphin jail, and from them the prisoners learned details and incidents of the winter blockade, of the progress of which the gossip of the guard and the intermittent cannonade had most uncertainly ad-

vised them. The Americans at Point Levi and Charlesbourg escaped as best they could through the woods—for their first knowledge of the retreat was the sight of the hurried breaking of the camp on the Plains of Abraham. It was to meet their case and that of others like them that Carleton later issued proclamation, essentially humane, in spite of its somewhat arrogant wording:

Whereas I am informed that many of His Majesty's deluded subjects of the neighboring Provinces, laboring under wounds and divers disorders, are dispersed in the adjoining woods and Parishes, and in great danger of perishing from want of proper assistance, all Captains and other officers of militia are hereby commanded to make diligent search for all such distressed persons, and afford them all necessary relief, and convey them to the General Hospital, where proper care shall be taken of them. All reasonable expenses which shall be incurred in complying with these orders shall be paid by the Receiver General. And lest a consciousness of past offenses should deter these miserable wretches from receiving that assistance which their distressed situation may require, I hereby make known to them that as soon as their health is returned, they shall have free liberty to return to their respective Provinces.

How much response this proclamation met with there are no records to show; probably it saved some lives and no little suffering. At all events the spirit of humanity which dictated it, a spirit which Carleton showed on more than one other occasion, deserves a word of appreciation.

We have now only to recount the further experiences of our poor prisoners of war in the Seminary of Laval and the Dauphin jail. After their friends, the besiegers, had decamped, the prisoners gave up all hope of being retaken and even of ever seeing their families again, but they now received fresh food, and the comparative freedom they were allowed rendered their condition more tolerable, although the scurvy and other distempers, contracted during the long and rigid confinement, still tormented them. About the 15th of May, Colonel McLean, with some of the officers who had just arrived with the fleet from England, entered the Dauphin jail about midday. Captain Prentice, by direction of Colonel McLean, pointed out to these officers those who had been named to him as the leaders in the proposed outbreak. The blacksmith was then ordered to remove the prisoners' irons. After the officers had departed he said to the captives, "Come, come, gentlemen, you can now put off your irons." In a moment they were free, and the shackles were never again put upon their limbs.

Major Meigs, on the 16th of May, was paroled and allowed to go home, a favor which seems to have been accorded him because he saved the life of a British officer, probably Laws, on the night of the assault. Captain Dearborn also secured a parole and was sent home about the same time on account of continued illness. On the 5th of June, Carleton, with a number of his officers, visited the prisoners again, and after inquiring kindly for their welfare, suggested that if he could rely upon their honor, he might accept their pa-

role and send them home. They lost no time in sending him the following reply:

> We, the prisoners in his Majesty's gaols, return Your Excellency our most happy and unfeigned thanks for your clemency and goodness to us whilst in prison. Being sensible of your humanity, we give Your Excellency thanks for your offer made us yesterday, and having a desire to return to our friends and families again, we promise not to take up arms against his Majesty, but remain peaceable and quiet in our respective places of abode, and we further assure your Excellency that you may depend upon our fidelity.
>
> So we remain your Excellency's humble servants.

On the following day the officers also petitioned the Governor in behalf of the private soldiers in the Dauphin jail, begging that some measures should be taken for their relief, and that if possible they should be allowed to return to their families, "many of whom must be reduced to the deepest distress." But the Governor changed his mind and answered both these petitions in the negative, and though the officers later addressed a second petition to him, a parole which they could accept, that is to say, one which omitted the words, "We will never take up arms against his Majesty," was not offered them, nor were arrangements made for their departure from Quebec until the 11th of August. Then men and officers were allowed to give their parole, and in five transports convoyed by the frigate Pearl, under Captain McKenzie, they sailed for New York and home. Lamb,

Morgan, Oswald, Steele, McAlister, McClean, Heth, Bruen, Wister, Duncan, McGuire, Porterfield, Moody, and Nichols were on the ship Lord Sandwich; Greene and others on the John and Christopher; Colonel Irvine, with a number of comrades, on the Prince of Wales; and the remainder of the prisoners on the Mermaid and a fifth vessel.

Carleton generously presented the officers on board each transport with a cask of wine and five sheep for sea stores, and the Bishop of Quebec also contributed two casks of wine, eight loaves of sugar, and several pounds of green tea. The tea was respectfully and with dignity declined, and the Bishop, with true Christian spirit, sent coffee instead. To each of the rank and file Carleton sent a shirt, a garment sadly needed by most of them, and also advanced money to supply the immediate necessities of many of the men and officers.

After a voyage of a full month the fleet of transports hove to off Sandy Hook, on the 11th and 12th of September, 1776, in plain view of the British encampment on Staten Island and the fleet of about four hundred vessels and transports in the harbor. One man, Thomas Garver by name, died on the voyage. Sergeant Thomas Gibson and another young fellow of Hendricks's company, John Blair, determined to escape from their ship, which was anchored three miles south of Governor's Island. Dressed only in shirts and trousers, they went forward into the forecastle, where there happened to be two large Newfoundland dogs; these they set to fighting and, hav-

ing thus engaged the sailors, they returned to the stern of the vessel, stripped off their clothes and jumped into the water. They swam to the boat under the stern of the ship, secured her, and had rowed a thousand yards before the boat was missed. Upon their discovery the other boats of the vessel were sent out after the fugitives, but they had too long a start. After rowing about five miles, naked, they landed at Bergen's Neck, where they bartered their boat for some clothing. They then went to Washington's headquarters, but their exploit met with his disapproval, as they had given their parole.

After a year of manful struggle with adversity for the cause of their country, the shattered remnant of Arnold's brave battalions at last gazed upon their native shores. Defeat and mortification greeted them even here, for they saw New York in flames, and their compatriots evacuating it. After a week of exasperating delay they were allowed to land about three miles from Elizabethtown, and made their way as best they could to their widely separated homes.

Out of Thayer's company, which left Cambridge with eighty-seven men, including officers, the captain, one lieutenant, and nine of the rank and file remained. Of Morgan's company of ninety-six Virginians, not more than twenty-five ever reached their homes. The two Pennsylvania companies of riflemen made hardly a better showing, while the remaining New England companies, who continued to advance after the council of war on the Dead River, had likewise been decimated again and again by exposure,

disease and the hand of the enemy. Many of those who survived for a time after their return would have exclaimed with Henry, as he closes his narrative of his experiences: "Would to God my extreme sufferings had then ended a life which since has been a tissue of labor, pain, and misery;" but many also doubtless shared with Private Abner Stocking, another survivor of the expedition, the devout feelings with which his return to the home he had hardly dared hope again to see, inspired him:

> Never did my thanks to my Creator and Preserver arise with more sincerity than at the present moment. How kind has been that Providence which has preserved me through so many dangers and sufferings, and returned me in health and safety to the bosom of my friends. When wandering through the Wilderness, faint, hungry and weary, God was my support, and did not suffer me, like others, to fall by the wayside; when sick and in prison he visited me, when a captive he set me free. May I ever be grateful to my Divine Protector, and may my future life be devoted to his service!

Such was the simple piety of many of that devoted little army. On the stern but confident religion of their youth, taught them under the white steeples of their village meeting-houses, they leaned, full of faith, as upon a strong staff, in the days of hunger, cold, and wretchedness in the wilderness, and in the weary hours of disease and defeat before the fortress city of Quebec. To this, and to the noble sentiment of patriotism which glowed in every heart,

we must attribute the fortitude and the dauntless courage which supported them throughout all their labors, sufferings and disappointments.

Surely they have deserved an earlier historian and a worthier pen than mine, and from their country a more fitting memorial than the simple shaft tardily erected with private funds on the ground where the riflemen camped at Old Newbury!

APPENDIX A

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF CONTEMPORARY JOURNALS

The following list gives some information concerning all of the journals describing Arnold's march through the wilderness or the siege of Quebec, the existence of which was known to the author of this volume. A part have attained actual publication, others have been printed for private distribution, while a few are to be found only in the worn and tattered manuscript of the men who wrote them a hundred and twenty-five years ago. They constitute a fairly large and invariably interesting body of historical material, which preserves unimpaired the quaint individuality of their widely diverse authors, and the unmistakable color and atmosphere of a period which must always be of particular importance to the student of American history. The reader will find much to entertain him in any of these journals to which he may be able to gain access.

AMERICAN JOURNALS

Arnold's Journal. This Journal was left by Arnold at West Point, when he fled on hearing of the capture of André, and was found among his papers by Judge Pierpont

Edwards, of Connecticut, who was appointed to administer upon the goods and estate of Arnold, his treason making him dead in law. "The manuscript was in existence in 1835, though in a rather dilapidated state." It was last noted by Mr. Justin Winsor as owned by Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, of New York. A copy made of it when owned by Judge Edwards is in the "Sparks Manuscripts" (LII, Vol. II). Extracts were published in the appendix to the life of Burr, by Samuel L. Knapp, 1835. Its first pages, heretofore missing, are found in Force's Archives, Vol. III, page 1058. They are written by "Eleazer Oswald, Secretary pro tem."

HENRY'S JOURNAL, entitled "An Accurate and Interesting Account of the Hardships and Sufferings of the Band of Heroes who Traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign Against Quebec in 1775." By John Joseph Henry, Esq., late President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania. Lancaster: Printed by William Greer, 1812. Pp. 225. Small 12mo.

The same.—Library edition. "Campaign Against Quebec, being an Accurate and Interesting Account of the Hardships and Sufferings of that Band of Heroes who Traversed the Wilderness by the Route of the Kennebec and Chaudière Rivers to Quebec, in the year 1775." By John Joseph Henry, Esq., late President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania. Revised edition, with corrections and alterations. Watertown, N. Y.: Printed and published by Knowlton & Rice, 1844. Pp. 212. 16mo. (Sketch of the life of Arnold, copied mainly from Sparks's Biography, at the end of the second edition in the place of notes in the first edition).

The same.—Third edition. "Account of Arnold's Campaign against Quebec and of the Hardships and Sufferings of that Band of Heroes, who Traversed the Wilderness of Maine

from Cambridge to the St. Lawrence in the Autumn of 1775." By John Joseph Henry, one of the survivors. Albany. Joel Munsell, 1877. With a Memoir of Judge Henry by his grandson, Aubrey H. Smith. Letters from the Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser, Jan. 3, 1776. Roll of Capt. Matthew Smith's Company. Henry's Journal has also been printed with portrait of the author in Vol. XV of the Pennsylvania Archives.

McCoy's Journal. Henry's Journal states that Sergeant William McCoy, of Captain Hendricks's company, while in confinement in Quebec, gave to Major Munay, of the British garrison, a correct copy of a journal kept by himself through the wilderness. Whether it was carried to England is not known. It was probably never published.

Haskell's Journal. May 5, 1775, to May 30, 1776. It includes the early part of the siege of Boston, and notes the hardships and privation endured by the troops in this expedition. It is a diary kept by Caleb Haskell, of Newburyport, Mass., a private in Captain Ward's company. Published in pamphlet form by William H. Huse & Co., Newburyport, 1881. Edited, with notes, by Lothrop Withington. Mr. Withington's notes give the names of some of the men who hailed from Newbury and Newburyport, who were soldiers of the Quebec detachment. The manuscript of this journal is believed to be in the possession of some of Haskell's descendants in Newburyport. The pamphlet edited by Mr. Withington is already rare. The one which he so courteously presented to me, I shall in turn present to the Boston Public Library.

Melvin's Journal. This is entitled "A Journal of the Expedition to Quebec, in the year 1775, under the Command of Colonel Benedict Arnold." By James Melvin, a private in Captain Dearborn's company. New York, 1857. With introductory remarks and notes by W. J. D. Large 8vo.

Tinted paper. Pp. 30. 100 copies only printed. It commences at Cambridge September 13, 1775, and terminates at Quebec, August 5, 1776. It was edited by William J. Davis, Esq., late private secretary of Hon. George Bancroft. Of the author nothing is known beyond the statement made in the title page.

MEIGS'S JOURNAL. This is entitled "Journal of the Expedition Against Quebec, under Command of Colonel Benedict Arnold, in the year 1775," by Major Return J. Meigs, with introduction and notes by Charles J. Bushnell. New York. Privately printed, 1864. 8vo. Fine tinted paper, with portrait of Colonel Christopher Greene. Pp. 57. It begins September 9, at Roxbury, and closes at Quebec, January 1, 1776. The journal was printed in the Massachusetts Historical Collections, Second Series, Vol. II, 1814.

WARE'S JOURNAL. This is entitled, "A Journal of a March from Cambridge on an Expedition Against Quebec," in Colonel Benedict Arnold's Detachment, September 13, 1775. Kept by Joseph Ware, of Needham, Mass. Published in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. VI, 1852, with notes by Justin Winsor, of Boston. The author was a private in Captain Samuel Ward's company.

SQUIER'S JOURNAL, entitled "The Diary of Ephraim Squire," September 7 to November 25, 1775, is preserved in the Pension Office, Washington, and is printed in the "Magazine of American History" (Vol. II, p. 685). This is the only account that has come to my notice of the adventures of Colonel Enos's men on their retreat.

THAYER'S JOURNAL. "Invasion of Canada in 1775," including the journal of Captain Simeon Thayer, describing the perils and sufferings of the army under Colonel Benedict Arnold, with notes and appendix by E. M. Stone. Providence, 1867, being Vol. VI of the Rhode Island Historical Society Collections.

TOPHAM'S JOURNAL. This journal has never been printed. The manuscript is now in the possession of the author's grandson, James G. Topham, Esq., of Newport, through whose courtesy I was permitted to make a copy. I shall present that copy to the Boston Public Library.

HETH'S JOURNAL. A "Journal of Lieutenant Wm. Heth," of Morgan's riflemen, is referred to in Marshall's "Washington," pp. 53–57, and also in Graham's "Life of Daniel Morgan," where Morgan in his account of the assault on Quebec, mentions its existence. Wm. Heth's grandson is Richard H. M. Harrison of Richmond, Virginia. He is said to have a crayon portrait of Lieutenant Heth and possibly the manuscript of the journal.

WILDE'S JOURNAL. This has been edited by Justin Winsor. It is the diary of Ebenezar Wilde. The manuscript was given to Harvard College Library in 1850 by W. S. Stoddard.

PORTERFIELD'S JOURNAL. Charles Porterfield, ensign of Morgan's company, wrote a journal, an extract from which, relating to the attack on Quebec, was printed by the "Magazine of American History" in April, 1889. George A. Porterfield, of Charlestown, West Virginia, writes me that he and Richard P. Bell, Esq., of Staunton, Virginia, great-great-grand-nephew of Charles Porterfield, have made a thorough but unsuccessful search for this manuscript.

PIERCE'S JOURNAL. This is noted by Mr. Stone as the journal of John Pierce, one of Church's scouts or surveyors, and in the possession of Charles Congdon, Esq., a member of the Bradford Club of New York. I find that Mr. Congdon's library, after his decease, was sold and a portion of it purchased by Mr. Jos. F. Sabin. Neither Mr. Sabin nor Mr. Henry M. Congdon, son of Mr. Congdon, have any knowledge of the whereabouts of the journal. The Bradford Club long ago ceased to exist.

Dr. Isaac Senter's Journal. This is entitled, "The Journal of Isaac Senter, Physician and Surgeon to the troops detached from the American army encamped at Cambridge, Mass, on a Secret Expedition against Quebec, under the command of Colonel Benedict Arnold, in September, 1775." Philadelphia: Published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1846. To this edition is prefixed a brief notice of the manuscript of the journal and a biographical preface. A few notes of reference are added. "This journal was carried to Philadelphia, where it was lost sight of for many years, and finally came into the hands of Dr. Lewis Roper, of that city, whose perception of its importance induced him to communicate it to the Pennsylvania Historical Society. It commences at Cambridge September 13, 1775, and closes at Quebec, January 6, 1776." Mr. C. A. Munn, of New York, now has the manuscript.

Hendricks's Journal. This is entitled "Journal of the March of a Party of Provincials from Carlyle to Boston," and from thence to Quebec, begun July 13 and ended December 31, 1775; to which is added an "Account of the Attack and Engagement of Quebec, the 31st of December, 1775." Glasgow, 1775, pp. 36. It is the journal of a company of riflemen, under Captain William Hendricks and John Chambers, and was sent from Quebec to Glasgow by a gentleman who appended the account. This journal has been printed in Vol. XV of the Pennsylvania Archives. The name of the author of "The Account" is not given.

Stocking's Journal. "An Interesting Journal of Abner Stocking of Chatham, Connecticut." Published by his relatives after his decease. Catskill Eagle Office, 1810. A copy of this journal may be found in the Prince Collection of the Boston Public Library. Stocking was a private in Handchett's company.

Morison's Journal.—A very rare copy of this journal is in the library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. It was written by George Morison, a volunteer in Hendricks's company, and printed at Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1803. An account of the assault on Quebec, taken from this journal, is printed in the "Pennsylvania Magazine," Vol. XIV, 1890, with a brief sketch of Morison's career. This society has kindly permitted me to have a copy made of the journal. This I shall present to the library of Harvard College.

Francis Nichols' Papers.—These papers have recently come into possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. Portions have been printed in their Historical Magazine.

Charles Dennis Ruscoe D'Eres Memoirs.—Published at Exeter, 1800; begins with the fall of Montgomery. A copy in Harvard College Library. This is a small book of little value.

The Journal of Colonel Rudolphus Ritzema, of the 1st New York regiment, from August 8, 1775, to March 30, 1776, now in the New York Historical Society, and printed in Magazine of American History, February, 1877. This journal becomes of value in this connection only after January 1, 1776.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND CANADIAN JOURNALS

Letter of Colonel (generally known as Major) Henry Caldwell, written on board the Hunter, British armed vessel. Relates particularly to the attack on Quebec.

Journal of the Most Remarkable Occurrences in Quebec from the 14th of November, 1775, to the 7th of May, 1776. By an officer of the garrison. Printed in the collections of the New York Historical Society for the year 1880. This journal, or one very similar to it in language and contents, appears in "William Smith's History of Canada, 1815."

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE AND BLOCKADE OF QUEBEC BY THE AMERICAN REBELS, in autumn of 1775 and winter of 1776. Manuscript last noted as in possession of Hon. J. M. Fraser, Esq., who allowed a copy of it to be made for the use of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Printed by that society in 1875.

AINSLIE'S JOURNAL. This is a journal by one Thomas Ainslie of the most remarkable occurrences in the Province of Quebec, from the appearance of the rebels in September, 1775, until their retreat the 6th of May. "*Sit mihi fas audita loqui:*" Virgil. 1776. The manuscript is in the Harvard University library. I think it has never been printed. See there, Vol. I. Sparks Manuscripts. It is probably the best British journal extant.

UNKNOWN AUTHOR'S JOURNAL. I think probably Captain Owen's. The author was evidently an artillery officer, stationed most of the time on the ramparts. Manuscript also in Sparks Manuscripts.

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC, 1775. From the manuscripts of George Chalmers. Bought in London 1843. Journal of the siege from December 1, 1775. Earliest entry is December 5; the last May 9, 1776.

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC IN 1775–76. Edited by W. T. P. Short, London, 1824. Mentioned in Winsor's "Critical History of America."

A NARRATIVE. Written by James Thompson, who was during the siege acting engineer. Is quoted at length by J. M. Lemoine in his "Quebec, Past and Present." Mr. Thompson's papers are now in the possession of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

FRENCH JOURNALS. John G. Shea, Esq., of New York, brought from Canada two journals in manuscript, written respectively by French notaries; one at Quebec and the

other at Three Rivers, "about the Invasions of the Bostonnais."

Le Mémoire de Badeaux, ou Journal commencé aux Trois-Rivières le 18 May, 1775. In 1873 the manuscript of this journal was in the possession of M. Amable Berthelot, of Quebec.

Le Mémoire de Sanguinet, Ou Le Témoin Oculaire.

Des Extracts du Mémoire de M. Berthelot. It is not known whether the manuscript exists.

Le Mémoire de M. Lorimer, intitulé: Mes Services.

These four journals preceding have been copied and printed in M. L'Abbé Verreau's Invasion du Canada, Montreal, 1873.

Le Mémoire de B. D'Artigny. Abstracts are quoted in Faucher de St. Maurice's Sketch of Montgomery.

APPENDIX B

SUBSEQUENT CAREERS OF MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

PERHAPS the reader would be interested to hear what fate befell those heroes who thus passed alive through famine, pestilence and battle to secure to their posterity our American institutions and the countless blessings which have fallen to our country since the war of the Revolution. The good steel of which they were made had been well tempered by their sufferings, and a remarkable number became very prominent in the history of the Republic. Almost all the officers, as soon as exchanged, reënlisted.

Morgan fought in almost every battle of the war, was the hero of Cowpens, and turned the tide for the Americans with his celebrated rifle corps on many a hard-fought field. He rose to be a major-general, and was elected a member of Congress. He died at Winchester, Virginia, after a long and painful illness, in 1799.

Captain Matthews Smith was promoted to a majority. In 1778–9 he served as a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and was at one time acting vice-president of that state. He died at Milton, Pennsylvania, July 21, 1794.

Lieutenant-Colonel Greene distinguished himself by his heroic defense of Red Bank in 1777, and continued in the

service till 1781, when he was attacked in his quarters, near Croton River, N. Y., by a party of refugees, overpowered and barbarously murdered, his corpse mutilated and flung into the woods.

Of the captains of Greene's division, Thayer distinguished himself as a commander of the gallant little garrison of Fort Mifflin, lost an eye at Monmouth and retired in 1781, with the rank of major. He was for several years brigadier-general of the militia of Providence county, Rhode Island. He was killed by a fall from his horse in 1800, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Topham left the army a colonel. He was for many years a deputy to the General Assembly from Newport. He died a natural death in 1793, aged fifty-five years. He had eleven sons and twin daughters. Ten of the sons went to sea; none of these ever returned or were heard of afterwards.

Major Bigelow, at the head of the 15th Massachusetts, was at Saratoga, Valley Forge and West Point. He died in 1790, aged fifty years.

Major Meigs was in 1777 made a colonel, and for a brilliant expedition to Long Island that year received the thanks of Congress and a sword. He commanded a regiment under Wayne at the capture of Stony Point. In 1816 he was agent for Indian affairs, and later was the first provisional governor of Ohio. He died January 28, 1823, at the Cherokee Agency, aged eighty-three years.

Lieutenant Christian Febiger, afterwards colonel of the 2d Virginia, with the 11th Virginia, led one of the assaulting columns at Stony Point. He came to be well known in the army as "Old Denmark," and left the service a brigadier-general by brevet. He served with distinction from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. In 1791 he held the office of treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania. He died in that office in 1796, at fifty He was captain of the First City Troop of Philadelphia.

Captain Dearborn, afterwards of Major Scammel's regiment, fought at Ticonderoga, Monmouth and Saratoga. On Scammel's death he commanded the regiment. The war over, he settled in Gardiner, Maine, and under President Washington was United States marshal for the district of Maine. He was twice elected to Congress, and was for eight years secretary of war under Jefferson. During Madison's administration he was collector of the port of Boston. In 1812 he was commissioned major-general in the United States Army, and under President Monroe was its commander-in-chief. In 1822 he was appointed minister to Portugal. He died in Roxbury in 1829, aged seventy-eight years.

Ward was commissioned a major in Colonel Christopher Greene's regiment, fought at Red Bank, participated in the retreat from Long Island, and shared the privations of Valley Forge. Later he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and later still was given a regiment. After the war he became a merchant at Warwick, Rhode Island, subsequently at New York, under the firm name of Samuel Ward and Brother. He died in New York in 1832, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, surviving, I think, all his fellow officers. He had been a member of the Annapolis convention, and of the Hartford convention, where he exerted his influence in behalf of the government. He was also president of the New York Marine Insurance Company.

Lieutenant-Colonel Enos, after his court martial, withdrew from the army, but afterward accepted a commission, and was at one time, with the rank of brigadier-general, commander of all the troops of his native state, Vermont. But I have not been able to discover that he ever again saw service in the field. He served nearly ten years in the State Legislature, was a commissioner to New Hampshire during the Vermont controversy, and was prominent in the annals

of the state after the war. He died in Colchester, Vermont, in 1808, at the ripe age of seventy-two years.

Captain McCobb, on his return from the expedition, raised a regiment in Lincoln county, was commissioned its colonel, joined Washington's army at Cambridge, and took part in the Rhode Island campaign. In command of another regiment he took part in the unfortunate expedition against Castine. In the subsequent official investigation into the causes of this failure, it is recorded that McCobb's command acquitted itself with honor, and after losing some men and officers, he brought away the remainder of his command intact, assisting others of the forces also in retreat. After the war he represented his townsmen as a representative to the general court; and at his death in 1791, at forty-seven years of age, was commander of the military division of Maine, with rank of brigadier-general.

Dr. Senter built up an extensive practice, but died at forty-six years of age, in 1799, at the height of his reputation and usefulness.

The Rev. Dr. Spring died in 1819, at seventy-three years of age. On his return from Quebec he left the army, and was a minister of Newburyport for many years. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, of the Andover Theological Seminary and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Ensign Charles Porterfield rose to be lieutenant-colonel, and died soon after the battle of Camden from wounds received in the early part of that action.

Dr. Thomas Gibson died at Valley Forge.

Captain Eleazar Oswald retired from the army in 1778, a lieutenant-colonel. He participated in the affair at Compo, and did gallant service at Monmouth. Soon after leaving the army he was appointed public printer at Philadelphia. In command of a regiment of artillery in the French Army of

Liberty, he served with credit under Dumourier in the battle of Jemappe. He died in the United States of smallpox in 1795.

Lieutenant Shaw, promoted to a captaincy, was killed at Red Bank. Lieutenant Stevens and William Humphrey became captains in line regiments.

Boyd was captured, and hideously tortured to death by the Indians in 1779.

John Joseph Henry became a judge and president of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania, but a broken constitution carried him to an early grave. On account of injuries received and disease contracted during the campaign, he was unable to accept promotion tendered him when exchanged, and never took the field again.

Lieutenant Michael Simpson fought at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and White Plains, and after the war was commissioned a brigadier-general in the Pennsylvania Militia.

Lieutenant Archibald Steele lived to be ninety-one years of age, and died in Philadelphia October 19, 1832. He was at one time appointed deputy quartermaster-general with rank of colonel in the Continental line, and held for some time the position of military store-keeper in Philadelphia.

James Crouch of Smith's company rose from the ranks to a colonelcy. Private David Harris, also of Smith's, became a captain in the Pennsylvania line.

Sabattis was killed in a fight on the Kennebec with a settler named Ephraim Brown. Natanis fought again on the side of the Americans at Saratoga; what end he met history has not yet revealed.

Of Captain Handchett's life, after being exchanged, we have no particulars. He died in 1816, aged seventy-five, at the West Parish in Suffield.

Of Captain Goodrich I have no account.

Of the subsequent career of Captains Scott and Williams of Enos's division I have as yet found no trace. It would be interesting to learn whether they removed by later acts the impression which their defection created.

Of Mrs. Jemima Warner or Mrs. Grier I can only find this clue—an entry in Haskell's Journal, under date of April 18, 1776: "A woman of the Pennsylvania troops was killed to-day by accident—a soldier carelessly snapping his musket, which proved to be loaded."

Colonel James Livingston was at the battle of Stillwater, and in command of Verplanck's Point at the time of Arnold's treason.

Major John Brown was killed in 1780, in an ambuscade on the Mohawk.

Captain John Lamb lived to be severely wounded by another grapeshot at Compo Hill, Conn., in 1777. He fought at Yorktown. After the war he was a member of the New York General Assembly, and was raised to the rank of brigadier-general. He was also collector of the customs at the port of New York. He died in 1800, aged sixty-five years.

Edward Antill became a lieutenant-colonel in the Continental army.

Of Colonel Donald Campbell I have no account. Henry states that he was court-martialed for his conduct at Près de Ville and acquitted.

As for the King's officers who so gallantly and steadfastly defended the fortress, Governor Guy Carleton succeeded Sir Henry Clinton in 1781 as commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, and so continued until after the treaty of peace. In 1786 he was again appointed governor of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was raised to the peerage as a reward for his distinguished services, under the

title of Lord Dorchester. He died in 1808, at the age of eighty-five.

MacLean in 1779 defended successfully the fort in Penobscot, Maine, against Lovell and Saltonstall. He was promoted to be a colonel in 1780.

Caldwell lived to a green old age and died in Quebec in 1810.

APPENDIX C

RELICS OF THE EXPEDITION

MANY interesting relics of Arnold's Expedition to Quebec have been found from time to time, along the route of its march. There follows a brief description of some of those which were actually seen by the author, or the existence of which was positively certified to him.

Philip Clare, a workman for Augustus J. P. Dudley, working on a dam at Ledge Falls, near Eustis, in 1895, unearthed in a heap of muck from the bottom of the river an old bayonet; undoubtedly this was one of Arnold's.

I was shown by Charles Spirins, who has opened a farm at the first of the second chain of ponds, an ax-head and table knife; the handles were gone and the blade of the knife almost destroyed by rust. The ax-head was such as has now long passed out of use, and resembled an iron tomahawk. Mr. Spirins plowed them up in the field which was Arnold's camp-ground at that place.

Mr. Parsons, the proprietor of Parsons' hotel, near Bog Brook, told me that one of his men had ploughed up from under an old stump the barrel of a queen's arm with a bayonet. This was only a few years ago. I afterwards learned that the workman's name was Will Bemis, and that the relic is now in the possession of Edgar Jones, of Stratton, Maine.

Mr. Kushner, whom I met, was one of the oldest settlers of the Dead River valley, and nearly ninety years of age.

He told me that he had found under an elm stump on his farm, opposite Flagstaff and not far from Kushner brook, still another bayonet. It was buried under two feet of soil. This is now in the State House at Augusta, Maine.

A good many years ago some boys in swimming at Ledge or Arnold's Falls, I think the former, found one or two quarts of bullets. They were very much worn by the action of the water and so coated that until they were weighed in the hand one would have taken them for unusually round pebbles. One of these was given me at Eustis.

As I was passing with my guide over the rocks at Ledge Falls, to get a good point of view for my camera, I saw him stoop and pick up something which resembled a bit of an old glass bottle. It proved to be the flint of a flintlock gun. It was in a path across a ledge, which was almost bare of earth, though patched here and there with moss. A path had been worn across the ledge by log drivers, and the flint bore marks upon it as if it had been turned up by some driver's cogs. Of course it is presumptuous to claim that this was a relic of Arnold's Expedition; still flint is an enduring substance, and this piece may have lain on the ledge undisturbed for one hundred and twenty years, or have been washed up by the water more recently during some unusual flood. It was customary to carry large packages of these flints among the army supplies. It is to be borne in mind, too, that at Ledge Falls the army met with its greatest loss of provisions and ammunition.

With regard to the bateaux, I heard as I passed up the Dead River that several men of that region and of the present generation claim that certain of these bateaux are still to be seen on the bottom of the lakes, or at the bottom of the Arnold River. I was on the lookout, therefore, to trace this story. On Lake Megantic I met a young fellow named Fred Braddock, who, without any leading questions

from me, told me the following story. He said that his father, Charles E. Braddock, who used often to follow the old whisky trail over Louise Mountain to Hathan bog, had often told him that he had found a boat there, which he believed was one of Arnold's bateaux; that he had described the boat as not very large and too old to be of any service, and stated that it was bound with brass nails and staples of a design and character which made him certain that it must be very old. He told me that William Latty, a guide at Three Rivers, could tell me more about it, for he himself had seen the boat. I was unable to find Latty in the short time I had at Three Rivers. The tradition had grown somewhat in definiteness at Three Rivers, and people said that two or three of these bateaux had recently been seen in the Arnold River. If they were under water the wood would of course withstand decay much longer.

From a letter reprinted in the edition of Henry's Journal published by Munsell, we learn that during the survey of the boundary between Maine and Canada in 1844, one of the engineers, while crossing the swampy highlands, observed at one point a hollow sound where he stuck his Jacob's staff into the soil. On scraping away the moss he discovered an entire bateau, built of sawed wood, such as was not indigenous to that locality. It is more than probable that this was one of the bateaux abandoned by Arnold's men on the trail across the divide.

In the fall of 1858 a young man passing up the Dead River valley and across the chain of ponds (the head of the river), landing at the Arnold trails, found beside the trail between the Dead River waters and the Chaudière, the remains of an old musket, apparently having been left standing beside a tree, where it had rotted down. The stock was entirely gone and the barrel and mountings had fallen down together at the foot of the tree. It is conjec-

tured that the musket had been left there by one of Arnold's soldiers, and the barrel is now in possession of Mr. Columbus Steward, of North Anson, Maine. The following appeared in the "Maine Farmer" in 1877: "*A Centennial Relic.*—Mr. Sheppard Harville, of Lincolnville, has in his possession a French rifle gun-barrel, that he found over thirty years ago on the Dead River at the foot of Arnold's Falls, so called from the fact of its being on the route that Arnold marched with his army through the wilderness to Point Levi, Quebec. Mr. Harville, then of Solon, Charles Folsom and others of Skowhegan, Hartley Green and Asa Green were the boatman on the drive near where this gun-barrel was found by Mr. Harville. When discovered by him on the trail near the falls it was resting against a rock. The stock had entirely rotted off, and it is supposed to have been left there by one of Arnold's men one hundred years ago last September."

The "Maine Standard," a paper formerly published at Augusta, Maine, contained in its issue of June 28, 1867, the account of a curious discovery made by the workmen in the machine shop of the Edwards cottonmill in that city. In sawing lengthwise a piece of thick lumber, taken from the body of a large rock-maple tree, the saw encountered, near the middle of the log, a pine spile, which it cut off in its progress, and on opening the parts thus sundered, the spile was withdrawn, and the hole found to contain a small bit of paper, carefully folded and plugged up. On opening the paper the following words were recorded:

1775
J. B. Dunkirk
With Arnold

"J. B. Dunkirk" was doubtless one of Arnold's soldiers or officers, who had the curiosity to bore a hole into a

rock-maple tree, deposit his name therein, and confine it there on the doubtful chance of its being brought to light again by some future generation. The tree had grown over the spile eight inches in thickness, and was perfectly sound and solid that distance to the bark. The number of rings in the wood, answering each to a year's growth, as counted by one of the workmen, was about ninety. The paper is coarse and white — old-fashioned hand-paper — and the words upon it appear to have been written, not in ink, but with a lead pencil. This, perhaps, will account for their preservation.

The lumber from the tree in which the paper was inserted was purchased of Mr. Columbus Howard of Sidney. Probably the tree grew in that town, which is next above Augusta, on the west side of the river. The interesting relic was deposited among the cabinet of curiosities and antiquities at the State Capitol in Augusta.

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